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Homer

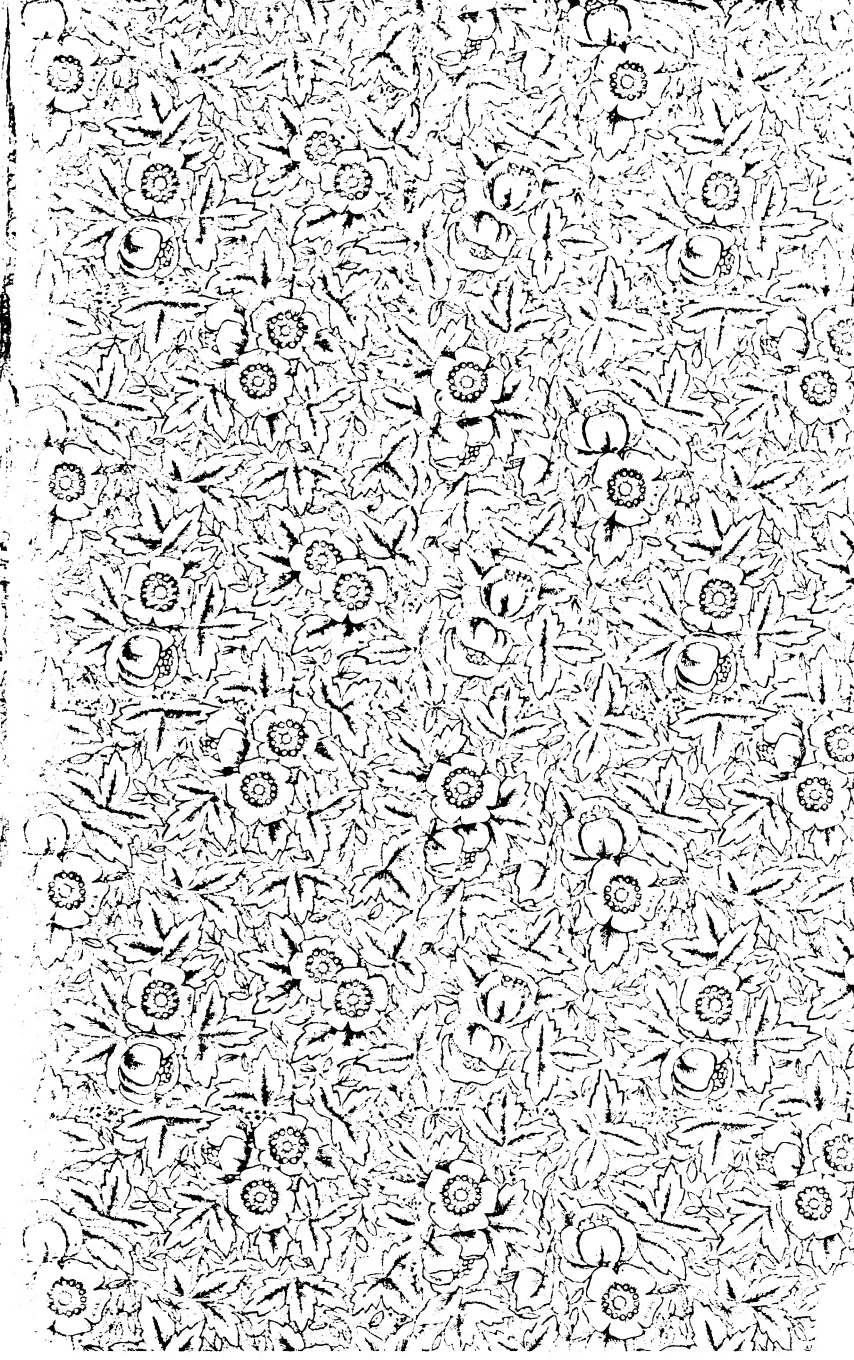
Iliad of Homer

# ILIAD

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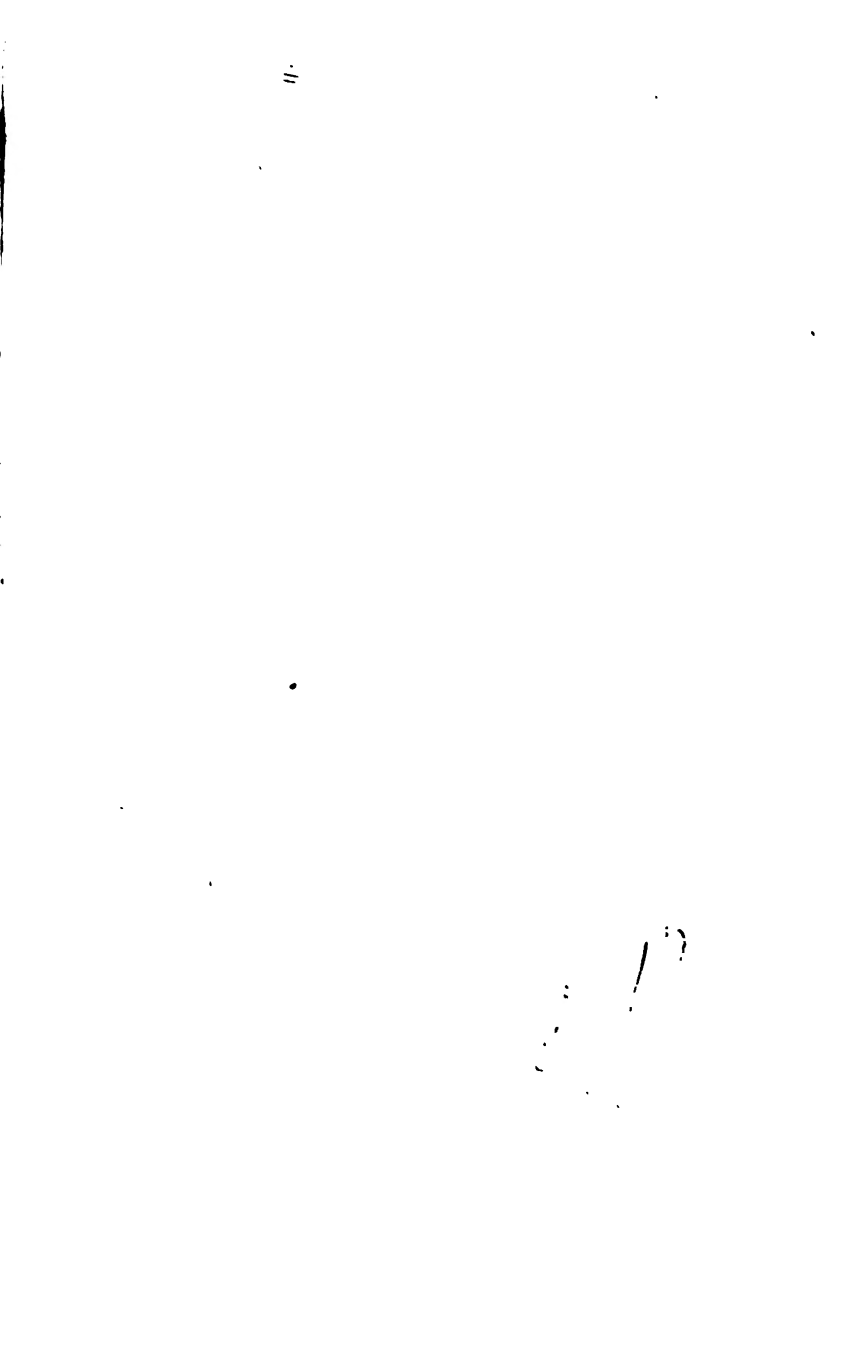
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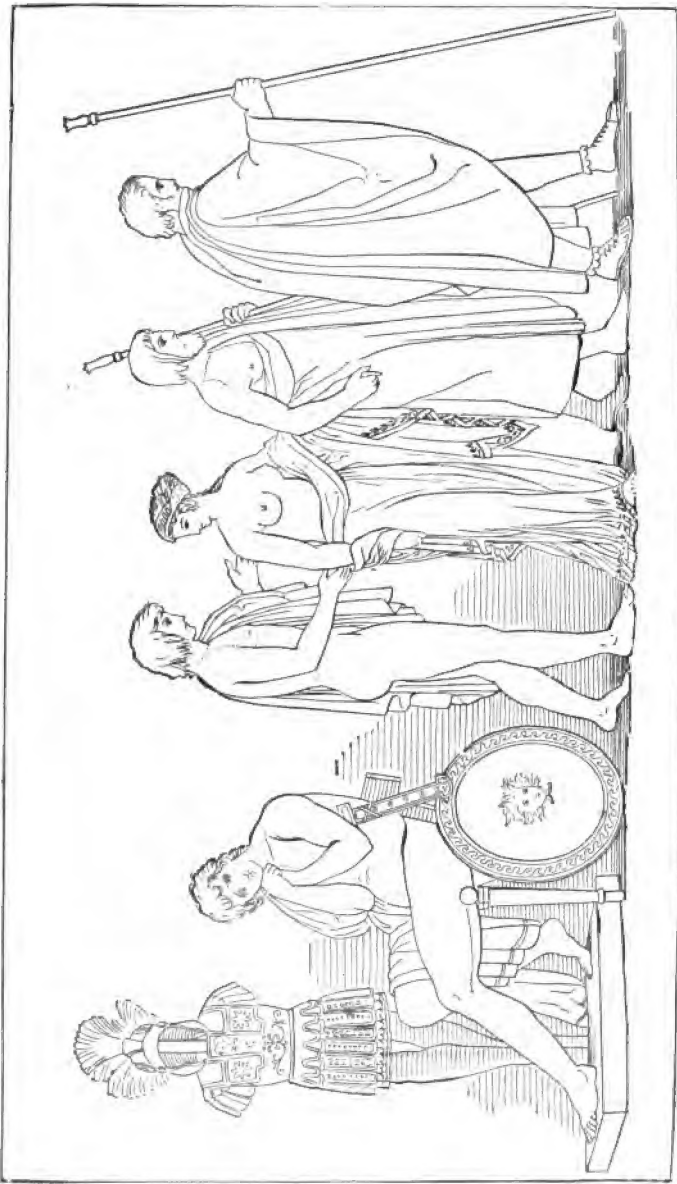
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THE DEPARTURE OF BRISEIS FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

THE

# OF HOMER.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE,

ESQ.

IN

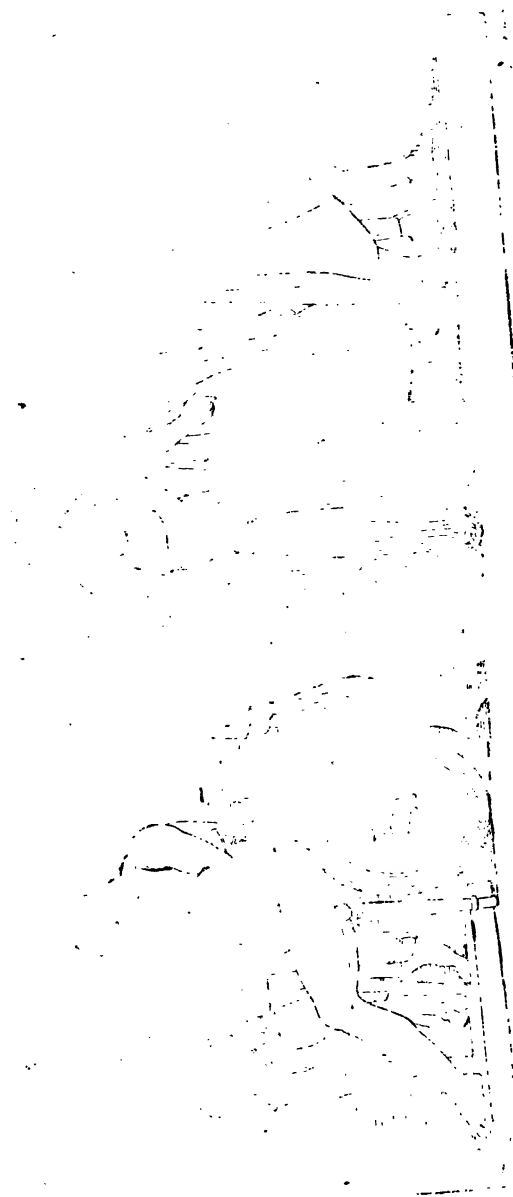
AN EPIGRAM.

ON

HOMER'S

CHIEF

DELICIES



THE DEPARTURE OF BRISER FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF ACHILLES



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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE,

*WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION*

BY THE

REV. THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, M.A., F.S.A.,

AND

FLAXMAN'S DESIGNS.

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CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:  
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## INTRODUCTION.

**SKEPTICISM** is as much the result of knowledge, as knowledge is of skepticism. To be content with what we at present know, is, for the most part, to shut our ears against conviction ; since, from the very gradual character of our education, we must continually forget, and emancipate ourselves from, knowledge previously acquired ; we must set aside old notions and embrace fresh ones ; and as we learn, we must be daily unlearning something which it has cost us no small labor and anxiety to acquire.

And this difficulty attaches itself more closely to an age in which progress has gained a strong ascendancy over prejudice, and in which persons and things are, day by day, finding their real level, in lieu of their conventional value. The same principles which have swept away traditional abuses, and which are making rapid havoc among the revenues of sinecurists, and stripping the thin, tawdry veil from attractive superstitions, are working as actively in literature as in society. The credulity of one writer, or the partiality of another, finds as powerful a touchstone and as wholesome a chastisement in the healthy skepticism of a temporate class of antagonists, as the dreams of conservatism, or the impostures of pluralist sinecures in the Church. History and tradition, whether of ancient or comparatively recent times, are subjected to very different handling from that which the indulgence or credulity of former ages could allow. Mere statements are jealously watched, and the motives of the writer form as important an ingredient in the analysis of his history, as the facts he records. Probability is a powerful and troublesome test ; and it is by this troublesome standard that a large portion of historical evidence is sifted. Consistency is no less pertinacious and exacting in its demands. In brief, to write a history, we must know more than mere facts. Human nature, viewed under an induction of extended experience, is the best help to the criticism of human history. Historical characters can only be estimated by the standard which human experience, whether actual or traditionary, has furnished. To form correct views of individuals we must regard them as forming parts of a great whole—we must measure them by their relation to the mass of beings by whom they are surrounded, and, in contem-

plating the incidents in their lives or condition which tradition has handed down to us, we must rather consider the general bearing of the whole narrative, than the respective probability of its details.

It is unfortunate for us, that, of some of the greatest men, we know least, and talk most. Homer, Socrates, and Shakespere<sup>1</sup> have, perhaps, contributed more to the intellectual enlightenment of mankind than any other three writers who could be named, and yet the history of all three has given rise to a boundless ocean of discussion, which has left us little save the option of choosing which theory or theories we will follow. The personality of Shakespere is, perhaps, the only thing in which critics will allow us to believe without controversy; but upon everything else, even down to the authorship of plays, there is more or less of doubt and uncertainty. Of Socrates we know as little as the contradictions of Plato and Xenophon will allow us to know. He was one of the *dramatis personæ* in two dramas as unlike in principles as in style. He appears as the enunciator of opinions as different in their tone as those of the writers who have handed them down. When we have read Plato or Xenophon, we think we know something of Socrates; when we have fairly read and examined both, we feel convinced that we are something worse than ignorant.

It has been an easy, and a popular expedient, of late years, to deny the personal or real existence of men and things whose life and condition were too much for our belief. This system—which has often comforted the religious skeptic, and substituted the consolations of Strauss for those of the New Testament—has been of incalculable value to the historical theorists of the last and present centuries. To question the existence of Alexander the Great, would be a more excusable act than to believe in that of Romulus. To deny a fact related in Herodotus, be-

<sup>1</sup> "What," says Archdeacon Wilberforce, "is the natural root of loyalty as distinguished from such mere selfish desire of personal security as is apt to take its place in civilized times, but that consciousness of a natural bond among the families of men, which gives a fellow-feeling to whole clans and nations, and thus enlists their affections in behalf of those time-honored representatives of their ancient blood, in whose success they feel a personal interest? Hence the delight when we recognize an act of nobility or justice in our hereditary princes.

"Tuque prior, tu parce genus qui ducis Olympo,  
Proice tela manu sanguis meus."

"So strong is this feeling that it regains an engrafted influence even when history witnesses that vast convulsions have rent and weakened it; and the Celtic feeling towards the Stuarts has been rekindled in our own days towards the granddaughter of George the Third of Hanover.

"Somewhat similar may be seen in the disposition to idolize those great lawgivers of man's race, who have given expression, in the immortal language of song, to the deeper inspirations of our nature. The thoughts of Homer or of Shakespere are the universal inheritance of the human race. In this mutual ground every man meets his brother; they have been set forth by the providence of God to vindicate for all of us what nature could effect, and that, in these representatives of our race, we might recognize our common benefactors."—*Doctrine of the Incarnation*, pp. 9, 10.

cause it is inconsistent with a theory developed from an Assyrian inscription which no two scholars read in the same way, is more pardonable than to believe in the good-natured old king whom the elegant pen of Florian has idealized—*Numa Pompilius*.

Skepticism has attained its culminating point with respect to Homer, and the state of our Homeric knowledge may be described as a free permission to believe any theory, provided we throw overboard all written tradition concerning the author or authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. What few authorities exist on the subject are summarily dismissed, although the arguments appear to run in a circle. "This cannot be true, because it is not true; and that is not true, because it cannot be true." Such seems to be the style in which testimony upon testimony, statement upon statement, is consigned to denial and oblivion.

It is, however, unfortunate that the professed biographies of Homer are partly forgeries, partly freaks of ingenuity and imagination, in which truth is the requisite most wanting. Before taking a brief review of the Homeric theory in its present conditions, some notice must be taken of the treatise on the Life of Homer which has been attributed to Herodotus.

According to this document, the city of Cumæ in Æolia, was, at an early period, the seat of frequent immigrations from various parts of Greece. Among the immigrants was Menapulus, the son of Ithagenes. Although poor, he married, and the result of the union was a girl named Critheïs. The girl was left an orphan at an early age, under the guardianship of Cleanax, of Argos. It is to the indiscretion of this maiden that we "are indebted for so much happiness." Homer was the first fruit of her juvenile frailty, and received the name of Melesigenes, from having been born near the river Meles, in Bœotia, whither Critheïs had been transported in order to save her reputation.

"At this time," continues our narrative, "there lived at Smyrna a man named Phemius, a teacher of literature and music, who, not being married, engaged Critheïs to manage his household, and spin the flax he received as the price of his scholastic labors. So satisfactory was her performance of this task, and so modest her conduct, that he made proposals of marriage, declaring himself, as a further inducement, willing to adopt her son, who, he asserted, would become a clever man if he were carefully brought up."

They were married; careful cultivation ripened the talents which nature had bestowed, and Melesigenes soon surpassed his schoolfellows in every attainment, and, when older, rivalled his preceptor in wisdom. Phemius died, leaving him sole heir to his property, and his mother soon followed. Melesigenes carried on his adopted father's school with great success, excit-

ing the admiration not only of the inhabitants of Smyrna, but also of the strangers whom the trade carried on there, especially in the exportation of corn, attracted to that city. Among these visitors, one Mentès, from Leucadia, the modern Santa Maura, who evinced a knowledge and intelligence rarely found in those times, persuaded Melesigenes to close his school, and accompany him on his travels. He promised not only to pay his expenses, but to furnish him with a further stipend, urging, that, "While he was yet young, it was fitting that he should see with his own eyes the countries and cities which might hereafter be the subjects of his discourses." Melesigenes consented, and set out with his patron, "examining all the curiosities of the countries they visited, and informing himself of everything by interrogating those whom he met." We may also suppose, that he wrote memoirs of all that he deemed worthy of preservation.<sup>2</sup> Having set sail from Tyrrenia and Iberia, they reached Ithaca. Here Melesigenes, who had already suffered in his eyes, became much worse; and Mentès, who was about to leave for Leucadia, left him to the medical superintendence of a friend of his, named Mentor, the son of Alcinoüs. Under his hospitable and intelligent host, Melesigenes rapidly became acquainted with the legends respecting Ulysses, which afterwards formed the subject of the *Odyssey*. The inhabitants of Ithaca assert, that it was here that Melesigenes became blind, but the Colophonians make their city the seat of that misfortune. He then returned to Smyrna, where he applied himself to the study of poetry.<sup>3</sup>

But poverty soon drove him to Cumæ. Having passed over the Hermæan plain, he arrived at Neon Teichos, the New Wall, a colony of Cumæ. Here his misfortunes and poetical talent gained him the friendship of one Tychias, an armorer. "And up to my time," continued the author, "the inhabitants showed the place where he used to sit when giving a recitation of his verses; and they greatly honored the spot. Here also a

<sup>2</sup> Εἰκὸς δὲ μιν ἦν καὶ μνημόσυνα πάντων γράφειν. Vit. Hom. in Schweigh. Herodot. t. iv. p. 299, sq. § 6. I may observe that this Life has been paraphrased in English by my learned young friend, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, and appended to my prose translation of the *Odyssey*. The present abridgment, however, will contain all that is of use to the reader, for the biographical value of the treatise is most insignificant.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. both of composing and reciting verses, for, as Blair observes, "The first poets sang their own verses." Sextus Empir. adv. Mus. p. 360, ed. Fabric. Οὐ ἀμελεί γὰρ τοι καὶ οἱ ποιηταὶ μελωποιοὶ λέγονται, καὶ τὰ Ὀμήρου ἔπη τὸ πάλαι πρὸς λύραν ᾄδετο.

"The voice," observes Heeren, "was always accompanied by some instrument. The bard was provided with a harp, on which he played a prelude, to elevate and inspire his mind, and with which he accompanied the song when begun. His voice probably preserved a medium between singing and recitation: the words, and not the melody, were regarded by the listeners; hence it was necessary for him to remain intelligible to all. In countries where nothing similar is found, it is difficult to represent such scenes to the mind: but whoever has had an opportunity of listening to the improvisatori of Italy, can easily form an idea of Demodocus and Phemius."—*Ancient Greece*, p. 94.

poplar grew, which they said had sprung up ever since Melesigenes arrived."<sup>4</sup>

But poverty still drove him on, and he went by way of Larissa, as being the most convenient road. Here, the Cumans say, he composed an epitaph on Gordius, king of Phrygia, which has, however, and with greater probability, been attributed to Cleobulus of Lindus.<sup>5</sup>

Arrived at Cumæ, he frequented the *conversaciones*<sup>6</sup> of the old men, and delighted all by the charms of his poetry. Encouraged by this favorable reception, he declared that, if they would allow him a public maintenance, he would render their city most gloriously renowned. They avowed their willingness to support him in the measure he proposed, and procured him an audience in the council. Having made the speech, with the purport of which our author has forgotten to acquaint us, he retired, and left them to debate respecting the answer to be given to his proposal.

The greater part of the assembly seemed favorable to the poet's demand, but one man observed that "if they were to feed *Homers*, they would be encumbered with a multitude of useless people." "From this circumstance," says the writer, "Melesigenes acquired the name of Homer, for the Cumans call blind men *Homers*."<sup>7</sup> With a love of economy, which shows how similar the world has always been in its treatment of literary men, the pension was denied, and the poet vented his disappointment in a wish that Cumæa might never produce a poet capable of giving it renown and glory.

At Phocæa, Homer was destined to experience another literary distress. One Thestorides, who aimed at the reputation of poetical genius, kept Homer in his own house, and allowed him a pittance, on condition of the verses of the poet passing in his name. Having collected sufficient poetry to be profitable, Thestorides, like some would-be-literary publishers, neglected

<sup>4</sup> "Should it not be, since *my* arrival?" asks Mackenzie, observing that, "poplars can hardly live so long." But, setting aside the fact that we must not expect consistency in a mere romance, the ancients had a superstitious belief in the great age of trees which grew near places consecrated by the presence of gods and great men. See Cicero de Legg. ii. 1, sub init., where he speaks of the plane tree under which Socrates used to walk, and of the tree at Delos, where Latona gave birth to Apollo. This passage is referred to by Stephanus of Byzantium, s. v. N. T. p. 490, ed. de Pinedo. I omit quoting any of the dull epigrams ascribed to Homer, for, as Mr. Justice Talfourd rightly observes, "The authenticity of these fragments depends upon that of the pseudo-Herodotean Life of Homer, from which they are taken." Lit. of Greece, pp. 38, in Encycl. Metrop. Cf. Coleridge, Classic Poets, p. 317.

<sup>5</sup> It is quoted as the work of Cleobulus, by Diogenes Laert. Vit. Cleob. p. 62, ed. Casaub.

<sup>6</sup> I trust I am justified in employing this as an equivalent for the Greek λέσχαι.  
<sup>7</sup> Ὅτι εἰ τοὺς Ὀμήρους δόξει τρέφειν αὐτοῖς, δμῖλον πολλὸν τε καὶ ἄχρεοι ἐξουσιν. διευθεν δὲ καὶ τοῦτομα Ὀμηρος ἐπεκράτησε τῷ Μελεσιγενεὶ ἀπὸ τῆς συμφορῆς· οἱ γὰρ Κυμαῖοι τοὺς τυφλοὺς Ὀμήρους λέγουσιν. Vit. Hom. l. c. p. 311. The etymology has been condemned by recent scholars. See Welcker, Epische Cycles, p. 127, and Mackenzie's note, p. xiv.

the man whose brains he had sucked, and left him. At his departure, Homer is said to have observed: "O Thestorides, of the many things hidden from the knowledge of man, nothing is more unintelligible than the human heart."<sup>8</sup>

Homer continued his career of difficulty and distress, until some Chian merchants, struck by the similarity of the verses they heard him recite, acquainted him with the fact that Thestorides was pursuing a profitable livelihood by the recital of the very same poems. This at once determined him to set out for Chios. No vessel happened then to be setting sail thither, but he found one ready to start for Erythræ, a town of Ionia, which faces that island, and he prevailed upon the seamen to allow him to accompany them. Having embarked, he invoked a favorable wind, and prayed that he might be able to expose the imposture of Thestorides, who, by his breach of hospitality, had drawn down the wrath of Jove the Hospitable.

At Erythræ, Homer fortunately met with a person who had known him in Phocæa, by whose assistance he at length, after some difficulty, reached the little hamlet of Pithys. Here he met with an adventure, which we will continue in the words of our author. "Having set out from Pithys, Homer went on, attracted by the cries of some goats that were pasturing. The dogs barked on his approach, and he cried out. Glaucus (for that was the name of the goat-herd) heard his voice, ran up quickly, called off his dogs, and drove them away from Homer. For some time he stood wondering how a blind man should have reached such a place alone, and what could be his design in coming. He then went up to him, and inquired who he was, and how he had come to desolate places and untrodden spots, and of what he stood in need. Homer, by recounting to him the whole history of his misfortunes, moved him with compassion; and he took him, and led him to his cot, and having lit a fire, bade him sup.<sup>9</sup>

"The dogs, instead of eating, kept barking at the stranger, according to their usual habit. Whereupon Homer addressed Glaucus thus: O Glaucus, my friend, prythee attend to my behest. First give the dogs their supper at the doors of the hut: for so it is better, since, whilst they watch, nor thief nor wild beast will approach the fold.

Glaucus was pleased with the advice, and marvelled at its

<sup>8</sup> Θεστορίδης, θητοῖσιν ἀντίστων πολεῶν περ, οὐδὲν ἀφραστότερον πέλεται νόον ἀνθρώποισιν. Ibid. p. 315. During his stay at Phocæa, Homer is said to have composed the *Little Iliad*, and the *Phocæid*. See Muller's *Hist. of Lit.* vi. § 3. Welcker, *l. c.* pp. 132, 272, 358, sqq., and Mure, *Gr. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 284, sq.

<sup>9</sup> This is so pretty a picture of early manners and hospitality, that it is almost a pity to find that it is obviously a copy from the *Odyssey*. See the fourteenth book. In fact, whoever was the author of this fictitious biography, he showed some tact in identifying Homer with certain events described in his poems, and in eliciting from them the germs of something like a personal narrative.

author. Having finished supper, they banqueted <sup>10</sup> afresh on conversation, Homer narrating his wanderings, and telling of the cities he had visited.

At length they retired to rest; but on the following morning, Glaucus resolved to go to his master, and acquaint him with his meeting with Homer. Having left the goats in charge of a fellow-servant, he left Homer at home, promising to return quickly. Having arrived at Bolissus, a place near the farm, and finding his mate, he told him the whole story respecting Homer and his journey. He paid little attention to what he said, and blamed Glaucus for his stupidity in taking in and feeding maimed and enfeebled persons. However, he bade him bring the stranger to him.

Glaucus told Homer what had taken place, and bade him follow him, assuring him that good fortune would be the result. Conversation soon showed that the stranger was a man of much cleverness and general knowledge, and the Chian persuaded him to remain, and to undertake the charge of his children."

Besides the satisfaction of driving the impostor Thestorides from the island, Homer enjoyed considerable success as a teacher. In the town of Chios he established a school where he taught the precepts of poetry. "To this day," says Chandler,<sup>12</sup> "the most curious remaining is that which has been named, not without reason, the School of Homer. It is on the coast, at some distance from the city, northward, and appears to have been an open temple of Cybele, formed on the top of a rock. The shape is oval, and in the centre is the image of the goddess, the head and an arm wanting. She is represented, as usual, sitting. The chair has a lion carved on each side, and on the back. The area is bounded by a low rim, or seat, and about five yards over. The whole is hewn out of the mountain, is rude, indistinct, and probably of the most remote antiquity."

So successful was this school, that Homer realized a considerable fortune. He married, and had two daughters, one of whom died single, the other married a Chian.

The following passage betrays the same tendency to connect

<sup>10</sup> Διὰ λόγων ἐστίασαντο. A common metaphor. So Plato calls the parties conversing δαιτῦμονες, or ἐστιατόρες, Tim. i. p. 522. A. Cf. Themist. Orat. vi. p. 168, and xvi. p. 374, ed. Petav. So διηγήμασι σοφοῖς ἐμοῦ καὶ τερπνοῖς ἤδωκ' ἐν θοοῖν τοῖς ἐστιαμένοις ἐποίησ', Choricus in Fabric. Bibl. Gr. T. viii. p. 851. λόγοις γὰρ ἐστία, Athenæus, vii. p. 275, A.

<sup>11</sup> It was at Bolissus, and in the house of this Chian citizen, that Homer is said to have written the Batrachomyomachia, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice; the Epicichlidia, and some other minor works.

<sup>12</sup> Chandler, Travels, vol. i. p. 61, referred to in the Voyage Pittoresque dans la Grèce, vol. i. p. 92, where a view of the spot is given, of which the author candidly says,—"Je ne puis répondre d'une exactitude scrupuleuse dans la vue générale que j'en donne; car étant allé seul pour l'examiner, je perdis mon crayon, et je fus obligé de m'en fier à ma mémoire. Je ne crois cependant pas avoir trop à me plaindre d'elle en cette occasion."



the personages of the poems with the history of the poet, which has already been mentioned:—

“In his poetical compositions Homer displays great gratitude towards Mentor of Ithaca, in the *Odyssey*, whose name he has inserted in his poem as the companion of Ulysses,<sup>13</sup> in return for the care taken of him when afflicted with blindness. He also testifies his gratitude to Phemius, who had given him both sustenance and instruction.”

His celebrity continued to increase, and many persons advised him to visit Greece, whither his reputation had now extended. Having, it is said, made some additions to his poems calculated to please the vanity of the Athenians, of whose city he had hitherto made no mention,<sup>14</sup> he set out for Samos. Here being recognized by a Samian, who had met with him in Chios, he was handsomely received, and invited to join in celebrating the Apaturian festival. He recited some verses, which gave great satisfaction, and by singing the *Eiresione* at the New Moon festivals, he earned a subsistence, visiting the houses of the rich, with whose children he was very popular.

In the spring he sailed for Athens, and arrived at the island of Ios, now Ino, where he fell extremely ill, and died. It is said that his death arose from vexation, at not having been able to unravel an enigma proposed by some fishermen's children.<sup>15</sup>

Such is, in brief, the substance of the earliest life of Homer we possess, and so broad are the evidences of its historical worthlessness, that it is scarcely necessary to point them out in detail. Let us now consider some of the opinions to which a persevering, patient, and learned—but by no means consistent—series of investigations has led. In doing so, I profess to bring forward statements, not to vouch for their reasonableness or probability.

“Homer appeared. The history of this poet and his works is lost in doubtful obscurity, as is the history of many of the first minds who have done honor to humanity, because they rose amidst darkness. The majestic stream of his song, blessing and fertilizing, flows like the Nile, through many lands and nations; and, like the sources of the Nile, its fountains will ever remain concealed.”

Such are the words in which one of the most judicious German critics has eloquently described the uncertainty in which

<sup>13</sup> A more probable reason for this companionship, and for the character of Mentor itself, is given by the allegorists, viz.: the assumption of Mentor's form by the guardian deity of the wise Ulysses, Minerva. The classical reader may compare Plutarch, *Opp. t. ii. p. 880*; *Xyland. Heraclid. Pont. Alleg. Hom. p. 531-5*, of Gale's *Opusc. Mythol. Dionys. Halic. de Hom. Poes. c. 15*; *Apul. de Deo Socrat. s. f.*

<sup>14</sup> *Vit. Hom. § 28.*

<sup>15</sup> The riddle is given in § 35. Compare Mackenzie's note. p. xxx.

the whole of the Homeric question is involved. With no less truth and feeling he proceeds :—

“It seems here of chief importance to expect no more than the nature of things makes possible. If the period of tradition in history is the region of twilight, we should not expect in it perfect light. The creations of genius always seem like miracles, because they are, for the most part, created far out of the reach of observation. If we were in possession of all the historical testimonies, we never could wholly explain the origin of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; for their origin, in all essential points, must have remained the secret of the poet.”<sup>16</sup>

From this criticism, which shows as much insight into the depths of human nature as into the minute wire-drawings of scholastic investigation, let us pass on to the main question at issue. Was Homer an individual?<sup>17</sup> or were the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* the result of an ingenious arrangement of fragments by earlier poets?

Well has Landor remarked: “Some tell us there were twenty Homers; some deny that there ever was one. It were idle and foolish to shake the contents of a vase, in order to let them settle at last. We are perpetually laboring to destroy our delights, our composure, our devotion to superior power. Of all the animals on earth we least know what is good for us. My opinion is, that what is best for us is our admiration of good. No man living venerates Homer more than I do.”<sup>18</sup>

But greatly as we admire the generous enthusiasm which rests contented with the poetry on which its best impulses had been nurtured and fostered, without seeking to destroy the vividness of first impressions by minute analysis—our editorial office compels us to give some attention to the doubts and difficulties with which the Homeric question is beset, and to entreat our reader, for a brief period, to prefer his judgment to his imagination, and to condescend to dry details.

Before, however, entering into particulars respecting the question of this unity of the Homeric poems (at least of the *Iliad*), I must express my sympathy with the sentiments expressed in the following remarks :—

“We cannot but think the universal admiration of its unity by the better, the poetic age of Greece, almost conclusive testimony to its original composition. It was not until the age of the grammarians that its primitive integrity was called in question; nor is it injustice to assert, that the minute and analytical spirit of a grammarian is not the best qualification for the profound feeling, the comprehensive conception of an harmonious

<sup>16</sup> Heeren's *Ancient Greece*, p. 96.

<sup>17</sup> Compare Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Caxtons*, v. i. p. 4.

<sup>18</sup> *Pericles and Aspasia*, Letter lxxxiv., *Works*, vol. ii. p. 387.

whole. The most exquisite anatomist may be no judge of the symmetry of the human frame: and we would take the opinion of Chantrey or Westmacott on the proportions and general beauty of a form, rather than that of Mr. Brodie or Sir Astley Cooper.

"There is some truth, though some malicious exaggeration, in the lines of Pope:—

"The critic eye—that microscope of wit—  
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;  
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole.  
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,  
Are things which Kuster, Burmann, Wasse, shall see,  
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea." <sup>19</sup>

Long was the time which elapsed before any one dreamt of questioning the unity of the authorship of the Homeric poems. The grave and cautious Thucydides quoted without hesitation the Hymn to Apollo,<sup>20</sup> the authenticity of which has been already disclaimed by modern critics. Longinus, in an oft-quoted passage, merely expressed an opinion touching the comparative inferiority of the Odyssey to the Iliad;<sup>21</sup> and, among a mass of ancient authors, whose very names<sup>22</sup> it would be tedious to detail, no suspicion of the personal non-existence of Homer ever arose. So far, the voice of antiquity seems to be in favor of our early ideas on the subject: let us see what are the discoveries to which more modern investigations lay claim.

At the end of the seventeenth century, doubts had begun to awaken on the subject, and we find Bentley remarking "that Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies, to be sung by himself, for small comings and good cheer, at festivals and other days of merriment. These loose songs were not collected together, in the form of an epic poem, till about Peisistratus' time, about five hundred years after."<sup>23</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Quarterly Review, No. lxxxvii. p. 147.

<sup>20</sup> Viz., the following beautiful passage, for the translation of which I am indebted to Coleridge, *Classic Poets*, p. 286:—

"Origias, farewell! and oh! remember me  
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,  
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,  
And ask you, maid, of all the bards you boast,  
Who sings the sweetest, and delights you most—  
Oh! answer all,—'A blind old man, and poor—  
Sweetest he sings—and dwells on Chios' rocky shore.'"

See Thucyd. iii. 104

<sup>21</sup> Longin. de Sublim. ix. § 26. "ὅθεν ἐν τῇ Ὀδυσσεΐ παρεικάσαι τις ἂν κατανομήνῃ τὸν Ὅμηρον ἥλιφ, οὐ δέχα τῆς σφοδρότητος παραμένει το μέγεθος.

<sup>22</sup> See Tatian, quoted in Fabric. Bibl. Gr. v. II. t. ii. Mr. Mackenzie has given three brief but elaborate papers, on the different writers on the subject, which deserve to be consulted. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. pp. 99, 171, and 221. His own views are moderate, and perhaps as satisfactory, on the whole, as any of the hypotheses hitherto put forth. In fact, they consist in an attempt to blend those hypotheses into something like consistency, rather than in advocating any individual theory.

<sup>23</sup> Letters to Phileleuth. Lips.

Two French writers—Hedelin and Perrault—avowed a similar skepticism on the subject; but it is in the "*Scienza Nuova*" of Battista Vico, that we first meet with the germ of the theory, subsequently defended by Wolf with so much learning and acuteness. Indeed, it is with the Wolfian theory that we have chiefly to deal, and with the following bold hypothesis, which we will detail in the words of Grote:—<sup>24</sup>

"Half a century ago, the acute and valuable Prolegomena of F. A. Wolf, turning to account the Venetian Scholia, which had then been recently published, first opened philosophical discussion as to the history of the Homeric text. A considerable part of that dissertation (though by no means the whole) is employed in vindicating the position, previously announced by Bentley, amongst others, that the separate constituent portions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had not been cemented together into any compact body and unchangeable order, until the days of Peisistratus, in the sixth century before Christ. As a step towards that conclusion, Wolf maintained that no written copies of either poem could be shown to have existed during the earlier times, to which their composition is referred; and that without writing, neither the perfect symmetry of so complicated a work could have been originally conceived by any poet, nor, if realized by him, transmitted with assurance to posterity. The absence of easy and convenient writing, such as must be indispensably supposed for long manuscripts, among the early Greeks, was thus one of the points in Wolf's case against the primitive integrity of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. By Nitzsch, and other leading opponents of Wolf, the connection of the one with the other seems to have been accepted as he originally put it; and it has been considered incumbent on those who defended the ancient aggregate character of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, to maintain that they were written poems from the beginning.

"To me it appears, that the architectonic functions ascribed by Wolf to Peisistratus and his associates, in reference to the Homeric poems, are nowise admissible. But much would undoubtedly be gained towards that view of the question, if it could be shown, that, in order to controvert it, we were driven to the necessity of admitting long written poems, in the ninth century before the Christian æra. Few things, in my opinion, can be more improbable; and Mr. Payne Knight, opposed as he is to the Wolfian hypothesis, admits this no less than Wolf himself. The traces of writing in Greece, even in the seventh century before the Christian æra, are exceedingly trifling. We have no remaining inscription earlier than the fortieth Olympiad, and the early inscriptions are rude and unskilfully exe-

<sup>24</sup> *Hist. of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 191, sqq.

cuted; nor can we even assure ourselves whether Archilochus, Simonidēs of Amorgus, Kallinus, Tyrtæus, Xanthus, and the other early elegiac and lyric poets, committed their compositions to writing, or at what time the practice of doing so became familiar. The first positive ground which authorizes us to presume the existence of a manuscript of Homer, is in the famous ordinance of Solōn, with regard to the rhapsodies at the Panathenæa: but for what length of time previously manuscripts had existed, we are unable to say.

"Those who maintain the Homeric poems to have been written from the beginning, rest their case, not upon positive proofs, nor yet upon the existing habits of society with regard to poetry—for they admit generally that the Iliad and Odyssey were not read, but recited and heard,—but upon the supposed necessity that there must have been manuscripts to ensure the preservation of the poems—the unassisted memory of reciters being neither sufficient nor trustworthy. But here we only escape a smaller difficulty by running into a greater; for the existence of trained bards, gifted with extraordinary memory,<sup>25</sup> is far less astonishing than that of long manuscripts, in an age essentially non-reading and non-writing, and when even suitable instruments and materials for the process are not obvious. Moreover, there is a strong positive reason for believing that the bard was under no necessity of refreshing his memory by con-

<sup>25</sup> "It is, indeed, not easy to calculate the height to which the memory may be cultivated. To take an ordinary case, we might refer to that of any first-rate actor, who must be prepared, at a very short warning, to 'rhapsodize,' night after night, parts which, when laid together, would amount to an immense number of lines. But all this is nothing to two instances of our own day. Visiting at Naples a gentleman of the highest intellectual attainments, and who held a distinguished rank among the men of letters in the last century, he informed us that the day before he had passed much time in examining a man, not highly educated, who had learned to repeat the whole *Gierusalemme* of Tasso; not only to recite it consecutively, but also to repeat those stanzas in utter defiance of the sense, either forwards or backwards, or from the eighth line to the first, alternately the odd and even lines;—in short, whatever the passage required, the memory, which seemed to cling to the words much more than to the sense, had it at such perfect command, that it could produce it under any form. Our informant went on to state that this singular being was proceeding to learn the *Orlando Furioso* in the same manner. But even this instance is less wonderful than one as to which we may appeal to any of our readers that happened some twenty years ago to visit the town of Stirling, in Scotland. No such person can have forgotten the poor, uneducated man, Blind Jamie, who could actually repeat, after a few minutes' consideration, any verse required from any part of the Bible—even the obscurest and most unimportant enumeration of mere proper names not excepted. We do not mention these facts as touching the more difficult part of the question before us; but facts they are; and if we find so much difficulty in calculating the extent to which the mere memory may be cultivated, are we, in these days of multifarious reading, and of countless distracting affairs, fair judges of the perfection to which the invention and the memory combined may attain in a simpler age, and among a more single-minded people?"—*Quarterly Review*, l. c., p. 143, sqq.

Heeren steers between the two opinions, observing that, "The *Dschungariade* of the Calmucks is said to surpass the poems of Homer in length, as much as it stands beneath them in merit; and yet, it exists only in the memory of a people which is not acquainted with writing. But the songs of a nation are probably the last things which are committed to writing, for the very reason that they are remembered."—*Ancient Greece*, p. 100.

sulting a manuscript; for if such had been the fact, blindness would have been a disqualification for the profession, which we know that it was not, as well from the example of Demodokus, in the *Odyssey*, as from that of the blind bard of Chios, in the Hymn to the Delian Apollo, whom Thucydides, as well as the general tenor of Grecian legend, identifies with Homer himself. The author of that hymn, be he who he may, could never have described a blind man as attaining the utmost perfection in his art, if he had been conscious that the memory of the bard was only maintained by constant reference to the manuscript in his chest."

The loss of the digamma, that *crux* of critics, that quicksand upon which even the acumen of Bentley was shipwrecked, seems to prove beyond a doubt, that the pronunciation of the Greek language had undergone a considerable change. Now it is certainly difficult to suppose that the Homeric poems could have suffered by this change, had written copies been preserved. If Chaucer's poetry, for instance, had not been written, it could only have come down to us in a softened form, more like the effeminate version of Dryden, than the rough, quaint, noble original.

"At what period," continues Grote, "these poems, or indeed any other Greek poems, first began to be written, must be matter of conjecture, though there is ground for assurance that it was before the time of Solon. If, in the absence of evidence, we may venture upon naming any more determinate period, the question at once suggests itself, What were the purposes which, in that state of society, a manuscript at its first commencement must have been intended to answer? For whom was a written *Iliad* necessary? Not for the rhapsodes; for with them it was not only planted in the memory, but also interwoven with the feelings, and conceived in conjunction with all those flexions and intonations of voice, pauses, and other oral artifices which were required for emphatic delivery, and which the naked manuscript could never reproduce. Not for the general public—they were accustomed to receive it with its rhapsodic delivery, and with its accompaniments of a solemn and crowded festival. The only persons for whom the written *Iliad* would be suitable would be a select few; studious and curious men; a class of readers capable of analyzing the complicated emotions which they had experienced as hearers in the crowd, and who would, on perusing the written words, realize in their imaginations a sensible portion of the impression communicated by the reciter. Incredible as the statement may seem in an age like the present, there is in all early societies, and there was in early Greece, a time when no such reading class existed. If we could discover at what time such a class first began to be formed, we should be

able to make a guess at the time when the old epic poems were first committed to writing. Now the period which may with the greatest probability be fixed upon as having first witnessed the formation even of the narrowest reading class in Greece, is the middle of the seventh century before the Christian æra (B.C. 660 to B.C. 630), the age of Terpander, Kallinus, Archilochus, Simonidès of Amorgus, &c. I ground this supposition on the change then operated in the character and tendencies of Grecian poetry and music—the elegiac and the iambic measures having been introduced as rivals to the primitive hexameter, and poetical compositions having been transferred from the epical past to the affairs of present and real life. Such a change was important at a time when poetry was the only known mode of publication (to use a modern phrase not altogether suitable, yet the nearest approaching to the sense). It argued a new way of looking at the old epical treasures of the people as well as a thirst for new poetical effect; and the men who stood forward in it, may well be considered as desirous to study, and competent to criticize, from their own individual point of view, the written words of the Homeric rhapsodies, just as we are told that Kallinus both noticed and eulogized the Thebais as the production of Homer. There seems, therefore, ground for conjecturing that (for the use of this newly-formed and important, but very narrow class), manuscripts of the Homeric poems and other old epics,—the Thebais and the Cypria, as well as the Iliad and the Odyssey,—began to be compiled towards the middle of the seventh century (B.C. 1); and the opening of Egypt to Grecian commerce, which took place about the same period, would furnish increased facilities for obtaining the requisite papyrus to write upon. A reading class, when once formed, would doubtless slowly increase, and the number of manuscripts along with it; so that before the time of Solon, fifty years afterwards, both readers and manuscripts, though still comparatively few, might have attained a certain recognized authority, and formed a tribunal of reference against the carelessness of individual rhapsodes.”<sup>26</sup>

But even Peisistratus has not been suffered to remain in possession of the credit, and we cannot help feeling the force of the following observations:—

“There are several incidental circumstances which, in our opinion, throw some suspicion over the whole history of the Peisistratid compilation, at least over the theory, that the Iliad was cast into its present stately and harmonious form by the directions of the Athenian ruler. If the great poets, who flourished at the bright period of Grecian song, of which, alas! we have inherited little more than the fame, and the faint echo;

<sup>26</sup> Vol. ii. p. 198. sqq.

if Stesichorus, Anacreon, and Simonides were employed in the noble task of compiling the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, so much must have been done to arrange, to connect, to harmonize, that it is almost incredible, that stronger marks of Athenian manufacture should not remain. Whatever occasional anomalies may be detected, anomalies which no doubt arise out of our own ignorance of the language of the Homeric age; however the irregular use of the digamma may have perplexed our Bentleys, to whom the name of Helen is said to have caused as much disquiet and distress as the fair one herself among the heroes of her age; however Mr. Knight may have failed in reducing the Homeric language to its primitive form; however, finally, the Attic dialect may not have assumed all its more marked and distinguishing characteristics:—still it is difficult to suppose that the language, particularly in the joinings and transitions, and connecting parts, should not more clearly betray the incongruity between the more ancient and modern forms of expression. It is not quite in character with such a period to imitate an antique style, in order to piece out an imperfect poem in the character of the original, as Sir Walter Scott has done in his continuation of Sir Tristram.

“If, however, not even such faint and indistinct traces of Athenian compilation are discoverable in the language of the poems, the total absence of Athenian national feeling is perhaps no less worthy of observation. In later, and it may fairly be suspected in earlier times, the Athenians were more than ordinarily jealous of the fame of their ancestors. But, amid all the traditions of the glories of early Greece embodied in the *Iliad*, the Athenians play a most subordinate and insignificant part. Even the few passages which relate to their ancestors, Mr. Knight suspects to be interpolations. It is possible, indeed, that in its leading outline, the *Iliad* may be true to historic fact; that in the great maritime expedition of western Greece against the rival and half-kindred empire of the Laomedon iadae, the chieftain of Thessaly, from his valor and the number of his forces, may have been the most important ally of the Peloponnesian sovereign: the pre-eminent value of the ancient poetry on the Trojan war may thus have forced the national feeling of the Athenians to yield to their taste. The songs which spoke of their own great ancestor were, no doubt, of far inferior sublimity and popularity, or, at first sight, a Theseid would have been much more likely to have emanated from an Athenian synod of compilers of ancient song, than an Achilleid or an Olysseid. Could France have given birth to a Tasso, Tancred would have been the hero of the Jerusalem. If, however, the Homeric ballads, as they are sometimes called, which related the wrath of Achilles, with all its direful consequences, were so



far superior to the rest of the poetic cycle, as to admit no rivalry, —it is still surprising, that throughout the whole poem the *callida junctura* should never betray the workmanship of an Athenian hand; and that the national spirit of a race, who have at a later period not inaptly been compared to our self-admiring neighbors, the French, should submit with lofty self-denial to the almost total exclusion of their own ancestors—or, at least, to the questionable dignity of only having produced a leader tolerably skilled in the military tactics of his age.”<sup>27</sup>

To return to the Wolfian theory. While it is to be confessed, that Wolf's objections to the primitive integrity of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have never been wholly got over, we cannot help discovering that they have failed to enlighten us as to any substantial point, and that the difficulties with which the whole subject is beset, are rather augmented than otherwise, if we admit his hypothesis. Nor is Lachmann's<sup>28</sup> modification of his theory any better. He divides the first twenty-two books of the *Iliad* into sixteen different songs, and treats as ridiculous the belief that their amalgamation into one regular poem belongs to a period earlier than the age of Peisistratus. This, as Grote observes, “explains the gaps and contradictions in the narrative, but it explains nothing else.” Moreover, we find no contradictions warranting this belief, and the so-called sixteen poets concur in getting rid of the following leading men in the first battle after the secession of Achilles: Elphenor, chief of the Eubœans; Tlepolemus, of the Rhodians; Pandarus of the Lycians; Odius, of the Halizonians; Pirus and Acamas, of the Thracians. None of these heroes again make their appearance, and we can but agree with Colonel Mure, that “it seems strange that any number of independent poets should have so harmoniously dispensed with the services of all six in the sequel.” The discrepancy, by which Pylæmenes, who is represented as dead in the fifth book, weeps at his son's funeral in the thirteenth, can only be regarded as the result of an interpolation.

Grote, although not very distinct in stating his own opinions on the subject, has done much to clearly show the incongruity of the Wolfian theory, and of Lachmann's modifications with the character of Peisistratus. But he has also shown, and we think with equal success, that the two questions relative to the primitive unity of these poems, or, supposing that impossible, the unison of these parts by Peisistratus, and not before his time, are essentially distinct. In short, “a man may believe the *Iliad* to have been put together out of pre-existing songs, without recognizing the age of Peisistratus as the period of its first

<sup>27</sup> Quarterly Review, *I. c.* p. 131, sq.

<sup>28</sup> Betrachtungen über die *Ilias*. Berol. 1841. See Grote, p. 204. Notes and Queries, vol. v. p. 221.

compilation." The friends or literary *employés* of Peisistratus must have found an *Iliad* that was already ancient, and the silence of the Alexandrine critics respecting the Peisistratic "recension," goes far to prove, that, among the numerous manuscripts they examined, this was either wanting, or thought unworthy of attention.

"Moreover," he continues, "the whole tenor of the poems themselves confirms what is here remarked. There is nothing, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, which savors of modernism, applying that term to the age of Peisistratus—nothing which brings to our view the alterations brought about by two centuries, in the Greek language, the coined money, the habits of writing and reading, the despotisms and republican governments, the close military array, the improved construction of ships, the Amphiktyonic convocations, the mutual frequentation of religious festivals, the Oriental and Egyptian veins of religion, &c., familiar to the latter epoch. These alterations Onomakritus, and the other literary friends of Peisistratus, could hardly have failed to notice, even without design, had they then, for the first time, undertaken the task of piecing together many self-existent epics into one large aggregate. Everything in the two great Homeric poems, both in substance and in language, belongs to an age two or three centuries earlier than Peisistratus. Indeed, even the interpolations (or those passages which, on the best grounds are pronounced to be such) betray no trace of the sixth century before Christ, and may well have been heard by Archilochus and Kallinus—in some cases even by Arktinus and Hesiod—as genuine Homeric matter." As far as the evidences on the case, as well internal as external, enable us to judge, we seem warranted in believing that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were recited substantially as they now stand (always allowing for partial divergences of text and interpolations) in 776 B. C., our first trustworthy mark of Grecian time; and this ancient date, let it be added, as it is the best-authenticated fact, so it is also the most important attribute of the Homeric poems, considered in reference to Grecian history; for they thus afford us an insight into the anti-historical character of the Greeks, enabling us to trace the subsequent forward march of the nation, and to seize instructive contrasts between their former and their later condition." <sup>29</sup>

On the whole, I am inclined to believe, that the labors of Peisistratus were wholly of an editorial character, although, I must confess, that I can lay down nothing respecting the extent of his labors. At the same time, so far from believing that the composition or primary arrangement of these poems, in their present form, was the work of Peisistratus, I am rather per-

<sup>29</sup> Prolegg. pp. xxxii., xxxvi., &c.

<sup>30</sup> Vol. ii. p. 214, sqq.

sued that the fine taste and elegant mind of that Athenian<sup>31</sup> would lead him to preserve an ancient and traditional order of the poems, rather than to patch and re-construct them according to a fanciful hypothesis. I will not repeat the many discussions respecting whether the poems were written or not, or whether the art of writing was known in the time of their reputed author. Suffice it to say, that the more we read, the less satisfied we are upon either subject.

I cannot, however, help thinking, that the story which attributes the preservation of these poems to Lycurgus, is little else than a version of the same story as that of Peisistratus, while its historical probability must be measured by that of many others relating to the Spartan Confucius.

I will conclude this sketch of the Homeric theories, with an attempt, made by an ingenious friend, to unite them into something like consistency. It is as follows:—

“No doubt the common soldiers of that age had, like the common sailors of some fifty years ago, some one qualified to ‘discourse in excellent music’ among them. Many of these, like those of the negroes in the United States, were extemporaneous, and allusive to events passing around them. But what was passing around them? The grand events of a spirit-stirring war; occurrences likely to impress themselves, as the mystical legends of former times had done, upon their memory; besides which, a retentive memory was deemed a virtue of the first water, and was cultivated accordingly in those ancient times. Ballads at first, and down to the beginning of the war with Troy, were merely recitations, with an intonation. Then followed a species of recitative, probably with an intoned burden. Tune next followed, as it aided the memory considerably.

“It was at this period, about for hundred years after the war, that a poet flourished of the name of Melesigenes, or Mœonides, but most probably the former. He saw that these ballads might be made of great utility to his purpose of writing a poem on the social position of Hellas, and, as a collection, he published these lays, connecting them by a tale of his own. This poem now exists, under the title of the ‘Odyssea.’ The author, however, did not affix his own name to the poem, which, in fact, was, great part of it, remodelled from the archaic dialect of Crete, in which tongue the ballads were found by him. He therefore called it the poem of Homeros, or the Collector; but this is rather a proof of his modesty and talent, than of his mere drudging arrangement of other people’s ideas; for, as Grote

<sup>31</sup> “Who,” says Cicero, *de Orat.* iii. 34, “was more learned in that age, or whose eloquence is reported to have been more perfected by literature than that of Peisistratus, who is said first to have disposed the books of Homer in the order in which we now have them?” Compare Wolf’s *Prolegomena* 23, §.

has finely observed, arguing for the unity of authorship, 'a great poet might have re-cast pre-existing separate songs into one comprehensible whole; but no mere arrangers or compilers would be competent to do so.'

"While employed on the wild legend of Odysseus, he met with a ballad, recording the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon. His noble mind seized the hint that there presented itself, and the Achilleis<sup>22</sup> grew under his hand. Unity of design, however, caused him to publish the poem under the same pseudonyme as his former work: and the disjointed lays of the ancient bards were joined together, like those relating to the Cid, into a chronicle history, named the Iliad. Melesigenes knew that the poem was destined to be a lasting one, and so it has proved; but, first, the poems were destined to undergo many vicissitudes and corruptions, by the people who took to singing them in the streets, assemblies, and agoras. However, Solon first, and then Peisistratus, and afterwards Aristoteles and others, revised the poems, and restored the works of Melesigenes Homeros to their original integrity in a great measure."<sup>23</sup>

Having thus given some general notion of the strange theories which have developed themselves respecting this most interesting subject, I must still express my conviction as to the unity of the authorship of the Homeric poems. To deny that many corruptions and interpolations disfigure them, and that the intrusive hand of the poetasters may here and there have inflicted a wound more serious than the negligence of the copyist, would be an absurd and captious assumption; but it is to a higher criticism that we must appeal, if we would either understand or enjoy these poems. In maintaining the authenticity and personality of their one author, be he Homer or Melesigenes, *quocunque nomine vocari eum jus fasque sit*, I feel conscious that, while the whole weight of historical evidence is against the hypothesis which would assign these great works to a plurality of authors, the most powerful internal evidence, and that which springs from the deepest and most immediate impulse of the soul, also speaks eloquently to the contrary.

The minutiae of verbal criticism I am far from seeking to despise. Indeed, considering the character of some of my own books, such an attempt would be gross inconsistency. But, while I appreciate its importance in a philological view, I am inclined to set little store on its æsthetic value, especially in

<sup>22</sup> "The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, seems to form the primary organization of the poem, then properly an Achilleis."—Grote, vol. ii. p. 235

<sup>23</sup> K. R. H. Mackenzie, *Notes and Queries*, p. 222, sqq

poetry. Three parts of the emendations made upon poets are mere alterations, some of which, had they been suggested to the author by his Mæcenas or Africanus, he would probably have adopted. Moreover, those who are most exact in laying down rules of verbal criticism and interpretation, are often least competent to carry out their own precepts. Grammarians are not poets by profession, but may be so *per accidens*. I do not at this moment remember two emendations on Homer, calculated to substantially improve the poetry of a passage, although a mass of remarks, from Herodotus down to Loëwe, have given us the history of a thousand minute points, without which our Greek knowledge would be gloomy and jejune.

But it is not on words only that grammarians, mere grammarians, will exercise their elaborate and often tiresome ingenuity. Binding down an heroic or dramatic poet to the block upon which they have previously dissected his words and sentences, they proceed to use the axe and the pruning knife by wholesale; and inconsistent in everything but their wish to make out a case of unlawful affiliation, they cut out book after book, passage after passage, till the author is reduced to a collection of fragments, or till those, who fancied they possessed the works of some great man, find that they have been put off with a vile counterfeit got up at second hand. If we compare the theories of Knight, Wolf, Lachmann, and others, we shall feel better satisfied of the utter uncertainty of criticism than of the apocryphal position of Homer. One rejects what another considers the turning-point of his theory. One cuts a supposed knot by expunging what another would explain by omitting something else.

Nor is this morbid species of sagacity by any means to be looked upon as a literary novelty. Justus Lipsius, a scholar of no ordinary skill, seems to revel in the imaginary discovery, that the tragedies attributed to Seneca are by *four* different authors.<sup>34</sup> Now, I will venture to assert, that these tragedies are so uniform, not only in their borrowed phraseology—a phraseology with which writers like Boethius and Saxo Grammaticus were more charmed than ourselves—in their freedom from real poetry, and last, but not least, in an ultra-refined and consistent abandonment of good taste, that few writers of the present day would question the capabilities of the same gentleman, be he Seneca or not, to produce not only these, but a great many more equally bad. With equal sagacity, Father Hardouin astonished the world with the startling announcement that the Æneid of Virgil, and the satires of Horace, were literary deceptions. Now, without wishing to say one word of disrespect against the industry and learning—nay, the refined acute-

<sup>34</sup> See his Epistle to Raphelingius, in Schroder's edition, to. 4, Delphis, 1728.

ness—which scholars, like Wolf, have bestowed upon this subject, I must express my fears, that many of our modern Homeric theories will become matter for the surprise and entertainment, rather than the instruction, of posterity. Nor can I help thinking, that the literary history of more recent times will account for many points of difficulty in the transmission of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to a period so remote from that of their first creation.

I have already expressed my belief that the labors of Peisistratus were of a purely editorial character; and there seems no more reason why corrupt and imperfect editions of Homer may not have been abroad in his day, than that the poems of Valerius Flaccus and Tibullus should have given so much trouble to Poggio, Scaliger, and others. But, after all, the main fault in all the Homeric theories is, that they demand too great a sacrifice of those feelings to which poetry most powerfully appeals, and which are its most fitting judges. The ingenuity which has sought to rob us of the name and existence of Homer, does too much violence to that inward emotion, which makes our whole soul yearn with love and admiration for the blind bard of Chios. To believe the author of the *Iliad* a mere compiler, is to degrade the powers of human invention; to elevate analytical judgment at the expense of the most ennobling impulses of the soul; and to forget the ocean in the contemplation of a polypus. There is a catholicity, so to speak, in the very name of Homer. Our faith in the author of the *Iliad* may be a mistaken one, but as yet nobody has taught us a better.

While, however, I look upon the belief in Homer as one that has nature herself for its mainspring; while I can join with old Ennius in believing in Homer as the ghost, who, like some patron saint, hovers round the bed of the poet, and even bestows rare gifts from that wealth of imagination which a host of imitators could not exhaust,—still I am far from wishing to deny that the author of these great poems found a rich fund of tradition, a well-stocked mythical storehouse from whence he might derive both subject and embellishment. But it is one thing to *use* existing romances in the embellishment of a poem, another to patch up the poem itself from such materials. What consistency of style and execution can be hoped for from such an attempt? or, rather, what bad taste and tedium will not be the infallible result?

A blending of popular legends, and a free use of the songs of other bards, are features perfectly consistent with poetical originality. In fact, the most original writer is still drawing upon outward impressions—nay, even his own thoughts are a kind of secondary agents which support and feed the impulses

of imagination. But unless there be some grand pervading principle—some invisible, yet most distinctly stamped archetypus of the great whole, a poem like the *Iliad* can never come to the birth. Traditions the most picturesque, episodes the most pathetic, local associations teeming with the thoughts of gods and great men, may crowd in one mighty vision, or reveal themselves in more substantial forms to the mind of the poet; but, except the power to create a grand whole, to which these shall be but as details and embellishments, be present, we shall have nought but a scrap-book, a parterre filled with flowers and weeds strangling each other in their wild redundancy: we shall have a cento of rags and tatters, which will require little acuteness to detect.

Sensible as I am of the difficulty of disproving a negative, and aware as I must be of the weighty grounds there are for opposing my belief, it still seems to me that the Homeric question is one that is reserved for a higher criticism than it has often obtained. We are not by nature intended to know all things; still less, to compass the powers by which the greatest blessings of life have been placed at our disposal. Were faith no virtue, then we might indeed wonder why God willed our ignorance on any matter. But we are too well taught the contrary lesson; and it seems as though our faith should be especially tried touching the men and the events which have wrought most influence upon the condition of humanity. And there is a kind of sacredness attached to the memory of the great and the good, which seems to bid us repulse the skepticism which would allegorize their existence into a pleasing apologue, and measure the giants of intellect by an homœopathic dynameter.

Long and habitual reading of Homer appears to familiarize our thoughts even to his incongruities; or rather, if we read in a right spirit and with a heartfelt appreciation, we are too much dazzled, too deeply wrapped in admiration of the whole, to dwell upon the minute spots which mere analysis can discover. In reading an heroic poem we must transform ourselves into heroes of the time being, we in imagination must fight over the same battles, woo the same loves, burn with the same sense of injury, as an Achilles or a Hector. And if we can but attain this degree of enthusiasm (and less enthusiasm will scarcely suffice for the reading of Homer), we shall feel that the poems of Homer are not only the work of one writer, but of the greatest writer that ever touched the hearts of men by the power of song.

And it was this supposed unity of authorship which gave these poems their powerful influence over the minds of the men of old. Heeren who is evidently little disposed in favor of modern theories, finally observes:—

“It was Homer who formed the character of the Greek

nation. No poet has ever, as a poet, exercised a similar influence over his countrymen. Prophets, lawgivers, and sages have formed the character of other nations; it was reserved to a poet to form that of the Greeks. This is a feature in their character which was not wholly erased even in the period of their degeneracy. When lawgivers and sages appeared in Greece, the work of the poet had already been accomplished; and they paid homage to his superior genius. He held up before his nation the mirror, in which they were to behold the world of gods and heroes no less than of feeble mortals, and to behold them reflected with purity and truth. His poems are founded on the first feeling of human nature; on the love of children, wife, and country; on that passion which outweighs all others, the love of glory. His songs were poured forth from a breast which sympathized with all the feelings of man; and therefore they enter, and will continue to enter, every breast which cherishes the same sympathies. If it is granted to his immortal spirit, from another heaven than any of which he dreamed on earth, to look down on his race, to see the nations from the fields of Asia to the forests of Hercynia, performing pilgrimages to the fountain which his magic wand caused to flow; if it is permitted to him to view the vast assemblage of grand, of elevated, of glorious productions, which had been called into being by means of his songs; wherever his immortal spirit may reside, this alone would suffice to complete his happiness."<sup>35</sup>

Can we contemplate that ancient monument, on which the "Apotheosis of Homer"<sup>36</sup> is depicted, and not feel how much of pleasing association, how much that appeals most forcibly and most distinctly to our minds, is lost by the admittance of any theory but our old tradition? The more we read, and the more we think—think as becomes the readers of Homer,—the more rooted becomes the conviction that the Father of Poetry gave us this rich inheritance, whole and entire. Whatever were the means of its preservation, let us rather be thankful for the treasury of taste and eloquence thus laid open to our use, than seek to make it a mere centre around which to drive a series of theories, whose wildness is only equalled by their inconsistency with each other.

As the hymns, and some other poems usually ascribed to Homer, are not included in Pope's translation, I will content myself with a brief account of the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, from the pen of a writer who has done it full justice<sup>37</sup> :—

"This poem," says Coleridge, "is a short mock-heroic of ancient date. The text varies in different editions, and is

<sup>35</sup> Ancient Greece, p. 101.

<sup>36</sup> The best description of this monument will be found in Vaux's "Antiquities of the British Museum," p. 198. sq. The monument itself (Towneley Sculptures, No. 123) is well known.

<sup>37</sup> Coleridge, *Classic Poets*, p. 276.



obviously disturbed and corrupt to a great degree; it is commonly said to have been a juvenile essay of Homer's genius; others have attributed it to the same Pigrees, mentioned above, and whose reputation for humor seems to have invited the appropriation of any piece of ancient wit, the author of which was uncertain; so little did the Greeks, before the age of the Ptolemies, know or care about that department of criticism employed in determining the genuineness of ancient writings. As to this little poem being a youthful prolusion of Homer, it seems sufficient to say that from the beginning to the end it is a plain and palpable parody, not only of the general spirit, but of the numerous passages of the *Iliad* itself; and even, if no such intention to parody were discernible in it, the objection would still remain, that to suppose a work of mere burlesque to be the primary effort of poetry in a simple age, seems to reverse that order in the development of national taste, which the history of every other people in Europe, and of many in Asia, has almost ascertained to be a law of the human mind; it is in a state of society much more refined and permanent than that described in the *Iliad*, that any popularity would attend such a ridicule of war and the gods as is contained in this poem; and the fact of there having existed three other poems of the same kind attributed, for aught we can see, with as much reason to Homer, is a strong inducement to believe that none of them were of the Homeric age. Knight infers from the usage of the word *δέλτος*, "writing tablet," instead of *δερθήρα*, "skin," which, according to Herod. 5, 58, was the material employed by the Asiatic Greeks for that purpose, that this poem was another offspring of Attic ingenuity; and generally that the familiar mention of the cock (v. 191) is a strong argument against so ancient a date for its composition."

Having thus given a brief account of the poems comprised in Pope's design, I will now proceed to make a few remarks on his translation, and on my own purpose in the present edition.

Pope was not a Grecian. His whole education had been irregular, and his earliest acquaintance with the poet was through the version of Ogilby. It is not too much to say that his whole work bears the impress of a disposition to be satisfied with the general sense, rather than to dive deeply into the minute and delicate features of language. Hence his whole work is to be looked upon rather as an elegant paraphrase than a translation. There are, to be sure, certain conventional anecdotes, which prove that Pope consulted various friends, whose classical attainments were sounder than his own, during the undertaking; but it is probable that these examinations were the result rather of the contradictory versions already existing, than of a desire to make a perfect transcript of the original.

And in those days, what is called literal translation was less cultivated than at present. If something like the general sense could be decorated with the easy gracefulness of a practised poet; if the charms of metrical cadence and a pleasing fluency could be made consistent with a fair interpretation of the poet's meaning, his *words* were less jealously sought for, and those who could read so good a poem as Pope's *Iliad* had fair reason to be satisfied.

It would be absurd, therefore, to test Pope's translation by our own advancing knowledge of the original text. We must be content to look at it as a most delightful work in itself,—a work which is as much a part of English literature as Homer himself is of Greek. We must not be torn from our kindly associations with the old *Iliad*, that once was our most cherished companion, or our most looked-for prize, merely because Buttmann, Loëwe, and Liddell have made us so much more accurate as to ἀμφιπέλλον being an adjective, and not a substantive. Far be it from us to defend the faults of Pope, especially when we think of Chapman's fine, bold, rough old English;—far be it from us to hold up his translation as what a translation of Homer *might* be. But we can still dismiss Pope's *Iliad* to the hands of our readers, with the consciousness that they must have read a very great number of books before they have read its fellow.

As to the Notes accompanying the present volume, they are drawn up without pretension, and mainly with the view of helping the general reader. Having some little time since translated all the works of Homer for another publisher, I might have brought a large amount of accumulated matter, sometimes of a critical character, to bear upon the text. But Pope's version was no field for such a display; and my purpose was to touch briefly on antiquarian or mythological allusions, to notice occasionally *some* departures from the original, and to give a few parallel passages from our English Homer, Milton. In the latter task I cannot pretend to novelty, but I trust that my other annotations, while utterly disclaiming high scholastic views, will be found to convey as much as is wanted; at least, as far as the necessary limits of these volumes could be expected to admit. To write a commentary on Homer is not my present aim; but if I have made Pope's translation a little more entertaining and instructive to a mass of miscellaneous readers, I shall consider my wishes satisfactorily accomplished.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY

*Christ Church.*

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## POPE'S PREFACE TO THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellences ; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that, in different degrees, distinguishes all great geniuses : the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it judgment itself can at best but "steal wisely : " for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute : as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is, therefore, more entertained with. And, perhaps, the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through a uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant it is owing to the richness of the soil ; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable ; everything moves, everything lives,

and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

*Οἷδ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥσει τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμειτο.*

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it." It is, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is everywhere vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetic fire, this "*vivida vis animi*," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but everywhere equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakspeare it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns everywhere clearly and everywhere irresistibly.

I shall here endeavor to show how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet through all the main constituent parts of his work: as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls "the soul of poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in his part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature; or of such as, though they did, became fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, "The return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy," or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the "anger of Achilles," the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his actions for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armor, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius; and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable.—If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imag-

ination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in the following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity: for we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier; in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one.

Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example: the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie, in a great degree, hidden and undistinguished; and, where they are marked most evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valor are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but, as it is, in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior, in this point, the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters; being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners, of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. "Everything in it has manner" (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, everything is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer; all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of

his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture. Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles; which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him; and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction; the first who taught that "language of the gods" to men. His expression is like the coloring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is, indeed, the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who has found out "living words:" there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is "impatient" to be on the wing, a weapon "thirsts" to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about



it ; for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter ; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous ; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry ; not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention ; since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they were joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κορυθαίολος*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *Εἰνυσίφυλλος*, and so of others ; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As the metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that also. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers : he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness, from its never using contradictions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent ; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the license of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he had derived that harmony which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas), will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other

language of poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue : indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever grace it was capable of and in particular, never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated, and, at the same time, with so much force and inspiring vigor, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full ; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work ; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each : it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty ; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think that Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree ; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it ; each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius,

Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty; Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence; Homer, like the Nile, pours out of his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and resistless as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more, as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole, and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his "speaking horses;" and Virgil his "myrtles distilling blood," where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however, are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable

to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods; and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes, but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier,<sup>1</sup> "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favor as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world: when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages: in beholding monarchs without their guards; princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes; such as the "far-darting Phœbus," the "blue-eyed Pallas," the "swift-footed Achilles," &c, which some have censured as impertinent, and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the

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<sup>1</sup> Preface to her *Homer*.

powers and offices then believed to belong to them; and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age, between the brazen and the iron one, of "heroes distinct from other men; a divine race who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed."<sup>2</sup> Now among the divine honors which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by celebrating their families, actions or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavor to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis*; as that the hero is a wiser man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapi-

<sup>2</sup> Hesiod. *Opp. et Dier. Lib. I. vers. 155, &c.*

judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer which are not so labored as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement; oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original, and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: this is the conduct of Perrault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed; and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Mott; who yet confesses upon the whole that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in his sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honor of the chief invention: and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts, in this, that he has swallowed up the honor of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted everything. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said that a few branches which run luxuriant through a richness of nature, might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic as far as that is seen in the main

parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed: and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province, since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary to transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile, dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical, insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted, that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavoring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity; no author is to be envied for such com-

mendations, as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and sordid one; which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and, as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator, on the one hand, to give in to several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as, on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say, oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavoring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable, antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as "platoon, campaign, junto," or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen), cannot be allowable; those only excepted without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks or moles by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight; those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our



language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition, as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as "the cloud-compelling Jove," &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned, as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εἰνοσίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "the lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of different significations, may receive an advantage from a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἐκρηβύλος* or "far-shooting," is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun; therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed, and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question, whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I only know of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in the Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm and fully possessed of his image; however, it may reasonably be believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it: but those who have, will see I have endeavored at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines; and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author; insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer; and perhaps he endeavored to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian; a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast, of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from

his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences; and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil: his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavor of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity; not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps, too, he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is, to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author; and Bossu's admirable *Treatise of the Epic Poem* the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment

and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few: those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such a want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public; from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task; who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe, and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature (to give it a great panegyric), is not less extensive than his learning. The favor of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honor so many of the great have done me; while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honor to the name of poet: that his grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise:

“Read Homer once, and you can read no more;  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the books you need.”

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favor me; of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite

arts is more owing to his generosity or his example : that such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer : and that the noble author of the tragedy of "Heroic Love" has continued his partiality to me, from my writing pastorals to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon ; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honored in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends : to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence ; and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favor at Athens that has been shown me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honors he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candor and friendship of so many persons of merit : and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly useless to others nor disagreeable to myself.

# THE ILIAD.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.\*

#### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighboring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her: with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insultingly dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god; who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it; who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno; between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book: nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!  
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;

\* The following argument of the Iliad, corrected in a few particulars, is translated from Bitaubé, and is, perhaps, the neatest summary that has been ever drawn up.—“A hero, injured by his general, and animated with a noble resentment, retires to his tent, and for a season withdraws himself and his troops from the war. During this interval, victory abandons the army, which for nine years has been occupied in a great enterprise, upon the successful termination of which the honor of their country depends. The general, at length opening his eyes to the fault which he had committed, deposes the principal officers of his army to the incensed hero, with commission to make compensation for the injury, and to tender magnificent presents. The hero, according to the proud obstinacy of his character, persists in his animosity; the army is again defeated, and is on the verge of entire destruction. This inexorable man has a friend; this friend weeps before him, and asks for the hero's arms, and for permission to go to the war in his stead. The eloquence of friendship prevails more than the

Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore : \*  
 Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
 Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove ! †

Declare, O Muse ! in what ill-fated hour ‡  
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power  
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread, §  
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead .  
 The king of men his reverent priest defied, ||  
 And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain  
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.  
 Suppliant the venerable father stands ;  
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands :  
 By these he begs ; and lowly bending down,  
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.  
 He sued to all, but chief implored for grace  
 The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race. ¶

“ Ye kings and warriors ! may your vows be crown'd  
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.  
 May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er  
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
 But, oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
 And give Chryseis to these arms again ;  
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.”

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,  
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
 Not so Atrides : he, with kingly pride,  
 Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied :

intercession of the ambassadors or the gifts of the general. He lends his armor to his friend, but commands him not to engage with the chief of the enemy's army, because he reserves to himself the honor of that combat, and because he also fears for his friend's life. The prohibition is forgotten ; the friend listens to nothing but his courage ; his corpse is brought back to the hero, and the hero's arms become the prize of the conqueror. Then the hero, given up to the most lively despair, prepares to fight ; he receives from a divinity new armor ; is reconciled with his general ; and, thirsting for glory and revenge, enacts prodigies of valor ; recovers the victory ; slays the enemy's chief ; honors his friend with superb funeral rites ; and exercises a cruel vengeance on the body of his destroyer ; but finally, appeased by the tears and prayers of the father of the slain warrior, restores to the old man the corpse of his son, which he buries with due solemnities.”—Coleridge, p. 177, sqq.

\* *Vultures*. Pope is more accurate than the poet he translates ; for Homer writes “ a prey to dogs and to all kinds of birds.” But all kinds of birds are not carnivorous.

† *i. e.* during the whole time of their striving the will of Jove was being gradually accomplished.

‡ Compare Milton's “ *Paradise Lost*,” i. 6 :

“ Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Horeb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd.”

§ *Latona's son* : *i. e.* Apollo.

|| *King of men* : Agamemnon.

¶ *Brother kings* : Menelaüs and Agamemnon.

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,  
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains :  
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod ;  
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.  
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;  
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain  
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,  
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace.  
In daily labors of the loom employ'd,  
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.  
Hence then ; to Argos shall the maid retire,  
Far from her native soil or weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main ;  
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,  
The god who darts around the world his rays.

"O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,\*  
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine, †  
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,  
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores  
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane, ‡  
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;  
God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,  
Evenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."

Thus Chryses pray'd :—the favoring power attends,  
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.  
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ; §  
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.

\* *Smintheus*, an epithet taken from *σμήθος*, the Phrygian name for a *mouse*, was applied to Apollo for having put an end to a plague of mice which had harassed that territory. Strabo, however, says, that when the Teuceri were migrating from Crete, they were told by an oracle to settle in that place, where they should not be attacked by the original inhabitants of the land, and that, having halted for the night, a number of field-mice came and gnawed away the leathern straps of their baggage, and thongs of their armor. In fulfillment of the oracle, they settled on the spot, and raised a temple to Sminthean Apollo. Grote, "History of Greece," i. p. 68, remarks that the "worship of Sminthean Apollo, in various parts of the Troad and its neighboring territory, dates before the earliest period of Æolian colonization."

† *Cilla*, a town of Troas near Thebe, so called from Cillus, a sister of Hippodamia, slain by Egeus.

‡ A mistake. It should be,

"If e'er I roofed thy graceful fane,"

for the custom of decorating temples with garlands was of later date.

§ *Bent was his bow*. "The Apollo of Homer, it must be borne in mind, is a different character from the deity of the same name in the later classical pantheon. Throughout both poems, all deaths from unforeseen or invisible causes, the ravages of pestilence, the fate of the young child or promising adult, cut off in the germ of infancy or flower of youth, of the old man dropping peacefully into the grave, or of the reckless sinner suddenly checked in his career of crime, are ascribed to the arrows of Apollo or Diana. The oracular functions of the god rose naturally out of the above fundamental attributes ; for who could more appropriately impart to mortals what little foreknowledge Fate permitted of her decrees than the agent of her most awful dia-



Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
 On mules and dogs the infection first began ; \*  
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.  
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,  
 The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,  
 Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son  
 Convened to council all the Grecian train ;  
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain. †  
 The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd :  
 " Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before ?  
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare.  
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
 But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,  
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;  
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove  
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.  
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.  
 So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,  
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."  
 He said, and sat : when Chalcas thus replied ;  
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,  
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,  
 The past, the present, and the future knew :  
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage  
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age :  
 " Beloved of Jove, Achilles ! would'st thou know  
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow ?

pensations ? The close union of the arts of prophecy and song explains his additional office of god of music, while the arrows with which he and his sister were armed, symbols of sudden death in every age, no less naturally procured him that of god of archery. Of any connection between Apollo and the Sun, whatever may have existed in the more esoteric doctrine of the Greek sanctuaries, there is no trace in either *Iliad* or *Odyssey*."—Mure, "History of Greek Literature," vol. i. p. 478, sq.

\* It has frequently been observed, that most pestilence begins with animals, and that Homer had this fact in mind.

† *Convened to council.* The public assembly in the heroic times is well characterized by Grote, vol. ii. p. 92 : "It is an assembly for talk. Communication and discussion, to a certain extent by the chiefs in person, of the people as listeners and sympathizers—often for eloquence, and sometimes for quarrel—but here its ostensible purposes ends."

‡ Old Jacob Duport, whose "Gnomologia Homérica" is full of curious and useful things, quotes several passages of the ancients, in which reference is made to these words of Homer, in maintenance of the belief that dreams had a divine origin and an import in which men were interested.

First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word  
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword :  
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.  
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,  
Instruct a monarch where his error lies ;  
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,  
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last."  
To whom Pelides :—" From thy inmost soul  
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control  
E'en by that god I swear who rules the day,  
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,  
And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare ;  
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,  
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand ;  
Not ee'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,  
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies :  
" Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,  
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.  
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,  
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,  
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.\*  
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,  
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke : when with a gloomy frown  
The monarch started from his shining throne ;  
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire :  
" Augur accursed ! denouncing mischief still,  
Prophet of plagues, forever boding ill !  
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?  
For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,  
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord ?  
For this with falsehood is my honor stained,  
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned ;  
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,  
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold ?  
A maid unmatched in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace ;  
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,  
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.

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\* Rather, " bright-eyed." See the German critics quoted by Arnold.

Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail ;  
Our cares are only for the public weal :  
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,  
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.  
But since for common good I yield the fair,  
My private loss let grateful Greece repair ;  
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."  
"Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),  
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize !  
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,  
The due reward of many a well-fought field ?  
The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,  
We share with justice, as with toil we gain ;  
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves  
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers  
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."

Then thus the king : "Shall I my prize resign  
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine ?  
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,  
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.  
At thy demand shall I restore the maid :  
First let the just equivalent be paid ;  
Such as a king might ask ; and let it be  
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.  
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign ; \*  
Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.  
The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;  
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.  
But this when time requires.—It now remains  
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,  
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
With chosen pilots, and with laboring oars.  
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,  
And some deputed prince the charge attend :  
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,  
Or wise Ulysses see performed our will ;

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\* The prize given to Ajax was Tecmessa, while Ulysses received Laodice, the daughter of Cynus.

Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;  
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:

"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!

Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd

With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!

What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,

Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?

What cause have I to war at thy decree?

The distant Trojans never injured me;

To Pythia's realms no hostile troops they led:

Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;

Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,

And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,

Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,

Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.

Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,

To avenge a private, not a public wrong:

What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,

But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?

Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;

Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?

And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,

Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?

A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,

As thy own actions if compared to mine.

Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,

Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.

Some trivial present to my ships I bear:

Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.

But now, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;

My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:

Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,

What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?

To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;

Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy

There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,

And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.

Of all the kings (the god's distinguish'd care)

To power superior none such hatred bear

Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,

And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.

If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd

For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.

Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away;

Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;  
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
 Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.  
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons :—but here \*  
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.  
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:  
 Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,  
 Thy loved Briseïs with the radiant eyes.  
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour  
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;  
 And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,  
 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
 His heart swell'd high, and labor'd in his breast;  
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;  
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:  
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;  
 This whispers soft his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheathed appear'd the glittering blade,  
 Minerva swift descended from above,  
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove  
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);  
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
 Achilles seized; to him alone confess'd;  
 A sable cloud concealed her from the rest.  
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:

"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear

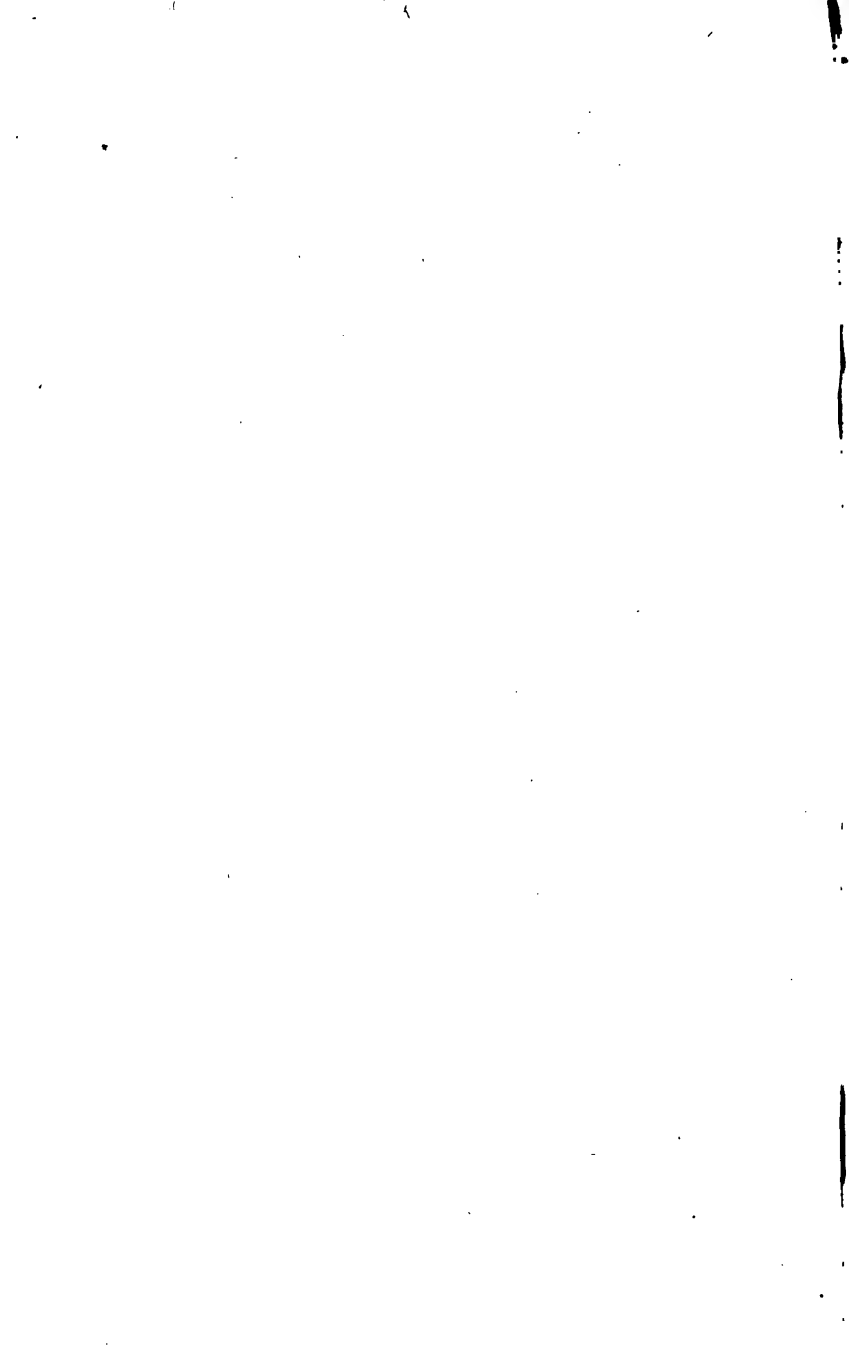
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\* The Myrmidons dwelt on the southern borders of Thessaly, and took their origin from Myrmido, son of Jupiter and Eurymedusa. It is fancifully supposed that the name was derived from *μυρμηξ*, an *ant*, "because they imitated the diligence of the ants, and like them were indefatigable, continually employed in cultivating the earth; the change from ants to men is founded merely on the equivocation of their name, which resembles that of the ant: they bore a further resemblance to these little animals, in that instead of inhabiting towns or villages, at first they commonly resided in the open fields, having no other retreats but dens and the cavities of trees, until Ithacus brought them together, and settled them in more secure and comfortable habitations."—Anthon's "Lempriere."

† Eustathius, after Heraclides Ponticus and others, allegorizes this apparition, as if the appearance of Minerva to Achilles, unseen by the rest, was intended to point out the sudden recollection that he would gain nothing by intemperate wrath, and that it were best to restrain his anger, and only gratify it by withdrawing his services. The same idea is rather cleverly worked out by Apuleius, "De Deo Socratis."



APOLLO AND DIANA DISCHARGING THEIR ARROWS



From Atreus' son?—Then let those eyes 'nat view  
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies),  
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:  
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
By awful Juno this command is given:  
The king and you are both the care of heaven.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel;  
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.  
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)  
Thy injured honor has its fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;  
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides:—"With regardful ear,  
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the gods the gods will bless."  
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid:  
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.  
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,  
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:  
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,  
Or nobly face, the horrid front of war?  
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;  
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die:  
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.  
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!  
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;  
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.  
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,  
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;  
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
From whom the power of laws and justice springs  
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):  
By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again



Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,  
 Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,  
 Forced to implore when impotent to save :  
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know  
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke ; and furious hurl'd against the ground -  
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around :  
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain  
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,  
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,  
 Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd :  
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd :  
 Two generations now had pass'd away,  
 Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;  
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,  
 And now the example of the third remain'd.  
 All view'd with awe the venerable man ;  
 Who thus with mild benevolence began : —

" What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy  
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy !  
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate  
 The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.  
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.  
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew,  
 Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !  
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,  
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;  
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,  
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ?  
 With these of old, to toils of battle bred,  
 In early youth my hardy days I led ;  
 Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
 And smit with love of honorable deeds,  
 Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,  
 Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,  
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore :  
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd ;  
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.

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\* Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," bk. ii. :

" Though his tongue

Drop'd manna."

So Proverbs v. 3, " For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey-comb."

If in my youth, even these esteem'd me wise ;  
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.  
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;  
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :  
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;  
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.  
Thee the first honors of the war adorn,  
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;  
Him awful majesty exalts above  
The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.  
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,  
So shall authority with strength be join'd.  
Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;  
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.  
Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,  
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceased. The king of men replies :  
" Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,  
No laws can limit, no respect control.  
Before his pride must his superiors fall ;  
His word the law, and he the lord of all ?  
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey ?  
What king can bear a rival in his sway ?  
Grant that the gods his matchless force have given  
Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven ?"—

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,  
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke ;  
" Tyrant, I well deserved thy galling chain,  
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
Should I submit to each unjust decree :—  
Command thy vassals, but command not me.  
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd  
My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed ;  
And seize secure ; no more Achilles draws  
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.  
The gods command me to forgive the past :  
But let this first invasion be the last :  
For know, thy blood, when next thou dardest invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

At this they ceased : the stern debate expired ;  
The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way  
Where rear his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars  
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores ;  
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,

And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced ;  
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,  
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.  
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train \*  
Are cleansed ; and cast the ablutions in the main.  
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid ;  
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful adors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,  
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.  
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,  
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.  
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),  
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize ;  
Submit he must ; or if they will not part,  
Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart."

The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands  
Pensive they walk along the barren sands ;  
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,  
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.  
At awful distance long they silent stand,  
Loth to advance, and speak their hard command ;  
Decent confusion ! This the godlike man  
Perceived and thus with accent mild began :

"With leave and honor enter our abodes,  
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods ! †  
I know your message ; by constraint you came ;  
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.  
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring ;  
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,  
Witness to gods above, and men below !  
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare  
(That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),  
Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,  
Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein :

\* Salt water was chiefly used in lustrations, from its being supposed to possess certain fiery particles. Hence, if sea-water could not be obtained, salt was thrown into the fresh water to be used for the lustration. Menander, in Clem. Alex. vii. p. 713, ὕδατι περὶράναι, ἐμβάλλων ἅλας, φάσις.

† The persons of heralds were held inviolable, and they were at liberty to travel whither they would without fear of molestation. Pollux, Onom. viii. p. 159. The office was generally given to old men, and they were believed to be under the especial protection of Jove and Mercury.

The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;  
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.  
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;  
But sad, retiring to the sounding shore.  
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung : \*  
There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,  
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main :

" O parent goddess! since in early bloom  
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;  
Sure to so short a race of glory born,  
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn :  
Honor and fame at least the thunder owed;  
And ill he pays the promise of a god,  
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

Far from the deep recesses of the main,  
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,  
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;  
And like a mist she rose above the tide;  
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.  
" Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;  
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said : " To tell my woe  
Is but to mention what too well you know.  
From Thebé, sacred to Apollo's name †  
(Aëtion's realm), our conquering army came,  
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,  
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;  
But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,  
By vote selected, to the general's bed.

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\* His mother, Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, who was courted by Neptune and Jupiter. When, however, it was known that the son to whom she would give birth must prove greater than his father, it was determined to wed her to a mortal, and Peleus, with great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining her hand, as she eluded him by assuming various forms. Her children were all destroyed by fire through her attempts to see whether they were immortal, and Achilles would have shared the same fate had not his father rescued him. She afterwards rendered him invulnerable by plunging him into the waters of the Styx, with the exception of that part of the heel by which she held him. Hygin. Fab. 54.

† Thebé was a city of Mysia, north of Adramyttium.

The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain  
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ;  
The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,  
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
Intreating all ; but chief implored for grace  
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :  
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,  
The priest to reverence, and release the fair ;  
Not so Atrides : he, with wonted pride,  
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied :  
The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)  
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer ;  
A dreadful plague ensues : the avenging darts  
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.  
A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,  
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :  
Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline  
To avert the vengeance of the power divine ;  
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;  
Incensed he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd :  
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,  
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent ;  
But now he seized Briseïs' heavenly charms,  
And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,  
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train ; \*  
And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.  
But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend.  
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,  
Urge all the ties to former service owed,  
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.  
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,  
That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host,  
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove ;  
When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,  
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,  
Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of Heaven.  
Then, call'd by thee, the monster Titan came  
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name),  
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along ;  
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong :  
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,  
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands :  
The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,

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\* That is, defrauds me of the prize allotted me by their votes

They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and adored.\*  
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,  
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;  
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring  
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:  
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace  
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,  
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
 Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes  
 To Fates averse, and nursed for future woes? †  
 So short a space the light of heaven to view!  
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!  
 O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun  
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.  
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.  
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.  
 The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,  
 On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race; ‡

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\* Quintus Calaber goes still further in his account of the service rendered to Jove by Thetis:

"Nay, more, the fetters of Almighty Jove  
 She loosed."—Dyce's "Calaber," s. 58.

† *To Fates averse.* Of the gloomy destiny reigning throughout the Homeric poems, and from which even the gods are not exempt Schlegel well observes: "This power extends also to the world of gods: for the Grecian gods are mere powers of nature; and although immeasurably higher than mortal man, yet, compared with infinitude, they are on an equal footing with himself."—"Lectures on the Drama," v. p. 67.

‡ It has been observed, that the annual procession of the sacred ship, so often represented on Egyptian monuments, and the return of the deity from Ethiopia after some days' absence, serves to show the Ethiopian origin of Thebes, and of the worship of Jupiter Ammon. "I think," says Heeren, after quoting a passage from Diodorus about the holy ship, "that this procession is represented in one of the great sculptured reliefs on the temple of Karnak. The sacred ship of Ammon is on the shore with its whole equipment, and is towed along by another boat. It is, therefore, on its voyage. This must have been one of the most celebrated festivals, since, even according to the interpretation of antiquity, Homer alludes to it when he speaks of Jupiter's visit to the Ethiopians, and his twelve days' absence."—Long, "Egyptian Antiquities," vol. i. p. 96. Eustathius, vol. i. p. 98, sq. (ed. Basil.) gives this interpretation, and likewise an allegorical one, which we will spare the reader.

Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,  
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves unclosed ;  
Then down the steep she plunged from whence she rose,  
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;  
Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd :  
The sails they furl'd, they lash the mast aside,  
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.  
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land ;  
Chryseis last descending on the strand.  
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;  
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said :

"Hail, reverend priest ! to Phœbus' awful dome  
A suppliant I from great Atrides come :  
Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair ;  
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;  
And may thy god who scatters darts around,  
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound." \*

At this, the sire embraced the maid again,  
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.  
Then near the altar of the darting king,  
Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring ;  
With water purify their hands, and take  
The sacred offering of the salted cake ;  
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,  
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer :

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
Whose power incircles Cilla the divine ;  
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays !  
If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,  
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest :

Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,  
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses pray'd. Apollo heard his prayer :  
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare ;  
Between their horns the salted barley threw,

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\* *Atoned, i. e. reconciled.* This is the proper and most natural meaning of the word, as may be seen from Taylor's remarks in Calmet's Dictionary, p. 110, of my edition.

And, with their heads to heaven, the victims slew;  
 The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide  
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide :  
 On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from every part.  
 The priest himself before his altar stands,  
 And burns the offering with his holy hands,  
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire ;  
 The youth with instruments surround the fire :  
 The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,  
 The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest :  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare ;  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
 With pure libations they conclude the feast ;  
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,  
 And, pleased, dispense the flowing bowls around ;  
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends :  
 The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes prolong ;  
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,  
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :  
 Then launch, and hoist the mast ; indulgent gales,  
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ;  
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,  
 The parted ocean foams and roars below :  
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,  
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.  
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,  
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand,)  
 Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay,  
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat  
 The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ;

\* That is, drawing back their necks while they cut their throats. " If the sacrifice was in honor of the celestial gods, the throat was bent upward towards heaven ; but if made to the heroes, or infernal deities, it was killed with its throat toward the ground."  
 " Elgin Marbles," vol. i. p. 81.

" The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,  
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste,  
 Some strip the skin ; some portion out the spoil ;  
 The limbs yet trembling, in the caldrons boil ;  
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.  
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,  
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine."

Dryden's Virgil, i. 293.

† *Crown'd*, i. e. fill'd to the brim. The custom of adorning goblets with flowers was of later date.



Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd ;  
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :  
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,  
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light  
The gods had summon'd to the Olympian height :  
Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,  
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.

When, like the morning-mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea ;  
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.

There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The thunderer sat ; where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.

Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she placed  
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.

" If e'er, O father of the gods ! (she said)

My words could please thee, or my actions aid,  
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,  
And pay in glory what in life you owe.

Fame is at least by heavenly promise due  
To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.

Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise !

Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise ;

Till the proud king and all the Achaian race

Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke ; but Jove in silence held

The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.

Not so repulsed, the goddess closer press'd,

Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.

" O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;

Refuse, or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?

Or oh ! declare, of all the powers above,

Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ? "

She said : and, sighing, thus the god replies,

Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :

" What hast thou ask'd ? ah, why should Jove engage

In foreign contests and domestic rage,

The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,

While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ?

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway

With jealous eyes thy close access survey ;

But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped :

Witness the sacred honors of our head,

The nod that ratifies the will divine,

The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign ;

This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—"

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,\*  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god:  
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.†

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,  
Jove to his starry mansions in the skies.  
The shining synod of the immortals wait  
The coming god, and from their thrones of state  
Arising silent, wrapp'd in holy fear,  
Before the majesty of heaven appear.  
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,  
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:  
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
And all her passions kindled into flame.  
"Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries),  
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?  
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,  
In vain the partner of imperial state.  
What favorite goddess then those cares divides,  
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"

To this the thunderer: "Seek not thou to find  
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:  
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,  
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.  
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
The first of gods above, and men below;  
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll  
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies,"  
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,  
And thus return'd:—"Austere Saturnius, say,  
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?  
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
And all thy counsels take the destined course.  
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen,  
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.  
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,

\* *He spoke, &c.* "When a friend inquired of Phidias from what pattern he had formed his Olympian Jupiter, he is said to have answered by repeating these lines of the first Iliad in which the poet represents the majesty of the god in the most sublime terms; thereby signifying that the genius of Homer had inspired him with it. Those who beheld this statue are said to have been so struck with it as to have asked whether Jupiter had descended from heaven to show himself to Phidias, or whether Phidias had been carried thither to contemplate the god"—"Elgin Marbles," vol. xii. p. 124.

†

"So was his will  
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath.  
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd."

"Paradise Lost," ii. 351.

Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.  
 What fatal favor has the goddess won,  
 To grace her fierce, inexorable son?  
 Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,  
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain."

Then thus the god: "O restless fate of pride,  
 That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide  
 Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
 Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.  
 Let this suffice: the immutable decree  
 No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.  
 Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,  
 But dread the power of this avenging hand:  
 The united strength of all the gods above  
 In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove."

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply  
 A reverent horror silenced all the sky.  
 The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw  
 His mother menaced, and the gods in awe;  
 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
 Thus interposed the architect divine:  
 "The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
 Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:  
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy.  
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,  
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky:  
 Lest, roused to rage, he shake the bless'd abodes,  
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods,  
 If you submit, the thunderer stands appeased;  
 The gracious power is willing to be pleased."

Thus Vulcan spoke: and rising with a bound,  
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,\*  
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
 "Goddess (he cried), be patient and obey.  
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
 What god so daring in your aid to move,  
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?  
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
 Hurl'd headlong down from the ethereal height;†

\* *A double bowl*, i. e. a vessel with a cup at both ends, something like the measures by which a halfpenny or pennyworth of nuts is sold. See Buttmann, *Lexic.* p. 93, sq.

† "Paradise Lost," i. 44.

"Him th' Almighty power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion."

Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round ;  
 Nor till the sun descended touch'd the ground ;  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;  
 The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast ; \*

He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,  
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received.  
 Then, to the rest he fill'd ; and in his turn,  
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn,  
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song. †  
 Apollo tuned the lyre ; the Muses round  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.  
 Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light :  
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :  
 Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,  
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

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\* The occasion on which Vulcan incurred Jove's displeasure was this.—After Hercules had taken and pillaged Troy, Juno raised a storm which drove him to the island of Cos, having previously cast Jove into a sleep, to prevent him aiding his son. Jove, in revenge, fastened iron anvils to her feet, and hung her from the sky, and Vulcan, attempting to relieve her, was kicked down from Olympus in the manner described. The allegorists have gone mad in finding deep explanations for this amusing fiction. See Heraclides, "Ponticus," p. 463, sq., ed. Gale. The story is told by Homer himself in Book xv. The Sinthians were a race of robbers, the ancient inhabitants of Lemnos, which island was ever after sacred to Vulcan.

"Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements ; from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun  
 Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star  
 On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle ; thus they relate."

"Paradise Lost," i. 738.

† It is ingeniously observed by Grote, vol. i. p. 463, that "The gods formed a sort of political community of their own, which had its hierarchy, its distribution of ranks and duties, its contentions for power and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals."

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence, and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, and upon the sea-shore; towards the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,  
 Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie :  
 The immortals slumber'd on their thrones above ;  
 All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.\*  
 To honor Thetis' son he bends his care,  
 And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war :  
 Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,  
 And thus commands the vision of the night.  
 " Fly hence, deluding Dream ! and light as air,†  
 To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.  
 Bid him in arms draw forth the embattled train,  
 Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.

\* Plato, Rep. iii. p. 437, was so scandalized at this deception of Jupiter's, and at his other attacks on the character of the gods, that he would fain sentence him to an honorable banishment. (See Minucius Felix, § 22.) Coleridge, Introd. p. 154, well observes that the supreme father of gods and men had a full right to employ a lying spirit to work out his ultimate will. Compare "Paradise Lost," v. 646.

"And roseate dew's disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest."

† *Dream* ought to be spelt with a capital letter, being, I think, evidently personified as the god of dreams. See Anthon and others.

"When, by Minerva sent, a *fraudful* Dream  
 Rush'd from the skies, the bane of her and Troy."

Dyce's "Select Translations from Quintus Calaber," p. 10.

Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall."

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;  
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,  
Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age:  
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,  
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king.

"Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,  
O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?\*"  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,  
To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
To waste long nights in indolent repose.†  
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;  
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.  
In just array draw forth the embattled train,  
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;  
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.  
Awake, but waking this advice approve,  
And trust the vision that descends from Jove."

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,  
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.  
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;  
Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy:  
Vain as he was, and to the future blind,  
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,  
What mighty toils to either host remain,  
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!  
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears  
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.  
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
Around him next the regal mantle threw,

\* "Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
Thy eye-lids?"—"Paradise Lost," v. 673.

† This truly military sentiment has been echoed by the approving voice of many a general and statesman of antiquity. See Pliny's Panegyric on Trajan. Silius neatly translates it,

"Turpe duci totam somno consumere noctem."

The embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied  
 The starry falchion glitter'd at his side ;  
 And last, his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
 Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.

Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,  
 Lifts up her light, and opens day above.  
 The king despatch'd his heralds with commands  
 To range the camp and summon all the bands :  
 The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey :  
 While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.  
 In his black ship the Pylian prince he found ;  
 There calls a senate of the peers around :  
 The assembly placed, the king of men express'd  
 The counsels laboring in his artful breast.

" Friends and confederates ! with attentive ear  
 Receive my words, and credit what you hear.  
 Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,  
 A dream divine appear'd before my sight ;  
 Whose visionary form like Nestor came,  
 The same in habit, and in mien the same.\*  
 The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,  
 ' And, dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son ? (he said)  
 Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
 Directs in council, and in war presides ;  
 To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
 To waste long nights in indolent repose.  
 Monarch, awake ! 'tis Jove's command I bear,  
 Thoe and thy glory claim his heavenly care.  
 In just array draw forth the embattled train,  
 And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain ;  
 E'en now, O king ! 'tis given thee to destroy  
 The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
 For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
 At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
 Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
 And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.

This hear observant, and the gods obey !'  
 The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.  
 Now, valiant chiefs ! since heaven itself alarms,  
 Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.  
 But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,  
 Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war.  
 To move the troops to measure back the main,  
 Be mine ; and yours the province to detain."

\* *The same in habit, &c.*

" To whom once more the winged god appears ;  
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears."

Drvden's Virgil, iv. 803.

He spoke, and sat: when Nestor, rising said,  
 (Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd,)  
 "Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,  
 Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine;  
 Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,  
 Forbid it, heaven! this warning should be lost!  
 Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,  
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms."

Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay  
 Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:  
 The sceptred rulers lead; the following host,  
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.  
 As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees  
 Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,  
 Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,  
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;  
 Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,  
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.\*  
 So, from the tents and ships, a lengthen'd train  
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:  
 Along the region runs a deafening sound;  
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.  
 Fame flies before the messenger of Jove,  
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.  
 Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud †  
 The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.  
 Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,  
 And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,  
 The king of kings his awful figure raised:  
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed;  
 The golden sceptre, of celestial flame,  
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:  
 To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd;  
 The immortal gift great Pelops left behind,  
 In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,  
 To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;  
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,

---

"As bees in spring-time, when  
 The sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour fourth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of this straw-built citadel,  
 New-nibb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs. So thick the very crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd."—"Paradise Lost," i. 768.

† It was the herald's duty to make the people sit down. "A *standing* agora is a symptom of manifest terror (Il. xviii. 246); an evening agora, to which men came elevated by wine, is also the forerunner of mischief ('Odyssey' iii. 138)."—Grote, ii. p. 91, note.



Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.\*

On this bright sceptre now the king reclined,  
And artful thus pronounced the speech design'd:

"Ye sons of Mars; partake your leader's care,  
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!

Of partial Jove with justice I complain,  
And heavenly oracles believed in vain.

A safe return was promised to our toils,  
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.

Now shameful flight alone can save the host,  
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.

So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!

At whose command whole empires rise or fall:

He shakes the feeble props of human trust,

And towns and armies lumbles to the dust.

What shame to Greece a fruitful war to wage,

Oh, lasting shame in every future age!

Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,

Repulsed and baffled by a feeble foe.

So small their number, that if wars were ceased,

And Greece triumphant held a general feast,

All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they dine

Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.†

But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,

And Troy prevails by armies not her own.

Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run

Since first the labors of this war begun:

Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,

And scarce insure the wretched power to fly.

Haste, then, forever leave the Trojan wall!

Our weeping wives, our tender children call:

Love, duty, safety, summon us away,

'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.

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\* This sceptre, like that of Judah (Genesis xlix. 10), is a type of the supreme and far-spread dominion of the house of the Atrides. See Thucydides i. 9. "It is traced through the hands of Hermès; he being the wealth-giving god, whose blessing is most efficacious in furthering the process of acquisition."—Grote, i. p. 212. Compare Quintus Calaber (Dyce's Selections, p. 43):

"Thus the monarch spoke,  
Then pledged the chief in a capacious cup,  
Golden, and framed by art divine (a gift  
Which to Almighty Jove lame Vulcan brought  
Upon his nuptial day, when he espoused  
The Queen of Love); the sire of gods bestow'd  
The cup on Dardanus, who gave it next  
To Ericthonius; Tros received it then,  
And left it, with his wealth, to be possess'd  
By Ilus; he to great Laomedon  
Gave it; and last to Priam's lot it fell."

† Grote, i. p. 393, states the number of the Grecian forces at upwards of 100,000 men. Nichols makes a total of 135,000.

Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,  
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.  
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,  
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy.'

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve  
Atreides' speech. The mighty numbers move.  
So roll the billows to the Æcarian shore,  
From east and south when winds begin to roar,  
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep  
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.  
And as on corn when western gusts descend,\*  
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend :  
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.  
The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet  
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet ;  
With long-resounding cries they urge the train  
To fit the ships, and launch into the main.  
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,  
The doubling clamors echo to the skies.  
E'en then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,  
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain ;  
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,  
And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid :

" Shall then the Grecians fly ! O dire disgrace !  
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race ?  
Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adulterous spouse,  
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows ?  
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,  
Lie unrevenged on yon detested plain ?  
No : let my Greeks, unmoved by vain alarms,  
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.  
Haste, goddess, haste ! the flying host detain,  
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main."

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height  
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight.  
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,  
For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd .  
Oppress'd with generous grief the hero tood,  
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.  
" And is it thus, divine Laërtes' son,  
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun),  
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,

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" As thick as when a field  
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
His bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them."—"Paradise Lost," iv. 980, sqq.

And fame eternal leave to Priam's race ?  
 Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,  
 Still unrevenged, a thousand heroes bleed !  
 Haste, generous Ithacus ! prevent the shame,  
 Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.  
 Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
 And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy."

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,  
 Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd :  
 Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand  
 Received the imperial sceptre of command.  
 Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,  
 He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train ;  
 Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved,  
 He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved.

" Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless'd,  
 By brave examples should confirm the rest.  
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears ;  
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears.  
 The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke ;  
 Not thus the king in secret council spoke.  
 Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honor springs,  
 Beware ! for dreadful is the wrath of kings."

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,  
 Him with reproof he check'd or tamed with blows.  
 " Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield ;  
 Unknown alike in council and in field !  
 Ye gods, what dastards would our host command !  
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.  
 Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd  
 That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.  
 To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway ;  
 His are the laws, and him let all obey." \*

With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled,  
 The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cool'd.  
 Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,  
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.  
 Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars,  
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores ;  
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,  
 The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.  
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,  
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.

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\* This sentiment used to be a popular one with some of the greatest tyrants, who abused it into a pretext for unlimited usurpation of power. Dion, Caligula, and Domitian were particularly fond of it, and, in an extended form, we find the maxim propounded by Creon in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. See some important remarks of Heeren, "*Ancient Greece*," ch. vi. p. 105.

Thersites only clamor'd in the throng,  
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue :  
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,  
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold :  
With witty malice studious to defame,  
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim :—  
But chief he gloried with licentious style  
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.  
His figure such as might his soul proclaim ;  
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame :  
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.  
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,  
And much he hated all, but most the best :  
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme ;  
But royal scandal his delight supreme,  
Long had he lived the scorn of every Greek,  
Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him **speak**.  
Sharp was his voice ; which in the shrillest tone,  
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

“ Amidst the glories of so bright a reign.  
What moves the great Atrides to complain ?  
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,  
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.  
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
Thy tents are crowded and thy chests o'erflow.  
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,  
What grieves the monarch ? Is it thirst of gold ?  
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers  
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,  
And bring the race of royal bastards here,  
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear ?  
But safer plunder thy own host supplies ;  
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize  
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,  
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed ?  
Whate'er our master craves submit we must,  
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.  
Oh women of Achaia ; men no more !  
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.  
We may be wanted on some busy day,  
When Hector comes : so great Achilles may :  
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,  
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave :  
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.”

Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,\*  
 In generous vengeance of the king of kings,  
 With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
 He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies :  
 "Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,  
 With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate :  
 Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,  
 And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.  
 Have we not known thee, slave ! of all our host,  
 The man who acts the least, upbraids the most ?  
 Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,  
 Nor let those lips profane the name of king.  
 For our return we trust the heavenly powers ;  
 Be that their care ; to fight like men be ours.  
 But grant the host with wealth the general load,  
 Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd ?  
 Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
 Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine ?  
 Gods ! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
 And let these eyes behold my son no more ;  
 If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
 To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
 Expel the council where our princes meet,  
 And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet."  
 He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,  
 The weighty sceptre on his bank descends : †  
 On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise :  
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes ;

\* It may be remarked, that the character of Thersites, revolting and contemptible as it is, serves admirably to develop the disposition of Ulysses in a new light, in which mere cunning is less prominent. Of the gradual and individual development of Homer's heroes, Schlegel well observes, "In bas-relief the figures are usually in profile, and in the epos all are characterized in the simplest manner in relief ; they are not grouped together, but follow one another : so Homer's heroes advance, one by one, in succession before us. It has been remarked that the *Iliad* is not definitely closed, but that we are left to suppose something both to precede and to follow it. The bas-relief is equally without limit, and may be continued *ad infinitum*, either from before or behind, on which account the ancients preferred for it such subjects as admitted of an indefinite extension, sacrificial processions, dances, and lines of combatants, and hence they also exhibit bas-reliefs on curved surfaces, such as vases, or the frieze of a rotunda, where, by the curvature, the two ends are withdrawn from our sight, and where, while we advance, one object appears as another disappears. Reading Homer is very much like such a circuit ; the present object alone arresting our attention, we lose sight of that which precedes, and do not concern ourselves about what is to follow."—Dramatic Literature," p. 75.

† "There cannot be a clearer indication than this description—so graphic in the original poem—of the true character of the Homeric agora. The multitude who compose it are listening and acquiescent, not often hesitating, and never refractory to the chief. The fate which awaits a presumptuous critic, even where his virulent reproaches are substantially well-founded, is plainly set forth in the treatment of Thersites ; while the unpopularity of such a character is attested even more by the excessive pains which Homer takes to heap upon him repulsive personal deformities, than by the chastisement of Odysseus—he is lame, bald, crook-backed, of misshapen head, and squinting vision."—Grote, vol. i. p. 97.

Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears,  
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears ;  
While to his neighbor each express'd his thought :  
" Ye gods ! what wonders has Ulysses wrought !  
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield !  
Great in the council, glorious in the field.  
Generous he rises in the crown's defence ;  
To curb the factious tongue of insolence,  
Such just examples on offenders shown,  
Sedition silence, and assert the throne."

'Twas thus the general voice the hero praised,  
Who, rising, high the imperial sceptre raised :  
The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend,  
(In form a herald,) bade the crowds attend.  
The expecting crowds in still attention hung,  
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.  
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,  
His silence thus the prudent hero broke :

" Unhappy monarch ! whom the Grecian race  
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.  
Not such at Argos was their generous vow :  
Once all their voice, but ah ! forgotten now :  
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,  
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.  
Behold them weeping for their native shore ;  
What could their wives or helpless children more ?  
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,  
And, one short month, endure the wintry main ?  
Few leagues removed, we wish our peaceful seat,  
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat :  
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,  
The tedious length of nine revolving years.  
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame ;  
But vanquish'd ! baffled ! oh, eternal shame !  
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,  
And try the faith of Chalcas and of heaven.  
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,\*  
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.  
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised  
Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed :  
'Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around,  
The altars heaved ; and from the crumbling ground  
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent ;

\* According to Pausanias, both the sprig and the remains of the tree were exhibited in his time. The tragedians, Lucretius and others, adopted a different fable to account for the stoppage at Aulis, and seem to have found the sacrifice of Iphigenia better suited to form the subject of a tragedy. Compare Dryden's "*Æneid*," vol. iii. sqq.

From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.  
Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,  
And curl'd around in many a winding fold;  
The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;  
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;  
Herself the ninth; the serpent, as he hung,  
Stretch'd his black jaws and crush'd the crying young  
While hovering near, with miserable moan,  
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.  
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,  
Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew;  
Nor long survived: to marble turn'd, he stands  
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.  
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare  
Trust in his omen, and support the war.  
For while around we gazed with wondering eyes,  
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,  
Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried,\*  
'Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.  
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,  
Of long, long labors, but eternal praise.  
As many birds as by the snake were slain,  
So many years the toils of Greece remain;  
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:.'  
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the Fates succe  
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,  
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate."  
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,  
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.  
Then Nestor thus—"These vain debates forbear,  
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.  
Where now are all your high resolves at last?  
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?  
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,  
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!  
While useless words consume the unactive hours,  
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.  
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;  
We march to war, if thou direct the way.  
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,  
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,  
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,  
And view with envy our successful wars.  
On that great day, when first the martial train,  
Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main,

\* *Full of his god, i. e., Apollo, filled with the prophetic spirit.* "The god" would be more simple and emphatic.

Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent,  
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.  
Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife,  
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,  
Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,  
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.  
Before that day, if any Greek invite  
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,  
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,  
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.  
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:\*  
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.  
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain;  
In tribes and nations to divide thy train:  
His separate troops let every leader call,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,  
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,  
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known  
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;  
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,  
If gods above prevent, or men below."

To him the king: "How much thy years excel  
In arts of counsel, and in speaking well!  
O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree  
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;  
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,  
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!  
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates  
In fierce contention and in vain debates:  
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,  
By me provoked; a captive maid the cause:  
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall  
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall  
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;  
And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.  
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,  
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield,  
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,  
And all for combat fit the rattling car.  
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend  
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;  
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:  
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall;  
Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast,

\* Those critics who have maintained that the "Catalogue of Ships" is an interpolation, should have paid more attention to these lines, which form a most natural introduction to their enumeration.



With the huge shield each brawny arm depress'd,  
 Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,  
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow.  
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,  
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day;  
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,  
 The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,  
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,  
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar  
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.  
 Straight to the tents the troops dispersing be  
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;  
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray,  
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.  
 A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,\*  
 To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:  
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;  
 And Nestor first, as most advanced in years.  
 Next came Idomeneus,† and Tydeus' son,‡  
 Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon; §  
 Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed;  
 And Menelaüs came, unbid, the last.||  
 The chiefs surround the destined beast, and take  
 The sacred offering of the salted cake:  
 When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer;  
 "O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,  
 Who in the heaven of heavens hast fixed thy throne,  
 Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!  
 Hear! and before the burning sun descends,  
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,  
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,

\* The following observation will be useful to Homeric readers: "Particular animals were, at a later time, consecrated to particular deities. To Jupiter, Ceres, Juno, Apollo, and Bacchus victims of advanced age might be offered. An ox of five years old was considered especially acceptable to Jupiter. A black bull, a ram, or a boar pig, were offerings for Neptune. A heifer, or a sheep, for Minerva. To Ceres a sow was sacrificed, as an enemy to corn. The goat to Bacchus, because he fed on viti. Diana was propitiated with a stag; and to Venus the dove was consecrated. The infernal and evil deities were to be appeased with black victims. The most acceptable of all sacrifices was the heifer of a year old, which had never borne the yoke. It was to be perfect in every limb, healthy, and without blemish."—"Elgin Marbles," vol. i. p. 78.

† *Idomeneus*, son of Deucalion, was king of Crete. Having vowed, during a tempest, on his return from Troy, to sacrifice to Neptune the first creature that should present itself to his eye on the Cretan shore, his son fell a victim to his rash vow.

‡ *Tydeus' son*, i. e. Diomed.

§ That is, Ajax, the son of Oileus, a Locrian. He must be distinguished from the other, who was king of Salamis.

|| A great deal of nonsense has been written to account for the word *unbid*, in this line. Even Plato, "Sympos." p. 315, has found some curious meaning in what, to us, appears to need no explanation. Was there any *heroic* rule of etiquette which prevented one brother king visiting another without a formal invitation?

Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,  
In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,  
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!"

Thus prayed the chief: his unavailing prayer  
Great Jove refused, and toss'd in empty air:  
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,  
Prepared new toils, and doubled woes on woes.  
Their prayers perform'd the chiefs the rite pursue,  
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.  
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,  
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.  
On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
The choicest morsels lie from every part,  
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,  
While the fat victims feed the sacred fire.  
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,  
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,  
The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd:

"Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,  
And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms;  
Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,  
And lead to war when heaven directs the way."

He said; the monarch issued his commands;  
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands;  
The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,  
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.  
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies;  
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;  
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,  
Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:  
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,  
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold,  
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,  
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,  
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,  
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;  
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,  
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:  
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,  
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.  
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,  
Or milk-white swans in Asjus' water plains.

That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,\*  
 Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,  
 Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,  
 Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.  
 Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,  
 The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side; †  
 With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,  
 And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.  
 Along the river's level meads they stand  
 Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,  
 Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,  
 The wandering nation of a summer's day:  
 That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,  
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;  
 From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
 The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.  
 So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood  
 In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.  
 Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins  
 In close array, and forms the deepening lines.  
 Not with more ease the skilful shepherd-swain  
 Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.  
 The king of kings, majestically tall,  
 Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all;  
 Like some proud bull, that round the pastures leads  
 His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,  
 Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,  
 His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien; ‡  
 Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,  
 And dawning conquest played around his head.

\* Fresh-water fowl, especially swans, were found in great numbers about the Asian Marsh, a fenny tract of country in Lydia, formed by the river Cayster, near its mouth. See Virgil, "Georgics," vol. i. 383, sq.

† *Scamander*, or Scamandros, was a river of Troas, rising, according to Strabo, on the highest part of Mount Ida, in the same hill with the Granicus and the Cædipus, and falling into the sea at Sigæum; everything tends to identify it with Menderes, as Wood, Rennell, and others maintain; the Menderes is 40 miles long, 300 feet broad, deep in the time of flood, nearly dry in the summer. Dr. Clarke successfully combats the opinion of those who make the Scamander to have arisen from the springs of Bounabarsky, and traces the source of the river to the highest mountain in the chain of Ida, now Kudadaghy; receives the Simois in its course; towards its mouth it is very muddy, and flows through marshes. Between the Scamander and Simois, Homer's Troy is supposed to have stood: this river, according to Homer, was called Xanthus by the gods, Scamander by men. The waters of the Scamander had the singular property of giving a beautiful color to the hair or wool of such animals as bathed in them; hence the three goddesses, Minerva, Juno, and Venus, bathed there before they appeared before Paris to obtain the golden apple; the name Xanthus, "yellow," was given to the Scamander from the peculiar color of its waters, still applicable to the Menderes, the yellow color of whose waters attracts the attention of travellers.

‡ It should be, "his *chest* like Neptune." The torso of Neptune, in the "Elgin Marbles," No. 103 (vol. ii. p. 26), is remarkable for its breadth and massiveness of development.

Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,  
 All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine! \*  
 Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd height,  
 And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,  
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,  
 But guess by rumor, and but boast we know,)  
 O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,  
 Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came.  
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,  
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.  
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you  
 The mighty labor dauntless I pursue;  
 What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,  
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.†

The hardy warriors whom Boëotia bred,  
 Penelios, Leitus, Prothoënor, led:  
 With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,  
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.  
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,  
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,  
 And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,  
 And Mycalessia's ample piny plain;  
 Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,  
 Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;  
 Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow  
 And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;  
 Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,  
 Or Thespia sacred to the god of day:

\* "Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view."—"Paradise Lost," i. 27.

Ma di' tu, Musa, come i primi danni

Mandassero a Cristiani, e di quai parti:

Tu 'l sai; ma di tant' op'ra a noi si lunge

Debil aura di fama appena giunge."—"Gier. Lib." iv. 19.

† "The Catalogue is, perhaps, the portion of the poem in favor of which a claim to separate authorship has been most plausibly urged. Although the example of Homer has since rendered some such formal enumeration of the forces engaged, a common practice in epic poems descriptive of great warlike adventures, still so minute a statistical detail can neither be considered as imperatively required, nor perhaps such as would, in ordinary cases, suggest itself to the mind of a poet. Yet there is scarcely any portion of the Iliad where both historical and internal evidence are more clearly in favor of a connection with the remotest period, with the remainder of the work. The composition of the Catalogue, whensoever it may have taken place, necessarily presumes its author's acquaintance with a previously existing Iliad. It were impossible otherwise to account for the harmony observable in the recurrence of so vast a number of proper names, most of them historically unimportant, and not a few altogether fictitious: or of so many geographical and genealogical details as are condensed in these few hundred lines, and incidentally scattered over the thousands which follow: equally inexplicable were the pointed allusions occurring in this episode to events narrated in the previous and subsequent text, several of which could hardly be of traditional notoriety, but through the medium of the Iliad."—Mure, "Language and Literature of Greece," vol. i. p. 263.

Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;  
 Copæ, and Thisbè, famed for silver doves;  
 For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;  
 Platea green, and Nysa the divine;  
 And they whom Thebè's well-built walls inclose,  
 Where Mydè, Eutresis, Coronè, rose;  
 And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;  
 And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.  
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys  
 Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.\*

To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,  
 Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.  
 Two valiant brothers rule the undaunted throng,  
 Iälmen and Ascalaphus the strong:  
 Sons of Astyochè, the heavenly fair,  
 Whose virgin charms subdued the god of war:  
 (In Actor's court as she retired to rest,  
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd)  
 Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,  
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair;  
 Epistrophus and Schedius head the war:  
 From those rich regions where Cephissus leads  
 His silver current through the flowery meads;  
 From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,  
 Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,  
 Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,  
 And fair Lilæ views the rising flood.  
 These, ranged in order on the floating tide,  
 Close, on the left, the bold Bœotian's side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,  
 Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son;  
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;  
 Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.  
 Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,  
 Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send;

\* *Twice sixty*: "Thucydides observes that the Bœotian vessels, which carried one hundred and twenty men each, were probably meant to be the largest in the fleet, and those of Philoctetes, carrying fifty each, the smallest. The average would be eighty-five, and Thucydides supposes the troops to have rowed and navigated themselves; and that very few, besides the chiefs, went as mere passengers or landsmen. In short, we have in the Homeric descriptions the complete picture of an Indian or African war canoe, many of which are considerably larger than the largest scale assigned to those of the Greeks. If the total number of the Greek ships be taken at twelve hundred, according to Thucydides, although in point of fact there are only eleven hundred and eighty-six in the Catalogue, the amount of the army, upon the foregoing average, will be about a hundred and two thousand men. The historian considers this a small force as representing all Greece. Byrant, comparing it with the allied armies at Pææ, thinks it so large as to prove the entire falsehood of the whole story; and his reasonings and calculations are, for their curiosity, well worth a careful perusal."—Coleridge p. 211, sq.

Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands ;  
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,  
And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands,  
Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside :  
In forty vessels cut the yielding tide.

Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,  
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars :  
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way  
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria ;  
The Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd,  
The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground ;  
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,  
And high Cerinthus views the neighboring main.  
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair ;  
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air ;  
But with protended spears in fighting fields  
Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.  
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,  
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Fully fifty more from Athens stem the main,  
Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain.  
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,  
That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,  
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.  
Him Pallas placed amidst her wealthy fane,  
Adored with sacrifice and oxen slain ;  
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,  
And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise.)  
No chief like thee, Menestheus ! Greece could yield,  
To marshal armies in the dusty field,  
The extended wings of battle to display,  
Or close the embodied host in firm array.  
Nestor alone, improved by length of days,  
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,  
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands ;  
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,  
And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the generous Argive train,  
From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,  
And fair Ægina circled by the main :  
Whom strong Tyrinthé's lofty walls surround,  
And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd :  
And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show  
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.  
These by the brave Euryalus were led,

Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed ;  
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway :  
In fourscore barks they plough the watery way.

The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,  
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,\*  
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,  
And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign ;  
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,  
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,  
Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,  
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.  
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,  
A hundred vessels in long order stand,  
And crowded nations wait his dread command.  
High on the deck the king of men appears,  
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears ;  
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,  
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms  
The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms :  
Pharès and Brysia's valiant troops, and those  
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose ;  
Or Messé's towers for silver doves renown'd,  
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,  
And those whom Cetylos' low walls contain,  
And Helos, on the margin of the main :  
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,  
In sixty ships with Menelaüs draws :  
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,  
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes ;  
While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears  
The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,  
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host :  
From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land,  
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand ;  
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,  
And Thryon's walls Alphæus' streams inclose :  
And Dorion, famed for Thamyris' disgrace,  
Superior once of all the tuneful race,  
Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove  
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove !  
Too daring bard ! whose unsuccessful pride  
The immortal Muses in their art defied.

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\* The mention of Corinth is an anachronism, as that city was called Ephyre before its capture by the Dorians. But Velleius, vol. i. p. 3, well observes that the poet would naturally speak of various towns and cities by the names by which they were known in his own time.

The avenging Muses of the light of day  
Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;  
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,  
His hand no more awaked the silver string.

Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,  
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;  
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,  
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,  
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;  
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove;  
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclined,  
And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,  
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;  
In sixty sail the Arcadian bands unite.  
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,  
(Ancaeus' son) the mighty squadron led.  
Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,  
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear  
The first to battle on the appointed plain,  
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;  
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,  
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose  
The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;  
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:  
The strength and glory of the Epean name.  
In separate squadrons these their train divide,  
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.  
One was Amphinachus, and Thaplius one;  
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son);  
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;  
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas  
From the blest islands of the Fchinades,  
In forty vessels under Meges move,  
Begot by Phyleus, the beloved of Jove:  
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,  
And thence to Tro; his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses followed through the watery road,  
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.  
With those whom Cephallenia's line inclosed,  
Or till their fields along the coast opposed;  
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods  
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,  
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.  
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,



Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,  
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,  
And rough Pyléné, and the Olenian steep,  
And Chalcis, beaten by the rolling deep.  
He led the warriors from the Ætolian shore,  
For now the sons of Æneus were no more!  
The glories of the mighty race were fled!  
Æneus himself, and Meleager dead!

To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,  
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next, eighty barks the Cretan king commands,  
Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands:  
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,  
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,  
Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs;  
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.  
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,  
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.

Tlepolemus, the sun of Hercules,  
Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas;  
From Rhodes, with everlasting sunshine bright,  
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.

His captive mother fierce Alcides bore  
From Ephyr's walls and Sellé's winding shore,  
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,  
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.

The hero, when to manly years he grew,  
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;  
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,  
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,  
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train  
Of willing exiles wander'd o'er the main;  
Where, many seas and many sufferings past,  
On happy Rhodes the chief arrived at last:  
There in three tribes divides his native band,  
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;  
Increased and prosper'd in their new abodes  
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods;  
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,  
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,  
Nireus, whom Agäle to Charopus bore,  
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;\*

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\* "Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."—*"Paradise Lost,"* iv. 323.

Pelides only match'd his early charms ;  
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,  
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain ;  
With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,  
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair ;  
Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway,  
Till great Alcides made the realms obey :  
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,  
Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,  
From Alos, Alopé, and Trechin's towers :  
From Phthia's spacious vales ; and Hella, bless'd  
With female beauty far beyond the rest.  
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,  
The Achæians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;  
Thessalians all, though various in their name ;  
The same their nation, and their chief the same.  
But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,  
They hear the brazen voice of war no more ;  
No more the foe they face in dire array :  
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay ;  
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,  
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,  
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,  
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.  
There mourn'd Achilles, plunged in depth of care  
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war

To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,  
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,  
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,  
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes.  
Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowerets crown'd,  
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.  
These own'd, as chief, Protesilas the brave,  
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave :  
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,  
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore ;  
There lies, far distant from his native plain ;  
Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,  
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.  
His troops in forty ships Podarces led,  
Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;  
Nor he unworthy to command the host ;  
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,  
Where hills incircle Bœbe's lowly lake,

Where Phære hears the neighboring waters fall,  
Or proud Iöclus lifts her airy wall,  
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,  
With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore :  
All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshined,  
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind,  
The troops Methonè or Thaumacia yields,  
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,  
With Philoctetes sail'd whose matchless art  
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.  
Seven were his ships ; each vessel fifty row,  
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.  
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,  
A poisonous hydra gave the burning wound ;  
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,  
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.  
His forces Medon led from Lemros' shore,  
Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

The Æchalian race, in those high towers contain'd  
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,  
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,  
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears,  
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,  
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.  
To these his skill their parent-god imparts,  
Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands  
In forty barks Eurypylus commands.  
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,  
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.  
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,  
And Eleon shelter'd by Olympus' shades,  
Gyrtonè's warriors ; and where Orthè lies,  
And Oloösso's chalky cliffs arise.  
Sprung from Pirithoüs of immortal race,  
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,  
(That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,  
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)  
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway  
Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came  
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.  
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze  
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees ;  
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,  
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides ;  
Yet o'er the silvery surface pure they flow,

The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,  
Sacred and awful! from the dark abodes  
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods!

Last, under Prothous the Magnesians stood,  
(Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;)  
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,  
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;  
Or where through flowery Tempé Peneus stray'd:  
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade:)  
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;  
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,  
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds?  
Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,  
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race;  
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,  
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.  
Fierce in the fight their nostrils breathed a flame,  
Their height, their color, and their age the same;  
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,  
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.  
Ajax in arms the first renown acquired,  
While stern Achilles in his wrath retired:  
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,  
And his the unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds:)  
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;  
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore.  
In empty air their sportive javelins throw,  
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:  
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;  
The immortal coursers graze along the strand;  
But the brave chiefs the inglorious life deplored,  
And, wandering o'er the camp, required their lord.

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,  
The shining armies sweep along the ground;  
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,  
Floats the wild field, and blazes to the skies.  
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove  
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,  
On Arimé when he the thunder throws,  
And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,  
Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning load,  
Still feels the fury of the avenging god.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,  
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;  
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,  
The old consulting, and the youths around.

Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,  
 Who from Æsetes' tomb observed the foes.\*  
 High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay  
 The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.  
 In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring  
 The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king.

"Cease to consult, the time for action calls;  
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!  
 Assembled armies oft have I beheld;  
 But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field:  
 Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,  
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.  
 Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,  
 Assemble all the united bands of Troy;  
 In just array let every leader call  
 The foreign troops: this day demands them all!"

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;  
 The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,  
 Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,  
 Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground:  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Amidst the plain, in sight of Ilion, stands  
 A rising mount, the work of human hands;  
 ('This for Myrinne's tomb the immortals know,  
 Though call'd Bateia in the world below;)  
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,  
 The auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,  
 Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest:  
 In throngs around his native bands repair,  
 And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,  
 Anchises' son, by Venus' stolen embrace,  
 Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove;  
 (A mortal mixing with the queen of love;)  
 Archilochus and Acamas divide  
 The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,†  
 Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,  
 Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,  
 Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood;

\* *Æsetes' tomb.* Monuments were often built on the sea-coast, and of a considerable height, so as to serve as watch-towers or land-marks. See my notes to my prose translations of the "*Odyssey*," ii. p. 21, or on Eur. "*Alcest.*" vol. i. p. 240.

† *Zeleia*, another name for Lycia. The inhabitants were greatly devoted to the worship of Apollo. See Müller, "*Dorians*," vol. i. p. 248.

To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,  
Graced with the presents of his shafts and bow  
From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,  
High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bowers ;  
From these the congregated troops obey  
Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway ;  
Old Merops' sons ; whom, skill'd in fates to come,  
The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their doom :  
Fate urged them on ! the sire forewarn'd in vain,  
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percotè's pasture lands  
And Sestos and Abydos' neighboring strands,  
From great Arisba's walls and Sellè's coast,  
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host :  
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,  
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,  
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground :  
In equal arms their brother leaders shine,  
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyrous lead their hosts,  
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ;  
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,  
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,  
Sprung from Trœzenian Ceüs, loved by Jove.

Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,  
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend ;  
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,  
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,  
Axius, that swells with all his neighboring rills,  
And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,  
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,  
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,  
Thy groves of box, Cytorus ! ever green,  
And where Ægialus and Cromna lie,  
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky,  
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,  
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,  
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,  
From those far regions where the sun refines  
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,  
And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain ;  
For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head,

Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite  
The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,  
Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,  
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake,  
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.  
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,  
High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,  
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,  
With mingled clamors and with barbarous tongues.\*  
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,  
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,  
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,  
Rode like a woman to the field of war.  
Fool that he was ! by fierce Achilles slain,  
The river swept him to the briny main :  
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies  
The valiant victor seized the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,  
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead  
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,  
Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

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\* *Barbarous tongues.* "Various as were the dialects of the Greeks—and these differences existed not only between the several tribes, but even between neighboring cities—they yet acknowledged in their language that they formed but one nation—were but branches of the same family. Homer has 'men of other tongues ;' and yet Homer had no general name for the Greek nation."—Heeren, "Ancient Greece," § vii. p. 107, sq.

## BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaüs and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leaders' care each martial band  
 Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.  
 With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,  
 Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war.  
 So when inclement winters vex the plain  
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,  
 To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,\*  
 With noise, and order, through the midway sky;  
 To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,  
 And all the war descends upon the wing,  
 But silent, breathing rage, resolved and skill'd †  
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,  
 Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around  
 Darkening arises from the labor'd ground.  
 Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds  
 A night of vapors round the mountain heads,

\* *The cranes.*

" Marking the tracts of air, the clamorous cranes  
 Wheel their due flight in varied ranks descried:  
 And each with outstretch'd neck his rank maintains,  
 In marshal'd order through th' ethereal void."

Lorenzo de Medici, in Roscoe's Life, Appendix.

See Cary's Dante: "Hell," canto v.

† *Silent, breathing rage.*

" Thus they  
 Breathing united force with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence."

" Paradise Lost," book i. 539.



Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,  
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;  
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,  
 Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day:  
 So wrapp'd in gathering dust, the Grecian train,  
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;  
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame  
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:  
 In form a god! the panther's speckled hide  
 Flow'd o'er his armor with an easy pride:  
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,  
 His sword beside him negligently hung;  
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,  
 And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,  
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,  
 Him Menelaüs, loved of Mars, espies,  
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:  
 So joys a lion, if the branching deer,  
 Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;  
 Eager he seizes and devours the slain,  
 Press'd by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.  
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,  
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground  
 From his high chariot: him, approaching near,  
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,  
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,  
 And shuns the fate he well deserved to find.  
 As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees\*  
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,  
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright  
 And all confused precipitates his flight:  
 So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
 And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,  
 He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:  
 "Unhappy Paris! † but to women brave!  
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

---

\* "As when some peasant in a bushy brake  
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;  
 He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies  
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes."

Dryden's *Virgil*, ii. 510

† *Δυστυχής*, i. e., unlucky, ill-fated Paris. This alludes to the evils which resulted from his having been brought up, despite the omens which attended his birth.

Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,  
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite !  
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.  
Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
Their fears of danger undeceived in thee !  
Thy figure promised with a martial air,  
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.  
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,  
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,  
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,  
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show,  
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
You met the approaches of the Spartan queen,  
Thus from her realm conveyed the beauteous prize,  
And both her warlike lords outshined in Helen's eyes ?  
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,  
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race ;  
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight ;  
Or hast thou injured whom thou dar'st not right ?  
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know  
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.  
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,  
Beauty and youth ; in vain to these you trust,  
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust :  
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks :  
" 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks :  
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,  
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate ?  
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,  
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows,  
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,  
With falling woods to strew the wasted plain.  
Thy gifts I praise ; nor thou despise the charms  
With which a lover golden Venus arms ;  
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,  
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.  
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand ;  
Then let a midway space our hosts divide,  
And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried :  
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,  
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought ;  
And who his rival can in arms subdue,

His be the fair, and his the treasure too.  
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;  
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more."

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
Held by the midst, athwart ; and near the foe  
Advanced with steps majestically slow :  
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour  
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch, great Atrides, cried :  
" Forbear, ye warriors ! lay the darts aside :  
A parley Hector asks, a message bears ;  
We know him by the various plume he wears."  
Awed by his high command the Greeks attend,  
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes  
On either host, and thus to both applies :  
" Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,  
What Paris, author of the war, demands.  
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,  
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.  
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,  
He dares the Spartan king to single fight ;  
And wills that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,  
That caused the contest, shall reward the toil.  
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,  
And different nations part in leagues of peace."

He spoke : in still suspense on either side  
Each army stood : the Spartan chief replied :  
" Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right  
A world engages in the toils of fight.  
To me the labor of the field resign ;  
Me Paris injured ; all the war be mine.  
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms ;  
And live the rest, secure of future harms.  
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,  
To earth a sable, to the sun a white,  
Prepare, ye Trojans ! while a third we bring  
Select to Jove, the inviolable king.  
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,  
And add the sanction of considerate age :  
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,  
And youth itself an empty wavering state ;  
Cool age advances, venerably wise,  
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes ;

Sees what befall, and what may yet befall,  
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear with rising hopes possess'd,  
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.  
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,  
And from their chariots issued on the ground:  
Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,  
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.  
On either side the meeting hosts are seen  
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.  
Two heralds now, despatch'd to Troy, invite  
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite.

Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring  
The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king.  
Meantime to beauteous Helen, from the skies  
The various goddess of the rainbow flies:  
(Like fair Laodice in form and face,  
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race:)  
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;  
The golden web her own sad story crown'd,  
The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the prize)  
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.  
To whom the goddess of the painted bow:  
"Approach, and view the wondrous scene below! \*  
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,  
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,  
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;  
Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields.  
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,  
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;  
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,  
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize."

This said, the many-colored maid inspires  
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;  
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,  
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear,  
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.  
Her handmaids, Clymenè and Æthra, wait  
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race:  
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)  
The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;

---

\* The following scene, in which Homer has contrived to introduce so brilliant a sketch of the Grecian warriors, has been imitated by Euripides, who in his "Phœnissæ" represents Antigone surveying the opposing champions from a high tower, while the pædagogus describes their insignia and details their histories.

Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried ;  
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong ;  
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,  
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,  
Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun :  
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,  
But wise through time, and narrative with age,  
In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,  
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.  
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower  
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power :  
They cried, " No wonder \* such celestial charms  
For nine long years have set the world in arms ;  
What winning graces ! what majestic mien !  
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen !  
Yet hence, O Heaven, convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the Trojan race."

The good old Priam welcomed her, and cried,  
" Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.  
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,  
The friends and kindred of thy former years.  
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,  
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause  
The gods these armies and this force employ,  
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.  
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he  
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)  
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,  
So tall, so awful, and almost divine !  
Though some of larger stature tread the green,  
None match his grandeur and exalted mien ;  
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride."  
Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied :  
" Before thy presence, father, I appear,  
With conscious shame and reverential fear.  
Ah ! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,  
False to my country, and my nuptial bed ;  
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,  
False to them all, to Paris only kind !  
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease  
Shall waste the form whose fault it was to please !  
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,  
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway :  
My brother once, before my days of shame !  
And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name !"

---

\* *No wonder*, &c. Zeuxis, the celebrated artist, is said to have appended these lines to his picture of Helen, as a motto. Valer. Max. iii. 7.

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,  
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began :  
"O bless'd Atrides ! born to prosperous fate,  
Successful monarch of a mighty state !  
How vast thy empire ! Of your matchless train  
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain !  
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,  
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,  
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,  
And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force :  
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,\*  
And Sanger's stream ran purple with their blood.  
But far inferior those, in martial grace,  
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race."

This said, once more he view'd the warrior train ;  
"What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain ?"  
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,  
Though great Atrides overtops his head.  
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small ;  
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.  
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,  
And, master of the flock, surveys them round."

Then Helen thus : "Whom your discerning eyes  
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise ;  
A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;  
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth."

Antenor took the word, and thus began : †  
"Myself, O king ! have seen that wondrous man  
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,  
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause ;  
(Great Menelaüs urged the same request ;)   
My house was honor'd with each royal guest :  
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,  
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.  
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view ;

---

\* The early epic was largely occupied with the exploits and sufferings of women, or heroines, the wives and daughters of the Grecian heroes. A nation of courageous, hardy, indefatigable women, dwelling apart from men, permitting only a short temporary intercourse, for the purpose of renovating their numbers, burning out their right breast with a view of enabling themselves to draw the bow freely ; this was at once a general type, stimulating to the fancy of the poet, and a theme eminently popular with his hearers. We find these warlike females constantly reappearing in the ancient poems, and universally accepted as past realities in the *Iliad*. When Priam wishes to illustrate emphatically the most numerous host in which he ever found himself included, he tells us that it was assembled in Phrygia, on the banks of the Sangarius, for the purpose of resisting the formidable Amazons. When Bellerophon is to be employed in a deadly and perilous undertaking, by those who prudently wished to procure his death, he is despatched against the Amazons.—Grote, vol. i. p. 289.

† Antenor, like Æneas, had always been favorable to the restoration of Helen. Liv. i. 1."

Ulysses seated, greater reverence drew.  
 When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,  
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,  
 His words succinct, yet full, without a fault :  
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.  
 But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,\*  
 His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground ;  
 As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
 Nor raised his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand ;  
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,†  
 The copious accents fall, with easy art ;  
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !  
 Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise,  
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)  
 "What chief is that, with giant strength endued,  
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
 And lofty stature, far exceed the rest ?  
 "Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied),  
 Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.  
 Soe ! bold Idomeneus superior towers  
 Amid yon circle of his Cretan powers,  
 Great as a god ! I saw him once before,  
 With Menelaüs on the Spartan shore.  
 The rest I know, and could in order name ;  
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.  
 Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,  
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain :  
 Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,  
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.  
 My brothers these ; the same our native shore,  
 One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.  
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,  
 For distant Troy refused to sail the seas ;

---

\* "His lab'ring heart with sudden rapture seized  
 He paus'd, and on the ground in silence gazed.  
 Unskill'd and uninspired he seems to stand,  
 Nor lifts the eye, nor graceful moves the hand :  
 Ahen, while the chiefs in still attention hung,  
 Pours the full tide of eloquence along ;  
 While from his lips the melting torrent flows,  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows.  
 Now stronger notes engage the listening crowd,  
 Louder the accents rise, and yet more loud,  
 Like thunders roiling from a distant cloud."

Merrick's "Stryphiodorus," 148, 99.

† Duport, "Gnomol. Homer," p. 20, well observes that this comparison may also be sarcastically applied to the *frigid* style of oratory. It, of course, here merely denotes the ready fluency of Ulysses.

Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,  
Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause."

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom ; \*  
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb ;  
Adorn'd with honors in their native shore,  
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,  
Bring the rich wine and destined victims down.  
Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd, †  
Who thus the venerable king address'd :  
" Arise, O father of the Trojan state !  
The nations call, thy joyful people wait  
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.  
Paris, thy son, and Sparta's king advance,  
In measured lists to toss the weighty lance ;  
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,  
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.  
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace :  
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more."

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare  
To join his milk-white coursers to the car ;  
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side ;  
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide : ‡  
Next from the car descending on the plain,  
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train,  
Slow they proceed : the sage Ulysses then  
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.  
On either side a sacred herald stands,  
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands  
Pour the full urn ; then draws the Grecian lord  
His cutlass sheathed beside his ponderous sword ;  
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair ; §  
The heralds part it, and the princes share ;  
Then loudly thus before the attentive bands  
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands :  
" O first and greatest power ! whom all obey,  
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,

\* *Her brothers' doom.* They perished in combat with Lynceus and Idas, whilst besieging Sparta. See Hygin. Poet. Astr. 32, 22. Virgil and others, however, make them share immortality by turns.

† Idæus was the arm-bearer and charioteer of king Priam, slain during this war. Cf. *Æn.* vi. 487.

‡ *Scæa's gates*, rather *Scæan gates*, i.e. the left-hand gates.

§ This was customary in all sacrifices. Hence we find Iras descending to cut off the hair of Dido, before which she could not retire.



Eternal Jove ! and you bright orb that roll  
From east to west, and view from pole to pole !  
Thou mother Earth ! and all ye living floods !  
Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear !  
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,  
Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain ;  
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,  
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.  
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,  
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed :  
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And every age record the signal day.  
This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,  
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field."

With that the chief the tender victims slew,  
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw ;  
The vital spirit issued at the wound,  
And left the members quivering on the ground.  
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,  
And add libations to the powers divine.  
While thus their prayers united mount the sky,  
"Hear, mighty Jove ! and hear, ye gods on high !  
And may their blood, who first the league confound,  
Shed like this wine, disdain the thirsty ground ;  
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,  
And all their lust be scatter'd as the dust !"  
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,  
Which Jove refused, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,  
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with woes :  
"Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,  
But spare the weakness of my feeble age :  
In yonder walls that object let me shun,  
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.  
Whose arms shall conquer and what prince shall fall,  
Heaven only knows ; for heaven disposes all."

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,  
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid :  
Then seized the reins his gentle steeds to guide,  
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose  
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose :  
Next to decide, by sacred lots prepare,  
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air  
The people pray with elevated hands.

And words like these are heard through all the bands :  
" Immortal Jove, high Heaven's superior lord,  
On lofty Ida's holy mount adored !  
Whoe'er involved us in this dire debate,  
O give that author of the war to fate  
And shades eternal ! let division cease,  
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace."

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn  
The lots of fight and shakes the brazen urn.  
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth ; by fatal chance  
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.  
Both armies sat the combat to survey.  
Beside each chief his azure armor lay,  
And round the lists the generous coursers neigh.  
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,  
In gilded arms magnificently bright :  
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,  
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound :  
Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd,  
Braced in and fitted to his softer breast ;  
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :  
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ;  
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;  
His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,  
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.  
With equal speed and fired by equal charms,  
The Spartan hero sheathes his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,  
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.  
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,  
All pale with rage, and shake threatening lance.  
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw  
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,  
Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound \*  
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted, on the ground.  
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,  
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers :

" Give me, great Jove ! to punish lawless lust,  
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust :  
Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause,

---

\* *Nor pierced.*

" This said, his feeble hand a jav'lin threw,  
Which, flutt'ring, seemed to loiter as it flew,  
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,  
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield."

Dryden's Virgil, ii. 742.

Avenge the breach of hospitable laws !  
Let this example future times reclaim,  
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name."  
He said, and poised in air the javelin sent,  
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,  
His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.  
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,  
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe :  
But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and strook  
Full on his casque : the crested helmet shook ;  
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,  
Broke short : the fragments glitter'd on the sand.  
The raging warrior to the spacious skies  
Raised his upbraiding voice and angry eyes :  
" Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust ?  
And is it thus the gods assist the just ?  
When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies ;  
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies."  
Furious he said, and towards the Grecian crew  
(Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior drew ;  
Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd thong  
That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.  
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,  
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy :  
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band ;  
And left an empty helmet in his hand.  
The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw ;  
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view  
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,  
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart ;  
The queen of love her favor'd champion shrouds  
(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.  
Raised from the field the panting youth she led,  
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,  
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,  
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.  
Meantime the brightest of the female kind,  
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclined ;  
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came,  
In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame.  
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull  
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)  
The goddess softly shook her silken vest,  
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address'd :  
" Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris calls,  
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,

Fair as a god ; with odors round him spread,  
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed  
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,  
But some gay dancer in the public show."

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was moved;  
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she loved.  
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,  
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.\*  
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red  
Forsook her cheek ; and trembling, thus she said :  
" Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive ?  
And woman's frailty always to believe !  
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,  
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain ?  
For whom must Helen break her second vow ?  
What other Paris is thy darling now ?  
Left to Atrides, (victor in the strife,)  
An odious conquest and a captive wife,  
Hence let me sail ; and if thy Paris bear  
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.  
A handmaid goddess at his side to wait,  
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,  
Be fix'd forever to the Trojan shore,  
His spouse, or slave ; and mount the skies no more.  
For me, to lawless love no longer led,  
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed ;  
Else should I merit everlasting shame,  
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame :  
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,  
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe."

Then thus incensed, the Paphian queen replies :  
" Obey the power from whom thy glories rise :  
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,  
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.  
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
The world's aversion, than their love before ;  
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,  
Than, the sad victim of the public rage."

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,  
And veil'd her blushes in the silken shade

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\* *Reveal'd the queen.*

" Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear  
Her neck refulgent and dishevell'd hair,  
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around.  
In length of train descends her sweeping gown :  
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known."

Dryden's Virgil, i. 556.

Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,  
Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.  
Arrived, and enter'd at the palace gate,  
The maids officious round their mistress wait ;  
Then, all dispersing, various tasks attend ;  
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.  
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love  
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove ;  
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away  
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say :

" Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,  
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame ?  
O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword,  
Of that brave man who once I call'd my lord !  
The boaster Paris oft desired the day  
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray :  
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,  
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight :  
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd  
Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field."

The prince replies : " Ah cease, divinely fair,  
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear ;  
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power :  
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour :  
There want not gods to favor us above ;  
But let the business of our life be love :  
The softer moments let delights employ,  
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.  
Not thus I loved thee, when from Sparta's shore  
My forced, my willing heavenly prize I bore,  
When first entranced in Cranae's isle I lay,\*  
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolved away !"  
Thus having spoke, the enamor'd Phrygian boy  
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.  
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,  
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,  
The stern Atrides rages round the field :  
So some fell lion whom the woods obey,  
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.  
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy ;  
Even those had yielded to a foe so brave  
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.

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\* *Cranae's isle*, i. e. Athens. See the "Schol." and Alberti's "Hesychius." vol. ii. p. 338. This name was derived from one of its early kings, Cranaus.

Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose,  
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes :  
Hear and attest ! from heaven with conquest crown'd,  
Our brother's arms the just success have found :  
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,  
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord :  
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And age to age record this signal day."

He ceased ; his army's loud applauses rise,  
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

## BOOK IV.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war; they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machaön. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises and others by reproof. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;  
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:  
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:  
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ  
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's spleen  
Thus waked the fury of his partial queen.  
"Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,  
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;\*  
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far,  
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.  
Not thus fair Venus helps her favor'd knight,  
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,  
Each danger wards, and constant in her care,  
Saves in the moment of the last despair.  
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,  
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.  
Then say, ye powers! what signal issue waits  
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates!  
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,  
Or rouse the furies, and awake the war?  
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,  
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,

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\* *The martial maid.* In the original, "*Minerva Alalcomeneis*," i. e. *the defender*, so called from her temple at Alalcomene in Bœotia.

Still Priam's walls in peaceful honors grow,  
And through his gates the crowding nations flow."

Thus while he spoke, the queen of heaven, enraged  
And queen of war, in close consult engaged:  
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,  
And meditate the future woes of Troy.  
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
The prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress'd;  
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke  
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:

"Shall then, O tyrant of the ethereal reign!  
My schemes, my labors, and my hopes be vain?  
Have I, for this, shook Illion with alarms,  
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?  
'To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;  
The immortal coursers scarce the labor bore.  
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,  
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:  
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,  
Not all the gods are partial and unjust."

The sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,  
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:  
"Oh lasting rancor! oh insatiate hate  
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!  
What high offence has fired the wife of Jove?  
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above,  
That Troy, and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,  
And yon fair structures level with the ground!  
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,  
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!  
Let Priam bleed! if yet you thirst for more,  
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore:  
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,  
Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven!  
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,\*  
When heaven no longer hears the name of Troy.  
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate  
On thy loved realms, whose guilt demands their fate;  
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,  
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.  
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise  
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,  
Which gods have raised, or earth-born men enjoy,  
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.  
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace

\* "Anything for a quiet life!"



Than god-like Priam, or than Priam's race.  
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,  
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire."

At this the goddess rolled her radiant eyes,  
Then on the thunderer fix'd them, and replies:  
"Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,  
More dear than all the extended earth contains,  
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall; \*

These thou mayst raze, nor I forbid their fall:  
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;  
The crime's sufficient that they share my love.  
Of power superior why should I complain?  
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.  
Yet some distinction Juno might require,  
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,  
A goddess born, to share the realms above,

And styled the consort of the thundering Jove;  
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny; †  
Let both consent, and both by terms comply;  
So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,  
And heaven shall act as we direct the way.  
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands  
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;  
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,  
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace."

The sire of men and monarch of the sky  
The advice approved, and bade Minerva fly,  
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.  
Fired with the charge, she headlong urged her flight,  
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.  
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main),  
With sweeping glories glides along in air,  
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair : ‡

\* *Argos*. The worship of Juno at Argos was very celebrated in ancient times, and she was regarded as the patron deity of that city. Apul. Met., vi. p. 453; Servius on Virg. *Æn.*, i. 28.

† *A wife and sister*.

"But I, who walk in awful state above  
The majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of Jove."

Dryden's "Virgil," i. 70.

So Apuleius, *L. c.* speaks of her as "Jovis germana et conjux," and so Horace, *Od.* iii. 3. 64, "conjuge me Jovis et sorore."

‡ "Thither came Uriel, gleaming through the even  
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired

Between both armies thus, in open sight,  
 Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light,  
 With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
 The power descending, and the heavens on fire !  
 "The gods (they cried), the gods this signal sent,  
 And fate now labors with some vast event :  
 Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares ;  
 Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars."

They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng,  
 (In shape a mortal), pass'd disguised along.  
 Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,  
 Who from Antenor traced his high descent.  
 Amidst the ranks Lycæon's son she found,  
 The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd ;  
 Whose squadrons, led from black *Æsepus'* flood,\*  
 With flaming shields in martial circle stood.  
 To him the goddess : "Phrygian ! canst thou hear  
 A well-timed counsel with a willing ear ?  
 What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,  
 Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart ?  
 What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,  
 Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain ?  
 Then seize the occasion, dare the mighty deed  
 Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed !  
 But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow  
 To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,  
 And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,  
 On *Zelia's* altars, to the god of day."†

He heard, and madly at the motion pleased,  
 His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized.  
 'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil :  
 A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil.  
 Who pierced long since beneath his arrows bled ;  
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,  
 And sixteen palms his brow's large honors spread :  
 The workmen join'd, and shaped the bended horns,  
 And beaten gold each taper point adorns.  
 This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,  
 Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends  
 There meditates the mark ; and couching low,  
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.

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Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds."—"Paradise Lost," iv. 555.

\* *Æsepus' flood.* A river of Mysia, rising from Mount Cotylus, in the southern part of the chain of Ida.

† *Zelia*, a town of Troas, at the foot of Ida.

One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,  
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes ;  
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown  
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends ;  
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barb'd points approach the circling bow ;  
The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing ;  
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.

But thee, Atrides ! in that dangerous hour  
The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,  
Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force)  
Diverts the weapon from its destined course :  
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,  
The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.  
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,  
Where linen folds the double corslet lined,  
She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,  
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove  
The folds it pierced, the plaited linen tore,  
And razed the skin, and drew the purple gore.  
As when some stately trappings are decreed  
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,  
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,  
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red ;  
With equal lustre various colors vie,  
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye :  
So great Atrides ! show'd thy sacred blood,  
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.  
With horror seized, the king of men descried  
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide :  
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found  
The shining barb appear above the wound,  
Then, with a sigh, that heaved his manly breast,  
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,  
And grasp'd his hand ; while all the Greeks around  
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

"Oh, dear as life ! did I for this agree  
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee !  
Wert thou exposed to all the hostile train,  
To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain !  
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,  
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjured line.  
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,  
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,  
Shall all be vain : when Heaven's revenge is slow,

Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.  
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,  
 When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,  
 When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,  
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.  
 I see the god, already, from the pole  
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;  
 I see the Eternal all his fury shed,  
 And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head.  
 Such mighty woes on perjured princes wait;  
 But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.  
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,  
 And only mourn, without my share of praise?  
 Deprived of thee, the heartless Greeks no more  
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;  
 Troy seized of Helen, and our glory lost,  
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast;  
 While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,  
 (And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies),  
 'Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings  
 And such the conquest of her king of kings!  
 Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,  
 And unrevenged, his mighty brother slain.'  
 Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame."

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears  
 Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:  
 "Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;  
 The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:  
 Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,  
 My varied belt repell'd the flying wound."

To whom the king: "My brother and my friend,  
 Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!  
 Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art  
 May stanch the effusion, and extract the dart.  
 Herald, be swift, and bid Machæon bring  
 His speedy succor to the Spartan king;  
 Pierced with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy),  
 The Grecian sorrow, and the Dardan's joy."

With hasty zeal the swift Talhybius flies;  
 Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,  
 And finds Machæon, where sublime he stands \*

\* "*Podaleirius and Machæon* are the leeches of the Grecian army, highly prized and consulted by all the wounded chiefs. Their medical renown was further prolonged in the subsequent poem of Arktinus, the *Iliu Persis*, wherein the one was represented as unrivalled in surgical operations, the other as sagacious in detecting and appreciating morbid symptoms. It was Podaleirius who first noticed the glaring eyes and disturbed deportment which preceded the suicide of Ajax.

In arms encircled with his native bands.  
 Then thus : " Machaon, to the king repair,  
 His wounded brother claims thy timely care ;  
 Pierced by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,  
 A grief to us, a triumph to the foe."

The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man :  
 Swift to his succor through the ranks he ran :  
 The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,  
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,  
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.  
 Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery graced,  
 He loosed ; the corslet from his breast unbraced ;  
 Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infused,\*  
 Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care  
 The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war ;  
 Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,  
 Once more the fields are filled with dire alarms.  
 Nor had you seen the king of men appear  
 Confused, unactive, or surprised with fear  
 But fond of glory, with severe delight,  
 His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.  
 No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd  
 Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid  
 But left Eurymedon the reins to guide ;  
 The fiery coursers snorted at his side.  
 On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,  
 And these encourages, and those reproves.  
 " Brave men ! " he cries, (to such who boldly dare  
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war),  
 " Your ancient valor on the foes approve ;  
 Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.  
 'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy, to dread,

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"Galen appears uncertain whether Asklepius (as well as Dionysus) was originally a god, or whether he was first a man and then became afterwards a god ; but Apollodorus professed to fix the exact date of his apotheosis. Throughout all the historical ages the descendants of Asklepius were numerous and widely diffused. The many families, or gentes, called Asklepiads, who devoted themselves to the study and practice of medicine, and who principally dwelt near the temples of Asklepius, whither sick and suffering men came to obtain relief—all recognized the god not merely as the object of their common worship, but also as their actual progenitor."—Grote, vol. i. p. 248.

"The plant she bruises with a stone, and stands  
 Tempering the juice between her ivory hands.  
 This o'er her breast she sheds with sovereign art,  
 And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part :  
 The wound such virtue from the juice derives,  
 At once the blood is stanch'd, the youth revives."

"Orlando Furioso," book 7.

Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured head ;  
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,  
And her dead warriors strew the mournful plains."

Thus with new ardor he the brave inspires ;  
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires :  
"Shame to your country, scandal of your kind ;  
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find !  
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,  
Prepared for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain ?  
Confused and panting thus, the hunted deer  
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.  
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,  
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire ?  
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,  
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race ?"

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,  
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng ;  
High at their head he saw the chief appear,  
And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his generous joy express'd,  
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.  
"Divine Idomeneus ! what thanks we owe  
To worth like thine ! what praise shall we bestow ?  
To thee the foremost honors are decreed,  
First in the fight and every graceful deed.  
For this, in banquets, when the generous bows  
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,  
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,  
Unmix'd, unmeasured, are thy goblets crown'd.  
Be still thyself, in arms a mighty name ;  
Maintain thy honors, and enlarge thy fame."  
To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd  
"Secure of me, O king ! exhort the rest.  
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,  
Thy firm associate in the day of war.  
But let the signal be this moment given ;  
To mix in fight is all I ask of heaven.  
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,  
And chains or death avenge the impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,  
And next the troops of either Ajax views :  
In one firm orb the bands were ranged around  
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.  
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow  
A swain surveys the gathering storm below ;  
Slow from the main the heavy vapors rise,  
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,

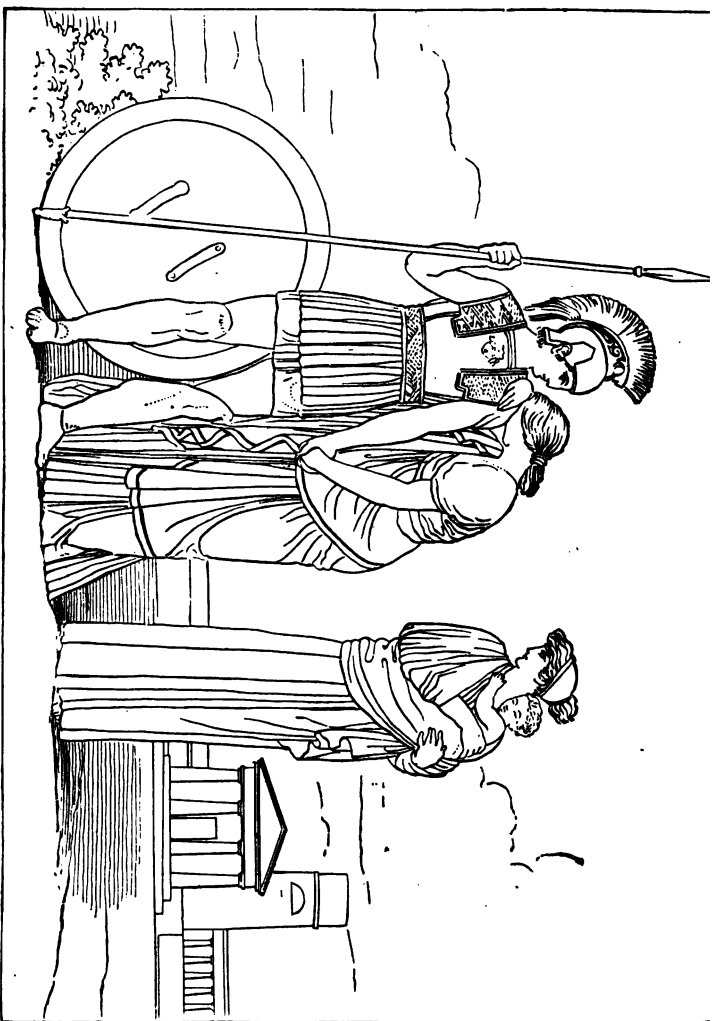
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,  
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows :  
He dreads the impending storm, and drives his flock  
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, the embattled squadrons stood,  
With spears erect, a moving iron wood :  
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,  
And their brown arms obscured the dusky fields.

"O heroes ! worthy such a dauntless train,  
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,  
(Exclaim'd the king), who raise your eager bands  
With great examples, more than loud commands.  
Ah ! would the gods but breathe in all the rest  
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast,  
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground."

Then to the next the general bends his course ;  
(His heart exults, and glories in his force) ;  
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,  
And with inspiring eloquence commands ;  
With strictest order sets his train in arms,  
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.  
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,  
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.  
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,  
The foot (the strength of war) he ranged behind :  
The middle space suspected troops supply,  
Inclosed by both, nor left the power to fly ;  
He gives command to "curb the fiery steed,  
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed :  
Before the rest let none too rashly ride ;  
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be tried :  
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,  
But fight, or fall ; a firm embodied train.  
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast  
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste ;  
Nor seek unpractised to direct the car,  
Content with javelins to provoke the war.  
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,  
Thus ruled their ardor, thus preserved their force ;  
By laws like these immortal conquests made,  
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid."

So spoke the master of the martial art,  
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.  
"Oh ! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,  
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires !  
But wasting years, that wither human race,



*Zephirus del.*

# THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

*Zephirus sculp.*





Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.  
What once thou wert, oh ever mightst thou be !  
And age the lot of any chief but thee."

Thus to the experienced prince Atrides cried;  
He shook his hoary locks, and thus replied :  
" Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew \*  
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew ;  
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion, slain  
Beneath this arm, fell prostrate on the plain.  
But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,  
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those :  
The field of combat fits the young and bold,  
The solemn council best becomes the old :  
To you the glorious conflict I resign,  
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine."

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,  
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,  
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands ;  
And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.  
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far  
The peace infringed, nor heard the sounds of war ;  
The tumult late begun, they stood intent  
To watch the motion, dubious of the event.  
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmoved,  
With hasty ardor thus the chief reproved :

" Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part,  
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art ?  
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect  
To mix in combat with yourselves neglect ?  
From you 'twas hoped among the first to dare  
The shock of armies, and commence the war ;  
For this your names are call'd before the rest,  
To share the pleasures of the genial feast :  
And can you, chiefs ! without a blush survey  
Whole troops before you laboring in the fray ?  
Say, is it thus those honors you requite ?  
The first in banquets, but the last in fight."

Ulysses heard : the hero's warmth o'erspread  
His cheek with blushes : and severe, he said :  
" Take back the unjust reproach ! Behold we stand

---

\* *Well might I wish.*

" Would heav'n (said he) my strength and youth recall,  
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—  
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,  
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire ;  
When Herilus in single fight I slew,  
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue."

Dryden's Virgil, viii. 742.

Sheathed in bright arms, and but expect command.  
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,  
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.  
 Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,  
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view."  
 Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies :

"O great in action, and in council wise !  
 With ours, thy care and ardor are the same,  
 Nor need I to commend, nor aught to blame.  
 Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,  
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind.  
 Haste to the fight, secure of just amends ;  
 The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,  
 His steeds and chariots wedged in firm array ;  
 (The warlike Sthenelus attends his side ; ) \*  
 To whom with stern reproach the monarch cried :  
 "O son of Tydeus ! (he, whose strength could tame  
 The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)  
 Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,  
 With hands unactive, and a careless eye ?  
 Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd ;  
 Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd :  
 What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,  
 Who view'd him laboring through the ranks of fight  
 I saw him once, when gathering martial powers,  
 A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's towers ;  
 Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,  
 Not we denied, but Jove forbade from heaven ;  
 While dreadful comets glaring from afar,  
 Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.†  
 Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,  
 A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes ;  
 Thebes' hostile walls unguarded and alone,  
 Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.  
 The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,  
 And dared to combat all those chiefs around :  
 Dared, and subdued before their haughty lord ;  
 For Pallas strung his arm and edged his sword.  
 Stung with the shame, within the winding way,  
 To bar his passage fifty warriors lay ;  
 Two heroes led the secret squadron on,  
 Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon ;

\* *Sthenelus*, a son of Capaneus, one of the Epigoni. He was one of the suitors of Helen, and is said to have been one of those who entered Troy inside the wooden horse.

† *Forewarn'd the horrors*. The same portent has already been mentioned. To this day, modern nations are not wholly free from this superstition.

Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale.  
 He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale,  
 Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire;  
 Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire!

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,  
 But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:  
 Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son;  
 Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun:

"What needs, O monarch! this invidious prai  
 Ourselves to lessen, while our sire you raise?  
 Dare to be just, Atreides! and confess  
 Our value equal, though our fury less.  
 With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,  
 And happier saw the sevenfold city fall,\*  
 In impious acts the guilty father died;  
 The sons subdued, for Heaven was on their side  
 Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,  
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name."

To him Tydides thus: "My friend, forbear;  
 Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:  
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,  
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage:  
 His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,  
 And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.  
 Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,  
 'Tis ours to labor in the glorious fight."

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground  
 Sprung from his car: his ringing arms resound.  
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,  
 Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.  
 As when the winds, ascending by degrees,†  
 First move the whitening surface of the seas,  
 The billows float in order to the shore,  
 The wave behind rolls on the wave before;  
 Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,  
 Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.  
 So to the fight the thick battalions throng,  
 Shields urged on shields, and men drove men along  
 Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;  
 No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,

\* *Sevenfold city.* Bœotian Thebes, which had seven gates.

† *As when the winds.*

"Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,  
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;  
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;  
 Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,  
 The muddy billow o'er the clouds is thrown."

Dryden's Virgil, vii. 736.

Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,  
 As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.  
 Not so the Trojans ; from their host asoends  
 A general shout that all the region rends.  
 As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand  
 In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,  
 The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,  
 The lambs reply from all the neighboring hills :  
 Such clamors rose from various nations round,  
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confused the sound  
 Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,  
 These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires,  
 Pale flight around, and dreadful terror reign ;  
 And discord raging bathes the purple plain ;  
 Discord ! dire sister of the slaughtering power,  
 Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around ; \*  
 The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,  
 The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,  
 To armor armor, lance to lance opposed,  
 Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,  
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
 Victors and vanquish'd join'd promiscuous cries,  
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise ;  
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,  
 With rage impetuous, down their echoing hills,  
 Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
 Roar through a thousand channels to the main :  
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound  
 So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,  
 The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead :  
 At great Echeolus the lance arrives,  
 Razed his high crest, and through his helmet drives ;  
 Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,  
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.  
 So sinks a tower, that long assaulted had stood  
 Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood.  
 Him, the bold leader of the Abantian throng, †

\* Stood

Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved ;

His stature reach'd the sky."—"Paradise Lost," iv. 986.

† The Abantes seem to have been of Thracian origin.

Seized to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along  
But while he strove to tug the inserted dart,  
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.  
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,  
Admits the lance : he falls, and spurns the field ;  
The nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no more ;  
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.  
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain ;  
The war renews, the warriors bleed again :  
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,  
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoësius fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell ;  
Fair Simoësius, whom his mother bore  
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore :  
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,  
To seek her parents on his flowery side,  
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,  
And thence from Simois named the lovely boy.  
Short was his date ! by dreadful Ajax slain,  
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain !  
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground  
Raised high the head, with stately branches crown'd,  
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,  
To shape the circle of the bending wheel,)  
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,  
With all its beauteous honors on its head :  
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,  
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain  
Thus pierced by Ajax, Simoësius lies  
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax, Antiphus his javelin threw ;  
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,  
And Leucus, loved by wise Ulysses, slew.  
He drops the corpse of Simoësius slain,  
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.  
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enraged,  
Strode where the foremost of the foes engaged  
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,  
In act to throw ; but cautious look'd around,  
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,  
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.  
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,  
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name.  
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,  
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear ; \*

\* I may, once for all, remark that Homer is most anatomically correct as to the parts of the body in which a wound would be immediately mortal.

With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,  
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;  
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound,  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Seized with affright the boldest foes appear;  
E'en godlike Hector seems himself to fear;  
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;  
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead:  
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height  
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.  
"Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;  
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!  
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;  
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.  
Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?  
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more."

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers,  
Array'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers:  
While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,  
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.  
Then great Dioces fell, by doom divine,  
In vain his valor and illustrious line.  
A broken rock the force of Pyrus threw  
(Who from cold *Ænus* led the Thracian crew),\*  
Full on his ankle dropp'd the ponderous stone,  
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:  
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,  
Before his helpless friends, and native bands,  
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.  
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,  
And through his navel drove the pointed death:  
His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,  
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conquerer sent,  
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,  
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,  
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:  
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,  
The *Ætolian* warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:  
Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,  
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound;  
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,  
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;  
The Thracian bands against the victor press'd,  
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.

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\* *Ænus*, a fountain almost proverbial for its coldness.

Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,  
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes ; one the pride of Thrace,  
And one the leader of the Epeian race ;  
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,  
In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies.  
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,  
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,  
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;  
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,  
And swords around him innocently play ;  
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,  
And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,  
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.



## BOOK V.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against the god; he wounds him and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,\*  
 Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,  
 Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,  
 And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.  
 High on his helm celestial lightnings play,  
 His beamy shield emits a living ray;  
 The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,  
 Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies,  
 When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,  
 And, bathed in ocean, shoots a keener light.  
 Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,  
 Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:  
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,  
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;  
 In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,  
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

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\* Compare Tasso, *Gier. Lib.*, xx. 7:

"Nuovo favor del cielo in lui riluce  
 E' l' fa grande, et angusto oltre il costume,  
 Gl' empie d' honor la faccia, e vi riduce  
 Di gioinezza il bel purpureo lume."

These singled from their troops the fight maintain,  
These, from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.  
Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near,  
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its erring force.  
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,  
But pierced his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.  
Seized with unusual fear, Idæus fled,  
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.  
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,  
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;  
But in a smoky cloud the god of fire  
Preserved the son, in pity to the sire.  
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,  
Increased the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew,  
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;  
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd  
The god of battles, and this speech address'd:

"Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,  
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!  
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;  
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:  
While we from interdicted fields retire,  
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging sire."

Her words allay the impetuous warrior's heat,  
The god of arms and martial maid retreat;  
Removed from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds  
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,  
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:  
First Odus falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand:

As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,  
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.  
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,  
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel  
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;  
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)  
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.  
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,  
And pierced his shoulder as he mounts his car;  
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,  
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase,

In woods and wilds to wound the savage race ;  
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,  
To bend the bow and aim unerring darts :  
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,  
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies ;  
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,  
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went :  
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
His brazen armor rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell ;  
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.  
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus ! was thine,  
The graceful fabric and the fair design ;  
For loved by Pallas, Pallas did impart  
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.  
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,  
The fatal cause of all his country's woes ;  
But he, the mystic will of heaven unknown,  
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.  
The hapless artist, while confused he fled,  
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.  
Through his right hip, with forceful fury cast,  
Between the bladder and the bone it pass'd ;  
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,  
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,  
Whose generous spouse, Theanor, heavenly fair,  
Nursed the young stranger with a mother's care.  
How vain those cares ! when Meges in the rear  
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear ;  
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,  
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then died Hypsenor, generous and divine,  
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,  
Who near adored Scamander made abode,  
Priest of the stream, and honored as a god.  
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,  
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound ;  
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,  
Thence glancing downwards, lopp'd his holy hand,  
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.  
Down sunk the priest : the purple hand of death  
Closed his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engaged.  
In every quarter fierce Tydides raged ;  
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,

Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain ;  
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,  
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.  
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong  
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,  
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,  
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds ;  
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,  
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear ! \*  
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,  
And all the labors of mankind are vain.

So raging Tydides, boundless in his ire,  
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.  
With grief the leader of the Lycian band  
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :  
His bended bow against the chief he drew ;  
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,  
Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore,  
Deep in his shoulder pierced, and drank the gore :  
The rushing stream his brazen armor dyed,  
While the proud archer thus exulting cried :

" Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds !  
Lo ! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds,  
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain ;  
Or Phœbus urged me to these fields in vain."  
So spoke he, boastful : but the winged dart  
Stopp'd short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.  
The wounded chief, behind his car retired,  
The helping hand of Sthenelus required ;  
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,  
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound ;  
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,  
The purple current wandering o'er his vest :

" O progeny of Jove ! unconquer'd maid !  
If e'er my godlike sire deserved thy aid,  
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field ;  
Now, goddess, now, thy sacred succor yield.  
O give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,  
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight ;  
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore,  
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more."

---

\* Or deluges, descending on the plains,  
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains  
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains ;  
Uproot the forest oaks, and bear away  
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey."  
Dryden's Virgil ii. 408.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,  
 His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd;  
 He feels each limb with wonted vigor light;  
 His beating bosom claim'd the promised fight.  
 "Be bold (she cried), in every combat shine,  
 War be thy province, thy protection mine;  
 Rush to the fight, and every foe control;  
 Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:  
 Strength swells thy boiling breast, infused by me,  
 And all thy godlike father breathes in thee;  
 Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,\*  
 And set to view the warring deities.  
 These see thou shun, through all the embattled plain;  
 Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.  
 If Venus mingle in the martial band,  
 Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command."  
 With that, the blue-eyed virgin wing'd her flight;  
 The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;  
 With tenfold ardor now invades the plain,  
 Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain.  
 As on the fleecy flocks when hunger calls,  
 Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;  
 If chance some shepherd with a distant dart  
 The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,  
 He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,  
 But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;  
 Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,  
 Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.  
 Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;  
 And two brave leaders at an instant slew;  
 Astynous breathless fell, and by his side,  
 His peoples' pastor, good Hypenor, died;  
 Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,  
 Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.  
 Those slain he left, and sprung with noble rage  
 Abas and Polyidus to engage;  
 Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,  
 Could fate foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;  
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,  
 And the sad father tried his arts in vain;  
 No mystic dream could make their fates appear,  
 Though now determined by Tydides' spear.  
 Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage:

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\* *From mortal mists.*

"But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adams eyes the film removed."

"Paradise Lost," xi. 422.

The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age :  
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs  
Of all his labors and a life of cares.  
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,  
And leaves the father unavailing tears :  
To strangers now descends his heapy store,  
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,  
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.  
As when the lordly lion seeks his food  
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,  
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground :  
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,  
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd  
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued ;  
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,  
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes.  
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son ;  
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun :

"Where, Pandarus, are all thy honors now,  
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,  
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,  
And boasted glory of the Lycian name ?  
O pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call  
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall  
Or god incensed, who quits the distant skies  
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice ;  
(Which, oh avert from our unhappy state !  
For what so dreadful as celestial hate) ?  
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer ;  
If man, destroy ; if god, entreat to spare."

To him the Lycian : "Whom your eyes behold,  
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold :  
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,  
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.  
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise :  
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies,  
Involved in clouds, protects him in the fray,  
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.  
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,  
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell ;  
And, but some god, some angry god withstands  
His fate was due to these unerring hands.  
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,  
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.

Ten polish'd chariots I possessed at home,  
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome :  
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand ;  
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.  
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,  
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas ;  
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,  
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.  
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclined,  
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,  
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)  
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town ;  
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand  
And left the chariots in my native land.

"Too late, O friend ! my rashness I deplore ;  
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.  
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,  
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.  
In vain they bleed : this unavailing bow  
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.  
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,  
And seized the quiver where it idly hung.  
Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field  
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield !  
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,  
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,  
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,  
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames."

To whom the leader of the Dardan race :  
"Be calm, nor Phœbus' honor'd gift disgrace.  
The distant dart be praised, though here we need  
The rushing chariot and the bounding steed.  
Against yon hero let us bend our course,  
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.  
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height  
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ;  
Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race ;  
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go ;  
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.  
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein ;  
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ;  
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine."

"O prince ! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)  
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.  
The horses, practised to their lord's command,

Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand ;  
 But, if, unhappy, we desert the fight,  
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight ;  
 Else shall our fates be numbered with the dead,  
 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.  
 Thine be the guidance, then : with spear and shield  
 Myself will charge this terror of the field."

And now both heroes mount the glittering car ;  
 The bounding coursers rush amidst the war ;  
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,  
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried :

"O friend ! two chiefs of force immense I see,  
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee :  
 Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,  
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine !  
 Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car !  
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war."

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,  
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn ; and thus he spoke :

"Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight ?  
 Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight ?  
 Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.  
 I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,  
 And the long distance of the flying lance ;  
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,  
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.  
 Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey  
 Those threatening heroes, bear them both away ;  
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die ;  
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.  
 But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,  
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand,  
 Then heed my words : my horses here detain,  
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein ;  
 Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,  
 And seize the coursers of ethereal breed ;  
 The race of those, which once the thundering god \*  
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,  
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,  
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

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\* *The race of those.*

"A pair of coursers, born of heav'nly breed,  
 Who from their nostrils breathed ethereal fire :  
 Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,  
 By substituting mares produced on earth,  
 Whose wombs conceived a more than mortal birth."

Dryden's Virgil, vii. 386, sqq.



Hence great Anchises stole a breed unknown,  
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon :  
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.  
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
Through the wide world should make our glory known."

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,  
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun :

" Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,  
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd."

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung ;  
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,  
Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung,  
" He bleeds ! the pride of Greece ! the boaster cries,  
Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies !"

" Mistaken vaunter ! (Diomed replied ;)  
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried ;  
Ye 'scape not both ; one, headlong from his car,  
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war."

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,  
Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part ;  
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt  
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fix'd ;  
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft th' tongue within,  
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.  
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground :  
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound,  
The starting coursers tremble with affright ;  
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,  
His spear extending where the carcase lies ;  
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,  
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.  
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,  
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
And threats aloud ! the Greeks with longing eyes  
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.  
Then fierce Tydides stoops ; and from the fields  
Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.  
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degenerate days : \*  
He swung it round ; and, gathering strength to throw,  
Discharged the ponderous ruin at the foe.

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\* The belief in the existence of men of larger stature in earlier times, is by no means confined to Homer.

Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,  
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ;  
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.  
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,  
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains ;  
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ;  
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.  
There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,  
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade,  
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love  
She bore Anchises in the Idæan grove,  
His danger views with anguish and despair,  
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
About her much-loved son her arms she throws,  
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.  
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail :  
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,  
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands :  
His panting steeds, removed from out the war,  
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car,  
Next, rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains  
The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes :  
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,  
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave  
(Whom most he loved, as brave men love the brave),  
Then mounting on his car, resumed the rein,  
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravished from his eyes)  
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies :  
No goddess she, commission'd to the field,  
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,  
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,  
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall ;  
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.  
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends  
And at the goddess his broad lance extends ;  
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove ;  
Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd,  
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,

Such stream as issues from a wounded god ; \*  
 Pure emanation ! uncorrupted flood !  
 Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood :  
 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins :)  
 With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,  
 And dropped her offspring from her weak embrace,  
 Him Phœbus took : he casts a cloud around  
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
 The king insults the goddess as she flies :  
 " Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,  
 The field of combat is no scene for thee :  
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
 Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.  
 Taught by this stroke renounce the war's alarms,  
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms."

Tydidēs thus. The goddess, seized with dread,  
 Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled.  
 To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,  
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.  
 The queen of love with faded charms she found.  
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.  
 To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way :  
 Far, on the left, with clouds involved he lay ;  
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.  
 Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming eyes  
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,  
 And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,  
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heaven.  
 Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,  
 And to her hand commits the golden rein ;  
 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,  
 Driven by the goddess of the painted bow.  
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies :  
 They stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,  
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food ;  
 Before her mother, love's bright queen appears, .  
 O'erwhelmed with anguish, and dissolved in tears :  
 She raised her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
 And ask'd what god had wrought this guilty deed ?

\* *Such stream, i.e. the ichor, or blood of the gods.*

"A stream of nect'rous humor issuing flow'd,  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed."

"Paradise Lost," vi. 332.

Then she : " This insult from no god I found,  
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound !  
 Behold the deed of haughty Diomed !  
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.  
 The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage ;  
 But with the gods (the immortal gods) engage."

Dione then : " Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
 And share those griefs inferior powers must share :  
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,  
 And men with woes afflict the gods again.  
 The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,\*  
 And lodged in brazen dungeons underground,  
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain ;  
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain :  
 Perhaps had perish'd had not Hermes' care  
 Restored the groaning god to upper air.  
 Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,  
 The imperial partner of the heavenly reign.  
 Amphytrion's son infix'd the deadly dart,†  
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.  
 E'en hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd,  
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast ;  
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,  
 Pierced in his own dominions of the dead ;  
 Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,  
 Assuaged the glowing pangs, and closed the wound.  
 Rash, impious man ! to stain the bless'd abodes,  
 And drench his arrows in the blood of gods !

" But thou (though Pallas urged thy frantic deed),  
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,  
 Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,  
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends ;  
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
 No infant on his knees shall call him sire.  
 Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,  
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ;  
 Thy distant wife, Ægialé the fair,‡  
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,  
 The brave, the great, the glorious now no more !"

This said, she wiped from Venus' wounded palm  
 The sacred ichor, and infused the balm.

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\* This was during the wars with the Titans.

† *Amphytrion's son*, Hercules, born to Jove by Alcmena, the wife of Amphytrion.

‡ *Ægialé*, daughter of Adrastus. The Cyclic poets (see Anthon's Lempriere, s. v.) assert that Venus incited her to infidelity, in revenge for the wound she had received from her husband.

Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,  
And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid :  
"Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove ! to tell  
How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell,  
As late she tried with passion to inflame  
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame ;  
Allured the fair, with moving thoughts of joy,  
To quit her country for some youth of Troy ;  
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,  
Razed her soft hand with this lamented wound."

The sire of gods and men superior smiled,  
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child :  
"Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,  
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars ;  
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms ;  
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms."

Thus they in heaven : while on the plain below  
The fierce Tydides charged his Dardan foe,  
Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way,  
And fearless dared the threatening god of day ;  
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,  
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.  
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook ;  
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook :  
He tried the fourth : when, breaking from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

"O son of Tydeus, cease ! be wise and see  
How vast the difference of the gods and thee ;  
Distance immense ! between the powers that shine  
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
And mortal man ! a wretch of humble birth,  
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth."

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires :  
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.  
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race  
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place ;  
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,  
With vigor arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.  
This done, the patron of the silver bow  
A phantom raised, the same in shape and show  
With great Æneas ; such the form he bore,  
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.  
Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,  
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engaged.  
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,  
And calling Mars, thus urged the raging god :

"Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall ;

Who bathest in blood, and shakest the embattled wall,  
Rise in thy wrath ! to hell's abhorr'd abodes  
Despatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.  
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage ;  
Me next he charged, and dares all heaven engage :  
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal sire,  
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire."

The god of battle issues on the plain,  
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train ;  
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,  
Enraged to Troy's retiring chiefs he cried :

"How long, ye sons of Priam ! will ye fly,  
And unrevenge'd see Priam's people die ?  
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy ?  
Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,  
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd :  
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part."  
He said ;—new courage swell'd each hero's heart.  
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,  
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd :

"Say, chief, is all thy ancient valor lost ?  
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,  
That propp'd alone by Priam's race should stand  
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand ?  
Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,  
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.  
Remote they stand while alien troops engage,  
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.  
Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land ;  
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) bless'd,  
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast ;  
With those I left whatever dear could be :  
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me ;  
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,  
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear ;  
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave  
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.  
Haste, warrior, haste ! preserve thy threaten'd state,  
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away  
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.  
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight ;  
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night ;  
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose ;  
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes "

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,  
But just reproof with decent silence bears.  
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,  
On earth he leaps, his brazen armor rings.  
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands ;  
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
Revives their ardor, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They turn, they stand ; the Greeks their fury dare,  
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain  
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,  
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;  
The gray dust, rising with collected winds,  
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds :  
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,  
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers ;  
The dusky clouds from labor'd earth arise,  
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.  
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,  
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field :  
Pleased with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,  
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will :  
Soon as from fight the blue-eyed maid retires,  
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.  
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,  
Produced Æneas to the shouting train ;  
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound :  
Inquiries none they made ; the dreadful day  
No pause of words admits, no dull delay ;  
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,  
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,  
And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood.  
Embodied close, the laboring Grecian train  
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.  
Unmoved and silent, the whole war they wait,  
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.  
So when the embattled clouds in dark array,  
Along the skies their gloomy lines display ;  
When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,  
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element :  
The low-hung vapors, motionless and still,  
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill ;  
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,

Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train ;  
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain,  
" Ye Greeks, be men ! the charge of battle bear ;  
Your brave associates and yourselves revere !  
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire !  
On valor's side the odds of combat lie,  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,  
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame ! "

These words he seconds with his flying lance,  
To meet whose point was strong Deicoön's chance :  
Æneas' friend, and in his native place  
Honor'd and loved like Priam's royal race :  
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,  
But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield :  
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,  
Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way :  
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,  
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid,  
Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave and great,  
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat : \*  
Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream, that yields  
Increase of harvests to the Pylion fields.  
He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he,  
And these descended in the third degree.  
Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In sable ships they left their native soil,  
To avenge Atreides : now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.  
So two young mountain lions, nursed with blood  
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd  
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold :  
Till pierced at distance from their native den,  
O'erpowered they fall beneath the force of men.  
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,  
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.  
Great Menelaüs views with pitying eyes,  
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies ;  
Mars urged him on ; yet, ruthless in his hate,  
The god but urged him to provoke his fate.

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\* *Pheræ*, a town of Pelasgiotis, in Thessaly.



He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son  
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own ;  
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,  
And all his country's glorious labors vain.  
Already met, the threatening heroes stand ;  
The spears already tremble in their hand :  
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,  
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.  
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,  
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.  
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,  
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First, Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,  
Who sheathed in brass the Paphlagonians led.  
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood ;  
Fix'd in his throat the javelin drank his blood.  
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight  
His flying coursers, sunk to endless night ;  
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown :  
His bended arm received the falling stone ;  
From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins,  
Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains :  
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound ;  
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground :  
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there  
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,  
Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet :  
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,  
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,  
Pours on the Greeks : the Trojan troops pursue :  
He fires his host with animating cries,  
And bring along the furies of the skies,  
Mars, stern destroyer ! and Bellona dread,  
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head :  
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight ;  
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.  
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shined,  
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidēs paused amidst his full career ;  
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.  
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,  
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes :  
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
And foam impervious 'cross the wanderer's way,  
Confused he stops, a length of country pass'd,  
Eyes the rough waves, and tired, returns at last.

Amazed no less the great Tydides stands :  
He stay'd, and turning thus address'd his bands :  
" No wonder, Greeks ! that all to Hector yield ;  
Secure of favoring gods, he takes the field ;  
His strokes they second, and avert our spears :  
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears !  
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;  
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.  
Trust not too much your unavailing might ;  
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight."

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew ;  
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew :  
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,  
In every art of glorious war renown'd ;  
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
And fought united, and united died.  
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows  
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.  
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went ;  
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,  
With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd ;  
But fate resistless from his country led  
The chief, to perish at his people's head.  
Shook with his fall his brazen armor rung,  
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung ;  
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ;  
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd :  
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,  
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast :  
He could no more ; the showering darts denied  
To spoil his glittering arms, and plummy pride.  
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
With bristling lances, and compacted shields ;  
Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,  
Forced he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,\*  
Urged by the force of unresisted fate,  
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove ;  
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.  
Sheathed in bright arms each adverse chief came on.  
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.

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\* *Tlepolemus*, son of Hercules and Astyoehia. Having left his native country, Argos, in consequence of the accidental murder of Lycymnius, he was commanded by an oracle to retire to Rhodes. Here he was chosen king, and accompanied the Trojan expedition. After his death, certain games were instituted at Rhodes in his honor, the victors being rewarded with crowns of poplar.

Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd,  
 The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast :  
 "What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,  
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war !  
 Know thy vain self, nor let their flattery move,  
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.  
 How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,  
 How vast the difference of their deeds and thine !  
 Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul  
 No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell control.  
 Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand  
 Raised on the ruins of his vengeful hand :  
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,  
 He left a town a wide-deserted plain.  
 But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,  
 While unrevenged thy Lycians bite the ground !  
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be ;  
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.  
 Pierced by my spear, to endless darkness go !  
 I make this present to the shades below."

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,  
 Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king replied :  
 "Thy sire, O prince ! o'erturned the Trojan state,  
 Whose perjured monarch well deserved his fate ;  
 Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,  
 False he detain'd, the just reward of war.  
 Nor so content, the generous chief defied,  
 With base reproaches and unmanly pride.  
 But you, unworthy the high race you boast,  
 Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost :  
 Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,  
 Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign."

He said : both javelins at an instant flew ;  
 Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew :  
 Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,  
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood  
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,  
 And his seal'd eyes forever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown  
 Thy angry lance ; which piercing to the bone  
 Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath ;  
 But Jove was present, and forbade the death.  
 Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,  
 The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.  
 (His friends, each busied in his several part,  
 Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)  
 The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired ;

Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired ;  
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,  
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.  
But heaven and fate the first design withstand,  
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.  
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train ;  
Alastor, Cronius, Halius, strew'd the plain,  
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell : \*

And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,  
But Hector saw ; and, furious at the sight,  
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.  
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,  
And, faint, lamenting, thus implored the chief :

" O suffer not the foe to bear away  
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey ;  
If I, unblest'd, must see my son no more,  
My much-loved consort, and my native shore,  
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall ;  
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall."

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,  
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies ;  
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes ;  
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,  
His mournful friends, divine Sarpedon laid :  
Brave Pelagon, his favorite chief, was nigh,  
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.  
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,  
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night ;  
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,  
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,  
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face ;  
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,  
Slow they retreat, and even retreating fight.  
Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand,  
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand ?  
Tenthras the great, Orestes the renown'd  
For managed steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground ;  
Next Enomaus and Enops' offspring died ;  
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side :  
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,  
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,  
Where lakes surround low Hylè's watery plain ;  
A prince and people studious of their gain.

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\* These heroes' names have since passed into a kind of proverb, designating the bolloi or mob.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,  
And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-eyed maid :  
" Oh, sight accursed ! Shall faithless Troy prevail,  
And shall our promise to our people fail ?  
How vain the word to Menelaüs given  
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven,  
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall,  
If warring gods forever guard the wall !  
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes :  
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose ! "

She spoke ; Minerva burns to meet the war :  
And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.  
At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;  
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.  
Bright Hebe waits ; by Hebe, ever young,  
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung,  
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel  
Of sounding brass ; the polish'd axle steel.  
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame ;  
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,  
Such as the heavens produce : and round the gold  
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.  
The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;  
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne :  
The car, behind, and arching figure bore ;  
The bending concave form'd an arch before.  
Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold,  
And golden reins the immortal coursers hold.  
Herself, impatient, to the ready car,  
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil untied,  
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified  
(The labor'd veil her heavenly fingers wove),  
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.  
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast :  
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,  
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
Dire, black, tremendous ! Round the margin roll'd,  
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold :  
Here all the terrors of grim War appear,  
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,  
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,  
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.  
The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes  
So vast, the broad circumference contains

A hundred armies on a hundred plains.  
 The goddess thus the imperial car ascends ;  
 Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,  
 Ponderous and huge ; that when her fury burns,  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge the ethereal coursers fly,  
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.  
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,\*  
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours ; †  
 Commission'd in alternatè watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
 Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,  
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.

The sounding hinges ring : on either side  
 The gloomy volumes, pierced with light, divide.  
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies,  
 Confused, Olympus' hundred heads arise ;  
 Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne,  
 O'er all the gods superior and alone.

There with her snowy hand the queen restrains  
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains :  
 "O sire ! can no resentment touch thy soul ?  
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll ?  
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,  
 What rash destruction ! and what heroes slain !  
 Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,  
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.  
 Mad, furious power ! whose unrelenting mind  
 No god can govern, and no justice bind.  
 Say, mighty father ! shall we scourge this pride,  
 And drive from fight the impetuous homicide ?"

To whom assenting, thus the Thunderer said :  
 "Go ! and the great Minerva be thy aid.  
 To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,  
 And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes."

He said ; Saturnia, ardent to obey,  
 Lash'd her white steeds along the aërial way.  
 Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,  
 Between the expanded earth and starry poles.

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\* *Spontaneous open.*

"Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light  
 Flew through the midst of heaven ; th' angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of heaven arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,  
 On golden hinges turning."—"Paradise Lost," v. 250.  
 "Till Morn,  
 Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light."—"Paradise Lost," vi. 2.

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,\*  
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;  
 Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,  
 At every leap the immortal coursers bound:  
 Troy now they reach'd and touch'd those banks divine,  
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join.  
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloosed)  
 Of air condensed a vapor circumfused:  
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
 On Simois, brink ambrosial herbage grew.  
 Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,  
 Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band  
 (A warlike circle) round Tydides stand.  
 Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,  
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
 Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,  
 And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud;  
 Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,†  
 Whose throats surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

"Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,  
 And only men in figure and in name!  
 Once from the walls your timorous foes engaged,  
 While fierce in war divine Achilles raged;  
 Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,  
 Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain."

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;  
 While near Tydides stood the Athenian maid;  
 The king beside his panting steeds she found,  
 O'erspent with toil reposing on the ground;  
 To cool his glowing wound he sat apart  
 (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart),  
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,  
 Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,  
 Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,  
 He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away.  
 The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,  
 Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

\* *Far as a shepherd.* "With what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities! He here measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there, that, considering the exceeding greatness of the space, would not with reason cry out, that 'If the steeds of the deity were to take a second leap, the world would want room for it?'"—Longinus, § 8.

† "No trumpets, or any other instruments of sound, are used in the Homeric action itself; but the trumpet was known, and is introduced for the purpose of illustration as employed in war. Hence arose the value of a loud voice in a commander; Stentor was an indispensable officer. . . . In the early Saracen campaigns frequent mention is made of the service rendered by men of uncommonly strong voices; the battle of Honain was restored by the shouts and menaces of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed," &c.—Coleridge, p. 213.

"Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,  
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind;  
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go.  
And feast, incircled by the Theban foe;  
There braved, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;  
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.  
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;  
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:  
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins."

The chief thus answered mild: "Immortal maid!  
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.  
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,  
Nor sloth hath seized me, but thy word restrains:  
From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,  
And Venus only found resistance here.  
Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,  
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:  
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the field."

Then thus Minerva:—"Brave Tydides, hear!  
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.  
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:  
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.  
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,  
And every side of wavering combat tries;  
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made:  
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid."\*

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.  
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,  
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends:  
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;  
So great a hero, and so great a god,  
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,  
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:  
But first, to hide her heavenly visage, spread  
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,  
The strongest warrior of the Ætolian train;  
The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize  
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.

\* "Long had the wav'ring god the war delay'd,  
While Greece and Troy alternate own'd his aid."

Merrick's "Tryphiodorus," vi. 761, sq.



Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear  
The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!  
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
From Mars' arm the enormous weapon fled:  
Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance  
Far from the car the strong immortal lance.  
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;  
The javelin hiss'd; the goddess urged it on:  
Where the broad cincture girt his armor round,  
It pierced the god: his groin received the wound.  
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:  
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,  
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.  
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;  
And earth and heaven re-bellow to the sound.  
As vapors blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,  
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,  
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;  
In such a cloud the god from combat driven,  
High o'er the dusky whirlwind scales the heaven.  
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,  
There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,  
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal throne:

"Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
And brook the furies of this daring day?  
For mortal men celestial powers engage,  
And gods on gods exert eternal rage:  
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:  
Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,  
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.  
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,  
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
'Tis hers to offend, and even offending share  
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:  
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.  
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,  
Against the immortals lifts his raging hand:  
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,  
Me next encountering, me he dared to wound;  
Vanquish'd I fled; even I, the god of fight,  
From mortal madness scarce was saved by flight.  
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,

Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain  
Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie,  
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die."

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke :  
"To me, perfidious ! this lamenting strain ?  
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain ?  
Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies  
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes !  
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,  
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.  
No bounds, no law, thy fiery temper quells,  
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.  
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use ;  
She gives the example, and her son pursues.  
Yet long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly-born.  
Else, sing'd with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,  
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titians grown."

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod ;  
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.\*  
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
And heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed the wound.  
As when the fig's press'd juice, infused in cream,  
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,  
Sudden the fluids fix the parts combined ;  
Such, and so soon, the ethereal texture join'd.  
Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dress'd  
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.  
Glorious he sat, in majesty restored,  
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior lord.  
Juno and Pallas mount the bless'd abodes,  
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

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\* *Pæon* seems to have been to the gods, what *Podaleirius* and *Machæon* were to the Grecian heroes.

## BOOK VI.

## ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality passed between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife, Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and, Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heaven forsakes the fight: the immortals yield  
To human force and human skill the field:  
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;  
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;  
While Troy's famed streams, that bound the deathful plain  
On either side, run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,  
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.  
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,  
And hew'd the enormous giant to the ground;  
His thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd  
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest;  
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.  
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,  
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:  
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place) \*  
He held his seat! a friend to human race.  
Fast by the road, his ever-open door  
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.  
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,  
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!  
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
His faithful servant, old Calesius died.

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\* *Arisbe*, a colony of the Mitylenzans in Troas.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,  
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.  
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,  
From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung  
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,  
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ;  
In secret woods he won the naiad's grace,  
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace) :  
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;  
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypoetes fell ;  
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell ;  
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,  
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;  
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,  
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,  
Who held in Pegasus his proud abode,\*  
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.  
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;  
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest'd Adrastus next at mercy lies  
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.  
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,  
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,  
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke  
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ;  
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.  
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel :  
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;  
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd  
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd :

"O spare my youth, and for the life I owe  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.  
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,  
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain :  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told.†  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."

\* *Pegasus*, a town near Pylos.

† *Rich heaps of brass*. "The halls of Alkinous and Menelaüs glitter with gold, copper, and electrum ; while large stocks of yet unemployed metal—gold, copper, and iron—are stored up in the treasure-chamber of Odysseus and other chiefs. Coined money is unknown in the Homeric age—the trade carried on being one of barter. In reference also to the metals, it deserves to be remarked, that the Homeric descriptions universally suppose copper, and not iron, to be employed for arms, both offensive and defensive. By what process the copper was tempered and hardened, so as to serve the purpose of the warrior, we do not know ; but the use of iron for these objects belongs to a later age."—Grote, vol. ii. p. 142.

He said : compassion touch'd the hero's heart  
 He stood, suspended with the lifted dart :  
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,  
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,  
 And, furious, thus : " Oh impotent of mind ! \*  
 Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?  
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,  
 And well her natives merit at thy hand !  
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage .  
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all ;  
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall ; †  
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,  
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great ! "

The monarch spoke ; the words, with warmth address'd,  
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.  
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust ;  
 The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,  
 Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.  
 Old Nestor saw, and roused the warrior's rage ;  
 " Thus, heroes ! thus the vigorous combat wage ;  
 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,  
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.  
 Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil !  
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil . "

And now that Greece eternal fame acquired,  
 And frighted Troy within her walls, retired,  
 Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,  
 Taught by the gods that moved his sacred breast.  
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,  
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

" Ye generous chiefs ! on whom the immortals lay  
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day ;  
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend ;  
 Wise to consult, and active to defend !  
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight,

\* *Oh impotent, &c.* " In battle, quarter seems never to have been given, except with a view to the ransom of the prisoner. Agamemnon reproaches Menelaüs with unmanly softness, when he is on the point of sparing a fallen enemy, and himself puts the suppliant to the sword."—Thirlwall, vol. i. p. 181.

" The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,  
 Forbade the sire to linger out the day :  
 It struck the bending father to the earth,  
 And cropt the wailing infant at the birth.  
 Can innocents the rage of parties know,  
 And they who ne'er offended find a foe ? "

Rowe's *Lucan*, bk. ii.

Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,  
The sport and insult of the hostile train.  
When your commands have hearten'd every band,  
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand ;  
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,  
These straits demand our last remains of might.  
Meanwhile thou, Hector, to the town retire,  
And teach our mother what the gods require :  
Direct the queen to lead the assembled train  
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ; \*  
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power,  
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.  
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
Most prized for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,  
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,  
And twelve young heifers to her altars led :  
If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer,  
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire ;  
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,  
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;  
Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight,  
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard : and, with a bound,  
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;  
Through all his host inspiring force he flies,  
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.  
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,  
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe :  
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears ;  
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears ;  
Some god, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars,  
Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus aloud : " Ye dauntless Dardans, hear !  
And you whom distant nations send to war !  
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;  
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.  
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,  
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall :  
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,  
And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain."

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\* " Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,  
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,  
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe :  
They weep ; they beat their breasts ; they rend their hair,  
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear."

Dryden's Virgil, i. 670.

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd;  
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung;  
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paused the battle (godlike Hector gone),  
Where daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son  
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far  
Observed each other, and had mark'd for war.  
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Our eyes till now that aspect ne'er beheld,  
Where fame is reap'd amid the embattled field;  
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!  
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,  
Know with immortals we no more contend.  
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,  
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.  
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,  
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove:  
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,  
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;  
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,  
And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.  
Nor fail'd the crime the immortal's wrath to move  
(The immortals bless'd with endless ease above);  
Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,  
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom,  
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
A wretch accursed, and hated by the gods!  
I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth  
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,  
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."

"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire  
(Replied the chief), can Tydeus' son inquire?  
Like leaves on trees the race of man I found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

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\* The manner in which this episode is introduced, is well illustrated by the following remarks of Mure, vol. i. p. 298: "The poet's method of introducing his episode, also, illustrates in a curious manner his tact in the dramatic department of his art. Where, for example, one or more heroes are despatched on some commission, to be executed at a certain distance of time or place, the fulfilment of this task is not, as a general rule, immediately described. A certain interval is allowed them for reaching the appointed scene of action, which interval is dramatized, as it were, either by a temporary continuation of the previous narrative, or b. fixing attention for a while on some new transaction, at the close of which the further account of the mission is resumed."

Another race the following spring supplies ;  
They fall successive, and successive rise :  
So generations in their course decay ;  
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.  
But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

“ A city stands on Argos' utmost bound  
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd),  
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,  
In ancient time the happy wall possess'd,  
Then call'd Ephyré : Glaucus was his son ;  
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,  
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined,  
Loved for that valor which preserves mankind.  
Then mighty Prætus Argos sceptre sway'd,  
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.  
With direful jealousy the monarch raged,  
And the brave prince in numerous toils engaged.  
For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,  
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :  
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.  
Fired at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,  
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :  
Incensed he heard, resolving on his fate ;  
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :  
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,  
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.\*  
Now bless'd by every power who guards the good,  
The chief arrived at Xanthus' silver flood :  
There Lycia's monarch paid him honors due,  
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.  
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,  
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :  
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.  
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd ;  
A mingled monster of no mortal kind !  
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;  
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

“ This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,  
And trusted heaven's informing prodigies),

\* *With tablets sealed.* These probably were only devices of a hieroglyphical character. Whether writing was known in the Homeric times is utterly uncertain. See Grote, vol. ii. p. 192, sqq.



Then met in arms the Solymæan crew \*  
 (Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew;  
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;  
 And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.

"Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,  
 At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,  
 With levell'd spears along the winding shore:  
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more."

"At length the monarch, with repentant grief,  
 Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;  
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
 With half the honors of his ample reign:  
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,  
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.  
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,  
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd  
 (Fair e'en in heavenly eyes: her fruitful love  
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth the embrace of Jove);  
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,  
 Forsook by heaven, forsaking humankind,  
 Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,  
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way! †  
 Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart:  
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;  
 His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,  
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.  
 Hippolochus survived: from him I came,  
 The honor'd author of my birth and name;  
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town;  
 By his instructions learn to win renown,  
 To stand the first in worth as in command,  
 To add new honors to my native land,  
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,  
 And emulate the glories of our race."

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;  
 In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,  
 Then friendly, thus the Lycian prince address'd:  
 "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!  
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,  
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.  
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;  
 Cæneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:

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\* *Solymæan crew*, a people of Lycia.

† From this "melancholy madness" of Bellerophon, hypochondria received the name of "Morbus Bellerophonteus." See my notes in my prose translation, p. 112. The "Aleian field," i.e. "the plain of wandering," was situated between the rivers Pyramus and Pinarus, in Cilicia.

Our ancient seat his honor'd presence graced,  
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.  
 The parting heroes mutual presents left ;  
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift ;  
 Æneus a belt of matchless work bestowed,  
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.  
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stored  
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board :  
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall  
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).  
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;  
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,  
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.  
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,  
 In the full harvest of yon ample field ;  
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore ;  
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.  
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight ;  
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,  
 (Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarged his mind),  
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),  
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,\*  
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.†  
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids  
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care  
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.  
 He bids the train in long procession go,  
 And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.  
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,  
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ;  
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
 In fifty chambers lodged : and rooms of state,‡

\* *His own, of gold.* This bad bargain has passed into a common proverb. See Aulus Gellius, ii. 23.

† *Scæan, i. e. left hand.*

‡ *In fifty chambers.*

"The fifty nuptial beds, (such hopes had he,  
 So large a promise of a progeny,  
 The ports of plated gold, and hung with spoils."

Dryden's Virgil, ii. 658.

Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate.  
 Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,  
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.  
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen  
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.

(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face  
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)  
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :

"O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls  
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls  
 Com'st thou to supplicate the almighty power  
 With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tower ?  
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,  
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,  
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.  
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,  
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;  
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
 The brave defender of thy country's right."

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd);  
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.  
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.  
 By me that holy office were profaned ;  
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,  
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,  
 Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.  
 You, with your matrons, go ! a spotless train,  
 And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,  
 Most prized for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
 So may the power, attoned by fervent prayer,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare ;  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.  
 Be this, O mother, your religious care :  
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;  
 If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,  
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
 Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race ! \*

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\* *O would kind earth, &c.* "It is apparently a sudden, irregular burst of popular indignation to which Hector alludes, when he regrets that the Trojans had not spirit

- Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
 - Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.”  
 This heard, she gave command : and summon’d came  
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.  
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
 Where treasured odors breathed a costly scent.  
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,  
 Sidonian maids embroider’d every part,  
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,  
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.  
 Here, as the queen revolved with careful eyes  
 The various textures and the various dyes,  
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
 And glow’d refulgent as the morning star.  
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;  
 The train majestically slow proceeds.  
 Soon as to Ilion’s topmost tower they come,  
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,  
 Antenor’s consort, fair Theano, waits  
 As Pallas’ priestess, and unbars the gates.  
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,  
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.  
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,  
 Placed on Minerva’s knees, and thus she prays !  
 “ Oh awful goddess ! ever-dreadful maid,  
 Troy’s strong defence, unconquer’d Pallas’ aid !  
 Break thou Tydides’ spear, and let him fall  
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall !  
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
 But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,  
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! ”  
 So pray’d the priestess in her holy fane ;  
 So vow’d the matrons, but they vow’d in vain.  
 While these appear before the power with prayers,  
 Hector to Paris’ lofty dome repairs.\*

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enough to cover Paris with a mantle of stones. This, however, was also one of the ordinary formal modes of punishment for great public offences. It may have been originally connected with the same feeling—the desire of avoiding the pollution of bloodshed—which seems to have suggested the practice of burying prisoners alive, with a scantling of food by their side. Though Homer makes no mention of this horrible usage, the example of the Roman vestals affords reasons for believing that, in ascribing it to the heroic ages, Sophocles followed an authentic tradition.”—Thirlwall’s *Greece*, vol. i. p. 171, sq.

\* *Paris’ lofty dome.* “ With respect to the private dwellings, which are oftenest described, the poet’s language barely enables us to form a general notion of their ordinary plan, and affords no conception of the style which prevailed in them, or their effect on the eye. It seems indeed probable, from the manner in which he dwells on their metallic ornaments, that the higher beauty of proportion was but little required or understood ; and it is, perhaps, strength and convenience, rather than elegance,

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Himself the mansion raised ; from every part  
Assembling architects of matchless art.  
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands  
The pompous structure, and the town commands  
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,  
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;  
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,  
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shined.  
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found  
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,  
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,  
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.  
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,  
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look  
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.  
"Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show ?  
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe ! )  
Paris and Greece against us both conspire ;  
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.  
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,  
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;  
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,  
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.  
Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,  
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share ?  
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,  
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

"Brother, 'tis just (replied the beauteous youth),  
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth :  
Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief !  
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief :  
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,  
And mourned, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.  
'Tis now enough : now glory spreads her charms,  
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.  
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,  
'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.  
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind ;  
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son ;  
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun :

"Oh, generous brother ! (if the guilty dame  
That caused these woes deserve a sister's name !)

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that he means to commend, in speaking of the fair house which Paris had built for himself with the aid of the most skilful masons of Troy."—Thirlwall's *Greece*, vol. i. p. 231.

Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,  
The day that show'd me to the golden sun  
Had seen my death ! why did not whirlwinds bear  
The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?  
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
And midst the roarings of the waters died ?  
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accursed  
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.  
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,  
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !  
Now tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,  
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine :  
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
Our present woe, and infamy to come :  
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,  
Example sad ! and theme of future song."

The chief replied : " This time forbids to rest ;  
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,  
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;  
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,  
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.  
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;  
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear :  
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land  
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain ;  
She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had hence retired ; and with her second joy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desired,  
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,  
Stood in the gates, and ask'd " what way she bent  
Her parting step ? If to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;  
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ? "  
" Not to the court (replied the attendant train),  
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane :  
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,

To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;  
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:  
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,  
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector this heard, return'd without delay;  
Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;  
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.  
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair.  
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir  
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,  
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade):  
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that glides the morn.  
To this loved infant Hector gave the name  
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream  
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd  
To tender passions all his mighty mind;  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.  
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?  
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be  
A widow I, a helpless orphan he?  
For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.  
O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,

His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile ;  
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd  
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ;  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !  
My mother lived to wear the victor's bands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee :  
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :  
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care !  
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy ;  
Thou, from this tower defend the important post ;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied : "That post shall be my care,  
Not that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground  
Attain the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?  
My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to the embattled plains !  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates !  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)  
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,



My mother's death, the ruin of my kind  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;  
As thine, Andromache ! Thy griefs I dread :  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine !  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, ' Behold the mighty Hector's wife !'  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name !  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !  
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
And Hector hastened to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground ;  
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer :

" O thou ! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,  
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age !  
So when triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,  
And say, ' This chief transcends his father's fame :'  
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

"Andromache ! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth ;  
And such the hard condition of our birth :  
No force can then resist, no flight can save,  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :  
Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men.  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye  
That stream'd at every look ; then, moving slow,  
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.  
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,  
Through all her train the soft infection ran ;  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,  
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.  
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,  
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.  
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound \*  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;  
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
And laves, in height of blood his shining sides ;  
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies ;  
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,  
In arms refulgent as the god of day,  
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,  
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

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\**The wanton courser.*

"Come destrier, che da le regie stalle  
Ove a l'usa de l' arme si riserba,  
Fugge, e libero al fin per largo calle  
Va tragi' armenti, o al fiume usato, o a l'erba."

Gier. Lib. ix. 75.

And now, the warriors passing on the way,  
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.  
To whom the noble Hector thus replied :  
"O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!  
Thy power in war with justice none contest;  
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.  
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,  
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!  
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,  
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.  
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share,  
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.  
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree  
We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty:  
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,  
And Greece indignant through her seas returns."

## BOOK VII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardor upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks; to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting: but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed; another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat about three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.  
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;  
Both breathing slaughter, both resolved in arms.  
As when to sailors laboring through the main,  
That long have heaved the weary oar in vain,  
Jove bids at length the expected gales arise;  
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:  
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;  
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.  
Bold Paris first the work of death begun  
On great Menestheus, Areïthous' son;  
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,  
The pleasing Arné was his native place.  
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below;  
Beneath his steely casque \* he felt the blow

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\* *Casque*. The original word is *σπεράνη*, about the meaning of which there is some doubt. Some take it for a different kind of cap or helmet, others for the rim, others for the cone, of the helmet.

Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand ;  
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.  
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,  
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;  
Headlong he tumbles : his slack nerves unbound,  
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,  
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain  
Fierce she descends : Apollo marked her flight,  
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height.  
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade ;  
When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed maid :

“ What cause, O daughter of Almighty Jove !  
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above ?  
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
To give to Greece the long divided day ?  
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,  
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate  
This day, the business of the field suspend ;  
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend ;  
Since vengeful goddesses confederate join  
To raise her walls, though built by hands divine.”

To whom the progeny of Jove replies :  
“ I left, for this, the council of the skies :  
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,  
What art shall calm the furious sons of war ? ”  
To her the god : “ Great Hector's soul incite  
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,  
Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show  
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.”

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew ;  
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew ;  
Hector, inspired, he sought : to him address'd,  
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast :  
“ O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear  
Receive my words : thy friend and brother hear  
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage  
The warring nations to suspend their rage ;  
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train  
To mortal combat on the listed plain.  
For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;  
The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.”

He said : the warrior heard the word with joy ;  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
The squadrons part ; the expecting Trojans stand ;  
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear :

They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.  
The Athenian maid,\* and glorious god of day,  
With silent joy the settling hosts survey :  
In form of vultures, on the beech's height  
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusty fields,  
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.  
As when a general darkness veils the main,  
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,)  
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,  
And a still horror saddens all the deeps ;  
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,  
At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.  
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke  
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke :

"Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,  
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.  
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,  
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;  
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,  
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.  
You then, O princes of the Greeks ! appear ;  
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear :  
From all your troops select the boldest knight,  
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.  
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,  
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain ;  
But let my body, to my friends return'd,  
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.  
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,  
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust ;  
If mine the glory to despoil the foe ;  
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow :  
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,  
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument ;  
Which when some future mariner surveys,  
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,  
Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek lies there,  
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war,'  
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,  
And distant ages learn the victor's fame."

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,  
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.  
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,  
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke :

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\* *Athenian maid* : Minerva.

"Women of Greece! O scandal of your race,  
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,  
How great the shame, when every age shall know  
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!  
Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,  
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!  
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay,  
Myself will dare the danger of the day;  
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,  
But in the hands of God is victory."

These words scarce spoke, with generous ardor press'd,  
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd.  
That day, Atrides! a superior hand  
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand;  
But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose;  
Even he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd  
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:  
"Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,  
And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun?  
Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design;  
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine:  
Even fierce Achilles learned its force to fear,  
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
Sit thou secure, amidst thy social band;  
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.  
The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,  
Though bold and burning with desire of fame,  
Content the doubtful honor might forego,  
So great the danger, and so brave the foe."

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;  
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,  
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;  
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose;  
Thus to the kings he spoke: "What grief, what shame  
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!  
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn  
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn!  
What tears shall down thy silvery beard be roll'd,  
O Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!  
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear  
Of every chief who fought this glorious war,  
Participate their fame, and pleased inquire  
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!  
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,

And trembling all before one hostile hand ;  
How would he lift his aged arms on high,  
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die !  
Oh ! would to all the immortal powers above,  
Minerva, Pecebus, and almighty Jove !  
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,  
And give this arm the spring which once it knew :  
When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall,  
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,  
And with the Arcadian spears my prowess tried.  
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.\*  
There Ereuthalion braved us in the field,  
Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield ;  
Great Areithous, known from shore to shore  
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore ;  
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.  
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,  
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,  
Deep in a winding way his breast assailed,  
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.  
Supine he fell : those arms which Mars before  
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore :  
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,  
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.  
Furious with this he crush'd our levell'd bands,  
And dared the trial of the strongest hands ;  
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay :  
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway  
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,  
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.  
I fought the chief : my arms Minerva crown'd :  
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.  
What then I was, O were your Nestor now !  
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.  
But, warriors, you that youthful vigor boast,  
The flower of Greece, the examples of our host,  
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,  
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day ? ”

His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame  
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,  
Up-started fierce : but far before the rest  
The king of men advanced his dauntless breast  
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd ;  
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd ;



Oileus follow'd ; Idomen was there,\*  
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war :  
 With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,  
 And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.  
 All these, alike inspired with noble rage,  
 Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage :  
 " Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,  
 What chief shall combat, let the gods decide.  
 Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise  
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise."

The lots produced, each hero signs his own :  
 Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown,†  
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,  
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands :  
 " Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is fate,  
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state :  
 This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,  
 Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove."  
 Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspired,  
 Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.  
 This from the right to left the herald bears,  
 Held out in order to the Grecian peers ;  
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
 Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own ;  
 Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,  
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries :  
 " Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;  
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.  
 Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest,  
 To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd :  
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,  
 And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.  
 Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare  
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air,  
 Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread ?  
 Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred !  
 From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,  
 And, born to combats, fear no force on earth."

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,  
 Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies :  
 " O father of mankind, superior lord !  
 On lofty Ida's holy hill adored :  
 Who in the highest heaven has fix'd thy throne,  
 Supreme of Gods ! unbounded and alone :

\* *Oileus, i. e. Ajax, the son of Oileus, in contradistinction to Ajax, son of Telamon.*

† *In the general's helm.* It was customary to put the lots into a helmet, in which they were well shaken up ; each man then took his choice.

Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away  
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day ;  
Or, if illustrious Hector be thy care,  
That both may claim it, and that both may share.\*

Now Ajax braced his dazzling armor on ;  
Sheathed in bright steel the giant-warrior shone :  
He moves to combat with majestic pace ;  
So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,\*  
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,  
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars,  
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god ;  
Grimly he smiled ; earth trembled as he strode : †  
His massy javelin quivering in his hand,  
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.  
Through every Argive heart new transport ran ;  
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man :  
Even Hector paused ; and with new doubt oppress'd,  
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast :  
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;  
Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,  
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.  
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,  
Of tough bull-hides ; of solid brass the last,  
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd  
And in all arts of armory excell'd),  
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,  
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd :

"Hector ! approach my arm, and singly know  
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.  
Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are,  
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :  
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,  
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;  
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,  
And sends thee one, a sample of her host,  
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;  
No more——be sudden, and begin the fight."

"O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !  
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)

\* *God of Thrace.* Mars, or Mavors, according to his Thracian epithet. Hence  
"Mavortia Mœnia."

† *Grimly he smiled.*

"And death

Grinn'd horribly, a ghastly smile."—"Paradise Lost," ii. 845.

"There Mavors stands

Grinning with ghastly feature."—Carey's Dante : Hell, v.

Me, as a boy, or woman, wouldst thou fright,  
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:  
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;  
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,  
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.  
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;  
I steal no conquest from a noble foe."

He said, and rising, high above the field  
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.  
Full on the brass descending from above  
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,  
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;  
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,  
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downwards, near his flank descends.  
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low  
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.  
From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins drew,  
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew;  
Fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;  
The blunted point against the buckler bends;  
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,  
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;  
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd!  
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.  
Yet ceased not Hector thus; but stooping down,  
In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone,  
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;  
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;  
The hollow brass resounded with the shock:  
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,  
Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,  
With force tempestuous, let the ruin fly;  
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke:  
His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke;  
Great Hector falls extended on the field,  
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:  
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might  
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.  
And now both heroes their broad falchions drew:  
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;  
But then by heralds' voice the word was given,

The sacred ministers of earth and heaven :  
Divine Talthybius, whom the Greeks employ,  
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,  
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;  
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard :

" Forbear, my sons ! your further force to prove.  
Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove.  
To either host your matchless worth is known,  
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.  
But now the Night extends her awful shade ;  
The goddess parts you ; be the night obey'd." \*

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd :  
" O sage ! to Hector be these words address'd.  
Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to fight,  
Let him demand the sanction of the night ;  
If first he ask'd it, I content obey,  
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."

" O first of Greeks ! (his noble foe rejoin'd)  
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,  
With strength of body, and with worth of mind !  
Now martial law commands us to forbear ;  
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,  
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
And let the gods decide of death or life !  
Since, then, the night extends her gloomy shade,  
And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.  
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,  
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ;  
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,  
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life.  
But let us, on this memorable day,  
Exchange some gift : that Greece and Troy may say  
' Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;  
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.' "

With that, a sword with stars of silver graced,  
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchased,  
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd  
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.  
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ;  
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,  
And hail with joy the Champion of their state ;  
Escaped great Ajax, they survey him round,

\* " Sete ò guerrieri, incomincio Pindoro,  
Con pari honor di pari ambo possenti,  
Dunque cessi la pugna, e non sian rotte  
Le ragioni, e 'l riposo, e de la notte."—Gier. Lib. vi. 51.

Alive, unarm'd, and vigorous from his wound ;  
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear  
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,  
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.  
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,  
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.  
The victim falls ; they strip the smoking hide,  
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ;  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
The king himself (an honorary sign)  
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.\*  
When now the rage of hunger was removed,  
Nestor, in each persuasive art approved,  
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,  
In words like these his prudent thought express'd :

"How dear, O kings ! this fatal day has cost,  
What Greeks are perish'd ! what a people lost !  
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore !  
What crowds of heroes sunk to rise no more !  
Then hear me, chief ! nor let the morrow's light  
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight :  
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,  
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath,  
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,  
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear ;  
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,  
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.  
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blazed,  
High o'er them all a general tomb be raised ;  
Next, to secure our camp and naval powers,  
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers ;  
From space to space be ample gates around,  
For passing chariots ; and a trench profound.  
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,  
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe."

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel moved ;  
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approved.

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-gate,  
The Trojan peers in nightly council sate ;  
A senate void of order, as of choice :  
Their hearts were fearful, and confused their voice.

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\* It was an ancient style of compliment to give a larger portion of food to the conqueror, or person to whom respect was to be shown. See Virg. *Æn.* viii. 181. Thus Benjamin was honored with a "double portion." Gen. xliiii. 34.

Antenor, rising, thus demands their ear :  
" Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear ,  
'Tis heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,  
And I but move what every god requires :  
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restored,  
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.  
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance, broke,  
Our impious battles the just gods provoke.  
As this advice ye practise, or reject,  
So hope success, or dread the dire effect."

The senior spoke and sate. To whom replied  
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride :  
" Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,  
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears :  
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,  
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,  
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given ;  
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heaven.  
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name !  
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;  
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign ;  
But be this bright possession ever mine."

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,  
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose :  
His godlike aspect deep attention drew :  
He paused, and these pacific words ensue :

" Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands !  
Now take refreshment as the hour demands ;  
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night.  
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light.  
Then shall our herald, to the Atrides sent,  
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.  
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn  
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn ;  
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,  
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide ! "

The monarch spoke : the warriors snatch'd with haste  
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.  
Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,  
To the black ships Idæus bent his way ;  
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,  
He raised his voice : the host stood listening round.

" Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear !  
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear.  
Pleased may ye hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)  
What Paris, author of the war, declares.  
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore

(Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)  
He proffers injured Greece : with large increase  
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.  
But to restore the beauteous bride again,  
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.  
Next, O ye chiefs ! we ask a truce to burn  
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.  
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,  
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide !”

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke ;  
At length Aydides rose, and rising spoke :  
“ Oh, take not, friends ! defrauded of your fame,  
Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.  
Let conquest make them ours : fate shakes their wall,  
And Troy already totters to her fall.”

The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,  
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.  
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace :  
“ Herald ! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece  
For what remains ; let funeral flames be fed  
With heroes' corps : I war not with the dead :  
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,  
And gratify the manes of the slain.  
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high !”  
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay  
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.  
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd  
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.  
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,  
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove :  
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,  
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.  
And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
Arose the golden chariot of the day,  
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.  
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train  
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.  
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,  
With dust dishonor'd, and deformed with gore.  
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,  
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.  
Sage Priam check'd their grief : with silent haste  
The bodies decent on the piles were placed :  
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd,  
And, sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd.

Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,  
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead ;  
 The cold remains consume with equal care ;  
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.  
 Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light  
 The doubtful confines of the day and night,  
 About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,  
 And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.  
 Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,  
 They raised embattled walls with lofty towers : \*  
 From space to space were ample gates around,  
 For passing chariots, and a trench profound  
 Of large extent ; and deep in earth below,  
 Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks : meanwhile the gods above,  
 In shining circle round their father Jove,  
 Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man :  
 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began :

"What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,  
 Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,  
 If the proud Grecians thus successful boast  
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast ?  
 See the long walls extending to the main,  
 No god consulted, and no victim slain !  
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,  
 Wide as the morn her golden beam extends ;  
 While old Laomedon's divine abodes,  
 Those radiant structures raised by laboring gods,  
 Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep."  
 Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

The almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,  
 That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies :  
 "Strong god of ocean ! thou, whose rage can make  
 The solid earth's eternal basis shake !  
 What cause of fear from mortal works could move †

† *Embattled walls.* "Another essential basis of mechanical unity in the poem is the construction of the rampart. This takes place in the seventh book. The reason ascribed for the glaring improbability that the Greeks should have left their camp and fleet unfortified during nine years in the midst of a hostile country, is a purely poetical one : 'So long as Achilles fought, the terror of his name sufficed to keep every foe at a distance.' The disasters consequent on his secession first led to the necessity of other means of protection. Accordingly, in the battles previous to the eighth book, no allusion occurs to a rampart ; in all those which follow it forms a prominent feature. Here, then, in the anomaly as in the propriety of the Iliad, the destiny of Achilles, or rather this peculiar crisis of it, forms the pervading bond of connection to the whole poem."—Mure, vol. i. p. 257.

\* *What cause of fear, &c.*

"Seest thou not this ? or do we fear in vain  
 Thy boasted thunders, and thy thoughtless reign ?"

Dryden's Virgil, iv. 304.



The meanest subject of our realms above ?  
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
Thy power is honor'd, and thy fame shall last.  
But yon proud work no future age shall view,  
No trace remain where once the glory grew.  
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,  
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall :  
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore :  
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more."

Thus they in heaven : while, o'er the Grecian train,  
The rolling sun descending to the main  
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew ;  
Black from their tents the savory vapor flew.  
And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands,  
With Bacchus' blessings cheered the generous bands.  
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent  
A thousand measures to the royal tent.  
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipylé of yore  
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore).  
The rest they purchased at their proper cost,  
And well the plenteous freight supplied the host :  
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave ; \*  
Some, brass or iron ; some, an ox, or slave.  
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers :  
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.  
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,  
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade :  
Humbled they stood ; pale horror seized on all,  
While the deep thunder shook the ærian hall.  
Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd ;  
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground :  
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,  
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

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\* *In exchange.* These lines are referred to by Theophilus, the Roman lawyer, ii. tit. xxiii. § 1, as exhibiting the most ancient mention of barter.

## BOOK VIII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger: Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavors to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the fields, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field towards the seashore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;  
 When Jove convened the senate of the skies,  
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.  
 The sire of gods his awful silence broke;  
 The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke: \*  
 "Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear,  
 Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;  
 The fix'd decree which not all heaven can move;  
 Thou, fate! fulfil it! and, ye powers, approve!  
 What god but enters yon forbidden field,  
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven:

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\* "A similar bond of connection, in the military details of the narrative, is the decree issued by Jupiter, at the commencement of the eighth book, against any further interference of the gods in the battles. In the opening of the twentieth book this interdict is withdrawn. During the twelve intermediate books it is kept steadily in view. No interposition takes place but on the part of the specially authorized agents of Jove, or on that of one or two contumacious deities, described as boldly setting his commands at defiance, but checked and reprimanded for their disobedience, while the other divine warriors, who in the previous and subsequent cantos are so active in support of their favorite heroes, repeatedly allude to the supreme edict as the cause of their present inactivity."—Mure, vol. i. p. 257. See, however, Müller, "*Greek Literature*," ch. v. § 6, and Grote, vol. ii. p. 252.

Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown,  
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;  
 As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,\*  
 As from that centre to the ethereal world.  
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes :  
 And know, the Almighty is the god of gods.  
 League all your forces, then, ye powers above,  
 Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove.  
 Let down our golden everlasting chain †  
 Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main  
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
 To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth :  
 Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,  
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ;  
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !  
 For such I reign, unbounded and above ;  
 And such are men, and gods, compared to Jove."

The all-mighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply :  
 A reverend horror silenced all the sky ;  
 Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look ;  
 At length his best-beloved, the power of wisdom, spoke :

"O first and greatest ! God, by gods adored !  
 We own thy might, our father and our lord !  
 But, ah ! permit to pity human state :  
 If not to help, at least lament their fate.  
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  
 With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain ;  
 Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,  
 Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove."

The cloud-compelling god her suit approved,  
 And smiled superior on his best beloved ;

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\* "As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole."—"Paradise Lost."

† "E quanto è da le stelle al basso inferno,  
 Tanto è più in sù de la stell'ata spera."—Gier. Lib. i. 7.

"Some of the epithets which Homer applies to the heavens seem to imply that he considered it as a solid vault of metal. But it is not necessary to construe these epithets so literally, nor to draw any such inference from his description of Atlas, who holds the lofty pillars which keep earth and heaven asunder. Yet it would seem, from the manner in which the height of heaven is compared with the depth of Tartarus, that the region of light was thought to have certain bounds. The summit of the Thessalian Olympus was regarded as the highest point on the earth, and it is not always carefully distinguished from the ærian regions above. The idea of a seat of the gods—perhaps derived from a more ancient tradition, in which it was not attached to any geographical site—seems to be indistinctly blended in the poet's mind with that of the real mountain."—Thirlwall's Greece, vol. i. p. 217, sq.

"Now lately heav'n, earth, another world  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
 To that side heav'n."—"Paradise Lost," ii. 1004.

Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took ;  
 The stedfast firmament beneath them shook :  
 Rapt by the ethereal steeds the chariot roll'd ;  
 Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold :  
 Of heaven's undrossy gold the gods array,  
 Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.  
 High on the throne he shines : his coursers fly  
 Between the extended earth and starry sky.  
 But when to Ida's topmost height he came,  
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game,)  
 Where o'er her pointed summits proudly raised,  
 His fane breathed odors, and his altar blazed :  
 There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire  
 Of gods and men released the steeds of fire :  
 Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embraced ;  
 High on the cloudy point his seat he placed ;  
 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
 The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  
 And buckled on their shining arms with haste.  
 Troy roused as soon ; for on this dreadful day  
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;  
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain .  
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground :  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound ;  
 And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,  
 To lances lances, shields to shields opposed,  
 Host against host with shadowy legends drew,  
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew ;  
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ;  
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.  
 Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,  
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.  
 But when the sun the height of heaven ascends,  
 The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,\*

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\* *His golden scales.*

"Jove now, sole arbiter of peace and war,"  
 Held forth the fatal balance from afar ;  
 Each host he weighs ; by turns they both prevail,  
 Till Troy descending fix'd the doubtful scale."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, v. 687, sqq.

"Oh' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,

With equal hand : in these explored the fate  
 Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weight  
 Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies  
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.  
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads ;  
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads ;  
 Thick lightnings flash ; the muttering thunder rolls ;  
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.  
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;  
 The gods in terrors, and the skies on fire.  
 Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,  
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war :  
 Nor he, the king of war, the alarm sustain'd  
 Nestor alone, amidst the storm remain'd.  
 Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart  
 Had pierced his courser in a mortal part ;  
 Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing man  
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain ;  
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.  
 Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed  
 The encumber'd chariot from the dying steed,  
 When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,  
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.  
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand  
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,  
 But Diomed beheld ; from forth the crowd  
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud

“ Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run ?  
 Oh, flight unworthy great Laërtes' son !  
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
 Pierced in the back, a vile, dishonest wound ?  
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage  
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.”  
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,  
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.  
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,  
 A single warrior midst a host of foes ;  
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring  
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king :  
 “ Great perils, father ! wait the unequal fight ;

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Wherein all things created first he weighed ;  
 The pendulous round earth, with balanced air  
 In counterpoise ; now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms. In these he puts two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight :  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.”

“ Paradise Lost,” iv. 906.

These younger champions will oppress thy might.  
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigor glow,  
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.  
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car  
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,  
 Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race :  
 These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein ;  
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train ;  
 With these against yon Trojans will we go,  
 Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe ;  
 Fierce as he is, even he may learn to fear  
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear."

Thus said the chief ; and Nestor, skill'd in war,  
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car :  
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold ;  
 Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold :  
 The reverend charioteer directs the course,  
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.  
 Hector they face ; unknowing how to fear,  
 Fierce he drove on ; Tydides whirl'd his spear.  
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,  
 But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.  
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein ;  
 The steeds fly back : he falls, and spurns the plain.  
 Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,  
 Yet unrevenged permits to press the field ;  
 Till, to supply his place and rule the car,  
 Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.  
 And now had death and horror cover'd all ; \*  
 Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall  
 Inclosed had bled : but Jove with awful sound  
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound :  
 Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew ;  
 The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue ;  
 The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight ;  
 And Nestor's trembling hand confessed his fright :  
 He dropp'd the reins : and, shook with sacred dread,  
 Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed :  
 " O chief ! too daring in thy friend's defence  
 Retire advised, and urge the chariot hence.  
 This day, aversè, the sovereign of the skies

\* *And now, &c.*

" And now all heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread ;  
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
 . . . . . foreseen."—"Paradise Lost," vi. 669.

Assists great Hector and our palm denies.  
Some other son may see the happier hour,  
When Grece shall conquer by his heavenly power.  
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move :  
The great will glory to submit to Jove."

"O reverend prince ! (Tydides thus replies)  
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
But ah, what grief ! should haughty Hector boast  
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast.  
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
O'erwhelm me, earth ; and hide a warrior's shame !"

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied : \*  
"Gods ! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride ?  
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast ?  
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,  
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ;  
Not even a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword  
That laid in dust her loved, lamented lord."

He said, and, hasty, o'er the gasping throng  
Drives the swift steeds : the chariot smokes along ;  
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind ;  
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.  
Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,  
Pleased, Hector braves the warrior as he flies.  
"Go, mighty hero ! graced above the rest  
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast :  
Now hope no more those honors from thy train ;  
Go less than women, in the form of man !  
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,  
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,  
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince ! are fled ;  
This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead."

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,  
To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight ;  
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove  
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.  
Great Hector heard ; he saw the flashing light,  
(The sign of conquest,) and thus urged the fight

"Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,  
All famed in war, and dreadful hand to hand.  
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.  
Heard ye the voice of Jove ? Success and fame  
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.

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\* *Gerenian Nestor*. The epithet *Gerenian* either refers to the name of a place where Nestor was educated, or merely signifies honored, revered. See Schol. Vinet. in Il. B. 336 ; Strabo, viii. p. 340.

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,  
Weak bulwarks ; destined by this arm to fall.  
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound.  
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.  
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,  
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand ;  
Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,  
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires."

Furious he said ; then bending o'er the yoke,  
Encouraged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke :

" Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus, urge the chase,  
And thou, Podargus ! prove thy generous race ;  
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
And all your master's well-spent care repay.  
For this, high-fed, in plenteous stalls ye stand,  
Served with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand ;  
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,  
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.  
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd :  
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold ;  
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,  
Vulcanian arms, the labor of a god :  
These if we gain, then victory, ye powers !  
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours ! "

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul ;  
She shook her throne, that shook the starry pole :  
And thus to Neptune : " Thou, whose force can make  
The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,  
Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,  
Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast ?

Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,\*  
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.  
Would all the deities of Greece combine,  
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine :  
Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,  
And see his Trojans to the shades descend :  
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower ;  
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power ! "

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design :  
" What rage, what madness, furious queen ! is thine ?  
I war not with the highest. All above  
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove. "

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might  
Jove gave the glory of the destined fight,  
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields

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\* Ægæ, Helicè. Both these towns were conspicuous for their worship of Neptune.



With close-ranged chariots, and with thicken'd shields.  
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,  
Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,  
A dreadful front ! they shake the brands, and threat  
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.  
The king of men, by Juno's self inspired,  
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fired.  
Swift as he moved, he lifted in his hand  
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.  
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd :  
There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard :  
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,  
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.  
" O Argives ! shame of human race ! (he cried :  
The hollow vessels to his voice replied,)   
Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,  
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore ?  
Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes,  
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows ;  
But who to meet one martial man is found,  
When the fight rages, and the flames surround ?  
O mighty Jove ! O sire of the distress'd !  
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd ?  
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain ;  
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain !  
To thee my vows were breathed from every shore ;  
What altar smoked not with our victims' gore ?  
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.  
Now, gracious god ! far humbler our demand ;  
Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,  
And save the relics of the Grecian land ! "

Thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great father heard  
His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd ;  
The wrath appeased, by happy signs declares,  
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.  
His eagle, sacred bird of heaven ! he sent,  
A fawn his talons truss'd, (divine portent !)   
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,  
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove ;  
Then let the prey before his altar fall ;  
The Greeks beheld, and transport seized on all :  
Encouraged by the sign, the troops revive,  
And fierce on Troy with doubled fury drive.  
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force,  
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,  
Pierced the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,

And dyed his javelin red with Trojan gore.  
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)  
With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire ;  
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd ;  
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast :  
Headlong he quits the car : his arms resound ;  
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.  
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed ;  
The Atridæ first, the Ajaces next succeed :  
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,  
And godlike Idomen, now passed the mound ;  
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,  
And last young Teucer with his bended bow.  
Secure behind the Telamonian shield  
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,  
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,  
Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew :  
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,  
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.  
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,  
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.  
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled ?  
Orsilochus ; then fell Ormenus dead :  
The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,  
With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain :  
Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground ;  
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.  
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,  
A Trojan ghost attending every dart.  
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye  
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly :  
" O youth for ever dear ! (the monarch cried)  
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried ;  
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast !  
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,  
The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace :  
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,  
And the brave boy repays his cares with fame.  
Now hear a monarch's vow : If heaven's high powers  
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers ;  
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,  
The next rich honorary gift be thine :  
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,  
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war :  
Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve,  
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love."

To this the chief: "With praise the rest inspire,  
Nor urge a soul already filled with fire.  
What strength I have, be now in battle tried,  
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed.  
Since rallying from our wall we forced the foe,  
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:  
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,  
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:  
But sure some god denies me to destroy  
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy."

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies  
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:  
He miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorgythio's heart,  
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.  
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,  
This offspring added to king Priam's line.)  
As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,\*  
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;  
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, depress'd  
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.  
Another shaft the raging archer drew,  
That other shaft with erring fury flew,  
(From Hector, Phœbus turn'd the flying wound,)  
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:  
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,  
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.  
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms  
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.  
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld  
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field:  
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,  
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.  
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,  
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.  
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;  
The shaft already to his shoulder drew;  
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,  
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;  
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,  
The furious chief discharged the craggy stone:  
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,  
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.

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\* *As full blown, &c.*

"Il suo Lesbia quasi bel fior succiso,  
E in atto sì gentil languir tremanti  
Gl'occhi, e cader su 'l tergo il collo mira."

Gier. Lib. ix. 85.

He fell : but Ajax his broad shield display'd,  
And screen'd his brother with the mighty shade ;  
Till great Alaster, and Mecistheus, bore  
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.

Troy yet found grace before the Olympian sire,  
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.  
The Greeks repulsed, retreat behind their wall,  
Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,  
With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.  
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,  
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,

Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,  
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels ;  
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew ;  
Thus following, Hector still the hindmost slew.

When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground ;  
Before the ships a desperate stand they made,  
And fired the troops, and called the gods to aid.

Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came :  
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame  
That wither'd all their host : like Mars he stood :  
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god !  
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd ;  
Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid :

" O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield  
The avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield !  
Now, in the moment of her last despair,  
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,  
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,  
And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless hate ?  
Gods ! shall one raging hand thus level all ?  
What numbers fell ! what numbers yet shall fall !  
What power divine shall Hector's rage assuage ?  
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage !"

So spake the imperial regent of the skies ;  
To whom the goddess with the azure eyes :

" Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,  
Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore :  
But he above, the sire of heaven, withstands,  
Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands ;  
The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,  
Forgets my service and deserved reward :  
Saved I, for this, his favorite son distress'd,  
By stern Eurystheus with long labors press'd ?  
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay ;

I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.  
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,  
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;  
The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explored in vain.  
Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,  
At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods;  
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.  
Some future day, perhaps, he may be moved  
To call his blue-eyed maid his best beloved.  
Haste, launch thy chariot, through yon ranks to ride;  
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.  
Then, goddess! say, shall Hector glory then?  
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)  
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,  
All dreadful in the crimson walks of war!  
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,  
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,  
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?"

She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care:  
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir:)  
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,  
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;  
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove  
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.  
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,  
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.  
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends:  
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends:  
Huge, ponderous, strong! that when her fury burns  
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;  
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.  
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,  
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.  
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;  
Close, or unfold, the eternal gates of day,  
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide:  
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.  
But Jove, incensed, from Ida's top survey'd,  
And thus enjoin'd the many-color'd maid.

"Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;  
Against the highest who shall wage the war?  
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,

Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate :  
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Their car in fragments, scatter'd o'er the sky :  
My lightning these rebellions shall confound,  
And hurl them flaming, headlong, to the ground,  
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,  
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.  
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
She claims some title to transgress our will."

Swift as the wind, the various-color'd maid  
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd ;  
To great Olympus' shining gate she flies,  
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,  
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.

"What frenzy goddesses ! what rage can move  
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove ?  
Desist, obedient to his high command :  
This is his word ; and know his word shall stand :  
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,  
And hurl ye headlong, flaming, to the ground ;  
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky ;  
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,  
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.  
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
She claims some title to transgress his will :  
But thee, what desperate insolence has driven  
To lift thy lance against the king of heaven ?"

Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,  
She flew ; and Juno thus her rage resign'd :  
"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield  
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !  
No more let beings of superior birth  
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth ;  
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,  
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain :  
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find ;  
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind."

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,  
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.  
The Hours unloosed them, panting as they stood,  
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls ;  
The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls.  
The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd,  
Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight  
From Ida's summits to the Olympian height.  
Swifter than thought, the wheels instinctive fly,  
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.  
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,  
And fix the car on its immortal base ;  
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,  
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.  
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,  
The eternal Thunderer sat, enthroned in gold.  
High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,  
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.  
Trembling afar the offending powers appear'd,  
Confused and silent, for his frown they fear'd.  
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts :  
" Pallas and Juno ! say, why heave your hearts ?  
Soon was your battle o'er : proud Troy retired  
Before your face, and in your wrath expired.  
But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand !  
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand :  
Who shall the sovereign of the skies control ?  
Not all the gods that crown the starry pole.  
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,  
And each immortal nerve with horror shake.  
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand :  
What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,  
On this our hill no more shall hold his place ;  
Cut off, and exiled from the ethereal race."

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,  
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.  
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress'd ;  
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies :  
" What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies !  
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne ;  
'Tis thine to punish ; ours to grieve alone.  
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate  
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate.  
From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain ;  
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,  
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove."

The goddess thus ; and thus the god replies,

Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies

“The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms,  
Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms.  
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,  
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.  
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,  
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,  
Even till the day when certain fates ordain  
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)  
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.  
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course  
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.  
Fly, if thy wilt, to earth’s remotest bound,  
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;  
Where cursed Iāpetus and Saturn dwell,  
Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell;  
No sun e’er gilds the gloomy horrors there;  
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air:  
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;  
And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand.”

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:  
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay’d;  
The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls  
A martial council near the navy walls;  
These to Scamander’s bank apart he led,  
Where thinly scatter’d lay the heaps of dead.  
The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,  
Attend his order, and their prince surround.  
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,  
Of full ten cubits was the lance’s length;  
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,  
Fix’d to the wood with circling rings of gold:  
The noble Hector on his lance reclined,  
And, bending forward, thus reveal’d his mind:

“Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!  
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!  
This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame  
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame  
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,  
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.  
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours  
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.  
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,  
And strengthening bread and generous wine be brought.  
Wide o’er the field, high blazing to the sky,



Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,  
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,  
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays ;  
Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,  
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.  
Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main ;  
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,  
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,  
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,  
And warn their children from a Trojan war.  
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,  
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call ;  
To bid the sires with hoary honor's crown'd,  
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,  
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers ;  
Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,  
The insidious foe the naked town invade.  
Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey ;  
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.  
The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand  
From these detested foes to free the land,  
Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way :  
For Trojan vultures a predestined prey.  
Our common safety must be now the care ;  
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,  
Sheathed in bright arms let every troop engage,  
And the fired fleet behold the battle rage.  
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove  
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove.  
To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious morn !)  
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,  
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gored,  
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.  
Certain as this, oh ! might my days endure,  
From age inglorious, and black death secure ;  
So might my life and glory know no bound,  
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd !  
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.'

The leader spoke. From all his host around  
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.  
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied,  
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.  
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.

Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore :  
 The winds to heaven the curling vapors bore.  
 Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers ! \*  
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers :  
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace ;  
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground.  
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night, †  
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head :  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

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\* *Ungrateful*, because the cause in which they were engaged was unjust.

" Struck by the lab'ring priests' uplifted hands  
 The victims fall : to heaven they make their pray'r,  
 The curling vapors load the ambient air.  
 But vain their toil : the pow'rs who rule the skies  
 Averse beheld the ungrateful sacrifice."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, vi. 527, sqq.

† " As when about the silver moon, when aire is free from winde,  
 And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beams high prospects on the brows  
 Of all steepe hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,  
 And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight ;  
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
 And all the signs in heaven are scene, that glad the shepherd's heart "

Cha. man.

## BOOK IX.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;  
 While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,\*  
 And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,  
 Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.  
 As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,  
 A double tempest of the west and north  
 Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,  
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar:  
 This way and that the boiling deeps are toss'd:  
 Such various passions urged the troubled host,  
 Great Agamemnon grieved above the rest;  
 Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;  
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,  
 To bid to council all the Grecian peers,  
 But bid in whispers: these surround their chief,  
 In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.  
 The king amidst the mournful circle rose:  
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows.  
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,  
 In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.  
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;

\* This flight of the Greeks, according to Buttmann, Lexil. p. 358, was not a supernatural flight caused by the gods, but "a great and general one, caused by Hector and the Trojans, but with the approval of Jove."

Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast :

“Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care ;

Fellows in arms and princes of the war !

Of partial Jove too justly we complain,

And heavenly oracles believed in vain.

A safe return was promised to our toils,

With conquest honor'd and enrich'd with spoils :

Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;

Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.

So Jove decrees, almighty lord of all !

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,

Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,

And towers and armies humbles to the dust.

Haste then, forever quit these fatal fields,

Haste to the joys our native country yields ;

Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,

Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.”

He said : deep silence held the Grecian band .

Silent, unmov'd in dire dismay they stand ;

A pensive scene ! till Tydeus' warlike son

Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun :

“When kings advise us to renounce our fame,

First let him speak who first has suffer'd shame.

If I oppose thee, prince ! thy wrath withhold,

The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,

Durst brand my courage, and defame my might :

Nor from a friend the unkind reproach appear'd,

The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.

The gods, O chief ! from whom our honors spring,

The gods have made thee but by halves a king :

They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command ;

They gave dominion o'er the seas and land ;

The noblest power that might the world control

They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.

Is this a general's voice, that would suggest

Fears like his own to every Grecian breast ?

Confiding in our want of worth, he stands ;

And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.

Go thou, inglorious ! from the embattled plain ;

Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main ;

A noble care the Grecians shall employ,

To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.

Here Greece shall stay ; or, if all Greece retire,

Myself shall stay, till Troy or I expire ;

Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame ;

God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.”

He ceased ; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,  
And voice to voice resounds Tydides praise.  
Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd ;  
He spoke : the host in still attention heard. \*

"O truly great ! in whom the gods have join'd  
Such strength of body with such force of mind :  
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,  
Still first to act what you advise so well.  
These wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,  
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.  
Kings thou canst blame ; a bold but prudent youth :  
And blame even kings with praise, because with truth.  
And yet those years that since thy birth have run  
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.  
Then let me add what yet remains behind,  
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind ;  
Age bids me speak ! nor shall the advice I bring  
Distaste the people, or offend the king :

"Cursed the man, and void of law and right,  
Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
Unfit for public rule, or private care,  
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war ;  
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,  
To tear his country, and his kind destroy !  
This night, refresh and fortify thy train ;  
Between the trench and wall let guards remain :  
Be that the duty of the young and bold ;  
But thou, O king, to council call the old ;  
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares ;  
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.  
With Thracian wines recruit thy honor'd guests,  
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.  
Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd,  
And such a monarch as can choose the best.  
See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,  
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires !  
Who can, unmoved, behold the dreadful light ?  
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night ?  
This dreadful interval determines all ;  
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall."

Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;  
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.  
His son was first to pass the lofty mound,

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\* Grote, vol. ii. p. 91, after noticing the modest calmness and respect with which Nestor addresses Agamemnon, observes, "The Homeric Council is a purely consultative body, assembled not with any power of peremptorily arresting mischievous resolves of the king, but solely for his information and guidance."

The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd :  
Next him, Ascalaphus, Iälmen stood,  
The double offspring of the warrior-god :  
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,  
And Lycomed of Creon's noble line.  
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,  
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.  
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,  
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on public counsels bent,  
Convened the princes in his ample tent ;  
Each seized a portion of the kingly feast,  
But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceased.  
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approved,  
And slowly rising, thus the council moved.

“ Monarch of nations ! whose superior sway  
Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,  
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,  
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.  
O king ! the counsels of my age attend :  
With thee my cares begin, with thee must end :  
Thee, prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear,  
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,  
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,  
And ratify the best for public good :  
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,  
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.  
Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste,  
At once my present judgment and my past,  
When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid,  
I first opposed, and faithful, durst dissuade ;  
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,  
You wronged the man, by men and gods admired :  
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,  
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.”

To whom the king. “ With justice hast thou shown  
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.  
That happy man, whom Jove still honors most,  
Is more than armies, and himself a host.  
Bless'd in his love, this wondrous hero stands ;  
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.  
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage  
The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.  
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, \*

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\* In the heroic times, it is not unfrequent for the king to receive presents to purchase freedom from his wrath, or immunity from his exactions. Such gifts gradually became regular, and formed the income of the German (Tacit. Germ. § 15), Persian

Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow :  
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould :  
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,  
 And still victorious in the dusty course  
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed  
 The prizes purchased by their winged speed) ;  
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,  
 When Lesbos sank beneath the hero's arms :  
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,  
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid ;  
 With all her charms, Briseïs I resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine ;  
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,  
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves,\*  
 These instant shall be his ; and if the powers  
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,  
 Then shall he store (when Greece the spoils divides)  
 With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides :  
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace,  
 Such as himself will choose ; who yield to none,  
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
 Yet hear me further : when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
 There shall he live my son, our honors share,  
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.  
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed ;  
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair, †  
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair ;

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(Herodot. iii. 89), and other kings. So, too, in the middle ages, "The feudal aids are the beginning of taxation, of which they for a long time answered the purpose." (Hallam, Middle Ages, ch. x. pt. 1, p. 189.) This fact frees Achilles from the apparent charge of sordidness. Plato, however (De Rep. vi. 4), says, "We cannot commend Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as if he spoke correctly, when counselling him to accept of presents and assist the Greeks, but, without presents, not to desist from his wrath ; nor again, should we commend Achilles himself, or approve of his being so covetous as to receive presents from Agamemnon," &c.

\* It may be observed, that, brief as is the mention of Briseïs in the Iliad, and small the part she plays—what little is said is pre-eminently calculated to enhance her fitness to be the bride of Achilles. Purity, and retiring delicacy, are features well contrasted with the rough, but tender disposition of the hero.

† *Laodice*. Iphianassa, or Iphigenia, is not mentioned by Homer, among the daughters of Agamemnon.

Her let him choose whom most his eyes approve,  
 I ask no presents, no reward for love :  
 Myself will give the dower ; so vast a store  
 As never father gave a child before.  
 Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,  
 Him Enopé, and Pheræ him obey,  
 Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd ;  
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
 And rich Antheia with her flowery fields : \*  
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main.  
 There heifers graze, and laboring oxen toil ;  
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil ;  
 There shall he reign, with power and justice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around.  
 All this I give, his vengeance to control,  
 And sure all this may move his mighty sou.  
 Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,  
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,  
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,  
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.  
 Great though he be, it fits him to obey ;  
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway."

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor then :  
 "Great Agamemnon ! glorious king of men !  
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,  
 And such as fits a generous king to make.  
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent  
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent :  
 Let Phoenix lead, revered for hoary age,  
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.  
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,  
 Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.  
 Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands ;  
 Pray in deep silence,† and with purest hands."‡  
 He said ; and all approved. The heralds bring  
 The cleansing water from the living spring.  
 The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,

\* "Agamemnon, when he offers to transfer to Achilles seven towns inhabited by wealthy husbandmen, who would enrich their lord by presents and tribute, seems likewise to assume rather a property in them, than an authority over them. And the same thing may be intimated when it is said that Peleus bestowed a great people, the Dolopes of Phthia, on Phoenix."—Thirlwall's Greece, vol. i. § 6, p. 162, note.

† *Pray in deep silence.* Rather : "use well-omened words ;" or, as Kennedy has explained it, "Abstain from expressions unsuitable to the solemnity of the occasion, which, by offending the god, might defeat the object of their supplications."

‡ *Purest hands.* This is one of the most ancient superstitions respecting prayer, and one founded as much in nature as in tradition.



And large libations drench'd the sands around.  
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,  
Then from the royal tent they take their way ;  
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,  
Forbids to offend, instructs them to apply ;  
Much he advised them all, Ulysses most,  
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.  
Through the still night they march, and hear the roar  
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.  
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,  
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,  
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,  
And calm the rage of stern *Æacides*.  
And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay  
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay ;  
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,  
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.  
(The well wrought harp from conquered Thebæ came ;  
Of polished silver was its costly frame.)  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.  
Patroclus only of the royal train,  
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain :  
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,  
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.  
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds  
To his high tent ; the great Ulysses leads.  
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,  
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.  
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son :  
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun :

“ Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,  
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;  
Welcome, though Greeks ! for not as foes ye came :  
To me more dear than all that bear the name.”

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,  
And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.  
Then thus—“ Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,  
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.  
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
Thy friend most honors these, and these thy friend.”

He said : Patroclus, o'er the blazing fire  
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire :  
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains.  
Achilles at the genial feast presides,  
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.

Meanwhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to raise ;  
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :  
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,  
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,  
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns  
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;  
With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd ;  
Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,  
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.  
The first fat offering to the immortals due,  
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;  
Then each, indulging in the social feast,  
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.  
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign :  
Not unperceived ; Ulysses crown'd with wine  
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,  
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

“ Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests !  
Not those more honor'd whom Atreides feasts :  
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,  
That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;  
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
Nor eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.  
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear !  
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;  
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,  
And owns no help but from thy saving hands :  
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ;  
Their threatening tents already shade our wall :  
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,  
And point at every ship their vengeful flame !  
For them the father of the gods declares,  
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.  
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !  
See ! heaven and earth the raging chief defies ;  
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes !  
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame  
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.  
Heavens ! how my country's woes distract my mind,  
Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd !  
And must we, gods ! our heads inglorious lay  
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?  
Return, Achilles : oh return, though late,  
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of Fate ;  
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,  
Rise to redeem ; ah, yet to conquer, rise !

The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,  
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain :  
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave !  
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.  
When Peleus in his aged arms embraced  
His parting son, these accents were his last :  
“ My child ! with strength, with glory, and success,  
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless !  
Trust that to Heaven : but thou, thy cares engage  
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage :  
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
And shun contention, the sure source of woe ;  
That young and old may in thy praise combine,  
The virtues of humanity be thine——’  
This now-despised advice thy father gave ;  
Ah ! check thy anger ; and be truly brave.  
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides’ prayers,  
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ;  
If not—but hear me, while I number o’er  
The proffer’d presents, an exhaustless store.  
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould ;  
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;  
Twelve steeds unmatch’d in fleetness and in force,  
And still victorious in the dusty course  
(Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed  
The prizes purchased by their winged speed) ;  
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
Skill’d in each art, unmatch’d in form divine,  
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,  
When Lesbos sank beneath thy conquering arms.  
All these, to buy thy friendship shall be paid,  
And, join’d with these, the long-contested maid ;  
With all her charms, Briseis he’ll resign,  
And solemn swear those charms were only thine .  
Untouch’d she stay’d, uninjured she removes,  
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
These instant shall be thine ; and if the powers  
Give to our arms proud Ilion’s hostile towers,  
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
With gold and brass thy loaded navy’s sides.  
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace ;  
Such as thyself shall choose ; who yield to none,  
Or yield to Helen’s heavenly charms alone.  
Yet hear me further : when our wars are o’er,

If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
There shalt thou live his son, his honor share,  
And with Orestes' self divide his care.  
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,  
And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,  
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair:  
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;  
He asks no presents, no reward for love:  
Himself will give the dower; so vast a store  
As never father gave a child before.  
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
The Enopé and Phæræ thee obey,  
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:  
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields;  
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
Along the verdant margin of the main.  
There heifers graze, and laboring oxen toil;  
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.  
There shalt thou reign, with power and justice crown'd,  
And rule the tributary realms around.  
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,  
Such the repentance of a suppliant king.  
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,  
If honor and if interest plead in vain,  
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,  
And be, amongst her guardian gods, adored.  
If no regard thy suffering country claim,  
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:  
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,  
Proud Hector, now, the unequal fight demands,  
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands."

Then thus the goddess-born: "Ulysses, hear  
A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear;  
What in my secret soul is understood,  
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.  
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:  
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

"Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,  
Which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend;  
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,  
But now the unfruitful glories charm no more.

Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,  
The wretch and hero find their prize the same.  
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.  
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
A life of labors, lo! what fruit remains?  
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
From danger guards them, and from want defends;  
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
And with the untasted food supplies her care:  
For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,  
Her wives, her infants, by my labors saved;  
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,  
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.  
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,\*  
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:  
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid  
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd;  
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.  
Some present, too, to every prince was paid;  
And every prince enjoys the gift he made:  
I only must refund, of all his train;  
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!  
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights:  
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:  
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;  
But what's the quarrel, then, of Greece to Troy?  
What to these shores the assembled nations draws,  
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?  
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face  
Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race?  
The wife whom choice and passion doth approve,  
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.  
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;  
Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame.  
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;  
Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.  
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,  
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.  
What needs he the defence this arm can make?  
Has he not walls no human force can shake?

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\* It must be recollected that the war at Troy was not a settled siege, and that many of the chieftains busied themselves in piratical expeditions about its neighborhood. Such a one was that of which Achilles now speaks. From the following verses, it is evident that the fruits of these maraudings went to the common support of the expedition, and not to the successful plunderer.

Has he not fenced his guarded navy round  
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?  
And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?  
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)  
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;  
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait  
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;  
He tried it once, and scarce was saved by fate.  
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;  
To-morrow we the favoring gods implore;  
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,  
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.  
The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails \*  
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;  
Pthia to her Achilles shall restore  
The wealth he left for this detested shore.  
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,  
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass:  
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,  
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.  
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,  
And that resumed—the fair Lyrnessian slave.  
Then tell him: loud, that all the Greeks may hear,  
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear  
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;  
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes  
Is what he dares not: if he dares he dies);  
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
Nor share his council, nor his battle join;  
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice were mine,  
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives  
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives.  
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind  
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind,  
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,  
And all his rapine could from others wrest:  
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown  
The many-peopled Orchomenian town; †

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\* *Pthia*, the capital of Achilles' Thessalian domains.

† *Orchomenian town*. The topography of Orchomenus, in Boeotia, "situated," as it was, "on the northern bank of the lake *Æpais*, which receives not only the river *Cephissus* from the valleys of Phocis, but also other rivers from *Parnassus* and *Helicon*" (Grote, vol. i. p. 131), was a sufficient reason for its prosperity and decay. "As long as the channels of these waters were diligently watched and kept clear, a large portion of the lake was in the condition of alluvial land, pre-eminently rich and fertile. But when the channels came to be either neglected, or designedly choked up

Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,  
 The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain  
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,  
 And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,  
 Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars  
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars); \*  
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more  
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;  
 Should all these offers for my friendship call,  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.  
 Atreides' daughter never shall be led  
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;  
 Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,  
 And vied with Pallas in the works of art;  
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,  
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.  
 If heaven restore me to my realms with life,  
 The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife;  
 Thessalian nymphs there are of form divine,  
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.  
 Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away,  
 Content with just hereditary sway;  
 There, deaf forever to the martial strife,  
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.  
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold.  
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,  
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,  
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day!  
 Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,  
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:  
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled,  
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.  
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,  
 And each alternate, life or fame, proposed;  
 Here, if I say, before the Trojan town,  
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown:  
 If I return, I quit immortal praise  
 For years on years, and long-extended days.  
 Convinced, though late, I find my fond mistake,  
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make;  
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,  
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

by an enemy, the water accumulated in such a degree as to occupy the soil of more than one ancient islet, and to occasion the change of the site of Orchomenus itself from the plain to the declivity of Mount Hyphanteion." (*Ibid.*)

\* The phrase "hundred gates," &c., seems to be merely expressive of a great number. See notes to my prose translation, p. 162.

Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies !  
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.  
Go then to Greece, report our fix'd design ;  
Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,  
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,  
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from fire.  
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :  
Ye find, Achilles is unconquered still.  
Go then—digest my message as ye may—  
But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay .  
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand  
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.  
But whether he remain or sail with me,  
His age be sacred, and his will be free."

The son of Peleus ceased : the chiefs around  
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,  
Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose  
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows) ;  
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,  
With accent weak these tender words return'd.

" Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,  
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?  
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,  
How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind ?  
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast  
He sent thee early to the Achaian host ;  
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,  
And new to perils of the direful field :  
He bade me teach thee all ways of war,  
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.  
Never, ah, never let me leave thy side !  
No time shall part us, and no fate divide,  
Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore  
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,  
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames  
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames),  
My father faithless to my mother's arms,  
Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms.  
I tried what youth could do (at her desire)  
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.  
My sire with curses loads my hated head,  
And cries, ' Ye furies ! barren be his bed.'  
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,  
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.  
Despair and grief distract my laboring mind !  
Gods ! what a crime my impious heart design'd !  
I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress'd)



To plunge the poniard in my father's breast ;  
 Then meditate my flight : my friends in vain  
 With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.  
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,  
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine ;  
 Strong guards they placed, and watch'd nine nights entire ;  
 The roofs and porches flamed with constant fire.  
 The tenth, I forced the gates, unseen of all :  
 And favor'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall,  
 My travels thence through spacious Greece extend ;  
 In Phthia's court at last my labors end.  
 Your sire received me, as his son caress'd,  
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.  
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,  
 And all the coast that runs along the main.  
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,  
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd :  
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave :  
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.  
 Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;  
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)  
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix would'st thou stand ;  
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.\*  
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,  
 The tender labors, the compliant cares ;  
 The gods (I thought) reversed their hard decree,  
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee :  
 Thy growing virtues justified my cares,  
 And promised comfort to my silver hairs.  
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ;  
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :

\* Compare the following pretty lines of Quintus Calaber (Dyce's Select Translations, p. 88) :—

“ Many gifts he gave, and o'er  
 Dolopia bade me rule : thee in his arms  
 He brought an infant, on my bosom laid  
 The precious charge, and anxiously enjoin'd  
 That I should rear thee as my own with all  
 A parent's love. I fail'd not in my trust ;  
 And oft, while round my neck thy hands were lock'd,  
 From thy sweet lips the half-articulate sound  
 Of Father came ; and oft, as children use,  
 Mewling and puking didst thou drench my tunic.”

“ This description,” observes my learned friend (notes, p. 121), “ is taken from the passage of Homer, *Il. ix.*, in translating which, Pope, with that squeamish, artificial taste, which distinguished the age of Anne, omits the natural (and, let me add, affecting) circumstance.”

“ And the wine  
 Held to thy lips ; and many a time in fits  
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice  
 Rejecting, thou hast deluged all my vest,  
 And fill'd my bosom.”—Cowper.

The gods (the only great, and only wise)  
Are moved by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;  
Offending man their high compassion wins,  
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.  
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,  
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;  
With humble mein, and with dejected eyes,  
Constant they follow, where injustice flies:  
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined,  
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,  
While Prayers, to heal her wrongs move slow behind.  
Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,  
For him they mediate to the throne above:  
When man rejects the humble suit they make,  
The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;  
From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then  
Descends to punish unrelenting men.  
O let not headlong passion bear the sway  
These reconciling goddesses obey:  
Due honors to the seed of Jove belong,  
Due honors calm the fierce, and bend the strong.  
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,  
Were rage still harbor'd in the haughty king;  
Nor Greece nor all her fortunes should engage  
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.  
But since what honor asks the general sends,  
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,  
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;  
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!  
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,  
A great example drawn from times of old;  
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,  
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.  
"Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands \*  
Once fought the Ætolian and Curetian bands;  
To guard it those; to conquer, these advance;  
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.  
The silver Cynthia bade contention rise,  
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;  
On Ceneus fields she sent a monstrous boar,  
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:  
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)  
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain,

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\* *Where Calydon.* For a good sketch of the story of Meleager, too long to be inserted here, see Grote, vol. i. p. 195, sqq.; and for the authorities, see my notes to the prose translation, p. 166.

Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,  
The neighbor nations thence commencing foes.  
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,  
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd :  
Till rage at length inflamed his lofty breast  
(For rage invades the wisest and the best.)  
"Cursed by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,  
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.  
(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,  
And matchless Idas, more than man in war :  
The god of day adored the mother's charms ;  
Against the god the father bent his arms :  
The afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,  
From Cleopatra changed their daughter's name,  
And call'd Alcyone ; a name to show  
The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe).  
To her the chief retired from stern debate,  
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate :  
Althæa's hate the unhappy warrior drew,  
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew ;  
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath  
On her own son to wreak her brother's death ;  
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,  
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.  
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,  
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.  
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,  
Priests of the gods, and elders of the land ;  
Besought the chief to save the sinking state :  
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great  
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,  
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd):  
His suppliant father, aged Ceneus, came ;  
His sisters follow'd ; even the vengeful dame,  
Althæa, sues ; his friends before him fall :  
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.  
Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;  
The walls are scaled ; the rolling flames arise ;  
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,  
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;  
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,  
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,  
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslaved ;  
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved.  
The Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,  
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.  
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire.

Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire ;  
Accept the presents ; draw thy conquering sword ;  
And be amongst our guardian gods adored."

Thus he : the stern Achilles thus replied :  
" My second father, and my reverend guide :  
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,  
And ask no honors from a mortal's hands ;  
Jove honors me, and favors my designs ;  
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines ;  
And here I stay (if such his high behest)  
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.  
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart :  
No more molest me on Atrides' part :  
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,  
For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?  
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;  
One should our interests and our passions be ;  
My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part ;  
And share my realms, my honors, and my heart.  
Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,  
Rest undetermined till the dawning day."

He ceased ; then order'd for the sage's bed  
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.  
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,  
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke :

" Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?  
See what effect our low submissions gain !  
Liked or not liked, his words we must relate,  
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.  
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains  
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.  
Stern and un pitying ! if a brother bleed,  
On just atonement, we remit the deed ;  
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives ;  
The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives :  
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.\*  
The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,  
And cursed thee with a mind that cannot yield.

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\* *Gifts can conquer.* It is well observed by Bishop Thirlwall, "Greece," vol. i. p. 180, that "the law of honor among the Greeks did not compel them to treasure up in their memory the offensive language which might be addressed to them by a passionate adversary, nor to conceive that it left a stain which could only be washed away by blood. Even for real and deep injuries they were commonly willing to accept a pecuniary compensation."

One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms :  
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.  
Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ;  
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;  
And know the men of all the Grecian host,  
Who honor worth, and prize thy valor most."

" O soul of battles, and thy people's guide !  
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied)  
Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyant's name  
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame :  
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave :  
Disgraced, dishonor'd, like the vilest slave !  
Return, then, heroes ! and our answer bear,  
The glorious combat is no more my care ;  
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,  
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main ;  
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thro' m,  
Consume your vessels, and approach my own ;  
Just there, the impetuous homicide shall stand,  
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand."

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,  
And cast a large libation on the ground ;  
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,  
The chiefs return ; divine Ulysses leads.  
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed,  
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread :  
There, till the sacred morn restored the day,  
In slumber sweet the reverend Phœnix lay.  
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,  
Achilles slept ; and in his warm embrace  
Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared,  
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shared ;  
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms  
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.

And now the elected chiefs whom Greece had sent,  
Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent,  
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,  
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands  
Hailed their return : Atrides first begun :

" Say what success ? divine Laertes' son !  
Achilles' high resolves declare to all :  
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall ?"

" Great king of nations ! (Ithacus replied)  
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ;  
He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,  
And, thus implored, with fiercer fury burns.

To save our army, and our fleets to free,  
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.  
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,  
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly;  
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,  
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;  
For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,  
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.  
Such was his word: what further he declared,  
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.  
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,  
Safe to transport him to his native plains  
When morning dawns; if other he decree,  
His age is sacred, and his choice is free."

Ulysses ceased: the great Achaian host,  
With sorrow seized, in consternation lost,  
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke  
The general silence, and undaunted spoke.

"Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send,  
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?  
His country's woes he glories to deride,  
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.  
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd,  
Our battles let him or desert or aid;  
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit:  
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:  
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;  
This night, let due repast refresh our powers  
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,  
And those are owed to generous wine and food);  
But when the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,  
Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine  
In flaming arms, a long-extended line:  
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,  
The first in danger, as in high command."

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,  
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;  
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows  
The grateful blessings of desired repose.\*

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\* "The boon of sleep."—Milton.

## BOOK X.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaüs, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success ; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues ; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,  
 And lost in sleep the labors of the day :  
 All but the king : with various thoughts oppress'd,\*  
 His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.  
 As when by lightnings Jove's æthereal power  
 Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty shower,  
 Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,  
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;  
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,  
 And heaven flames thick with momentary fires :  
 So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,  
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess'd.  
 Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys  
 From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze ;  
 Hears in the passing wind their music blow,  
 And marks distinct the voices of the foe.  
 Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,  
 Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.  
 He rends his hair, in sacrifice to Jove,  
 And sues to him that ever lives above :  
 Inly he groans ; while glory and despair  
 Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

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\* " All else of nature's common gift partake :  
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake."—Dryden's *Virgil*, iv. 767.

A thousand cares his laboring breast revolves;  
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,  
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate  
What yet remains to save the afflicted state.  
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,  
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;  
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;  
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.  
Meanwhile his brother, pressed with equal woes,  
Alike denied the gifts of soft repose,  
Laments for Greece, that in his cause before  
So much had suffer'd and must suffer more.  
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread.  
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:  
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went  
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.  
Already waked, Atrides he descried,  
His armor buckling at his vessel's side.  
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:  
"Why puts my brother his bright armor on?  
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,  
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?  
But say, what hero shall sustain that task?  
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;  
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,  
And midst a hostile camp explore the foe."  
To whom the king: "In such distress we stand,  
No vulgar counsel our affairs demand;  
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,  
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.  
For Jove, averse, our humble prayer denies,  
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.  
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believed,  
In one great day, by one great arm achieved,  
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,  
And we beheld, the last revolving sun?  
What honors the beloved of Jove adorn!  
Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born;  
Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,  
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.  
"Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,  
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;  
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;  
To keep the guards on duty be his care  
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,  
Whose son with Merion, o'er the watch presides)".  
To whom the Spartan: "These thy orders borne,



Say, shall I stay, or with despatch return ?”  
“ There shalt thou stay (the king of men replied),  
Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,  
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.  
Still, with your voice the slothful soldiers raise,  
Urge by their fathers’ fame their future praise.  
Forget we now our state and lofty birth ;  
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.  
To labor is the lot of man below ;  
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.”

This said, each parted to his several cares :

The king to Nestor’s sable ship repairs ;  
The sage protector of the Greeks he found  
Stretch’d in his bed with all his arms around ;  
The various-color’d scarf, the shield he rears,  
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears ;  
The dreadful weapons of the warrior’s rage,  
That, old in arms, disdain’d the peace of age.  
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,  
The hoary monarch raised his eyes and said :

“ What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,  
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone ;  
Seek’st thou some friend or nightly sentinel ?  
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.”

“ O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoind’),  
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind !  
Lo, here the wretched Agamemnon stands,  
The unhappy general of the Grecian bands,  
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,  
And woes, that only with his life shall end !  
Scarce can my knees those trembling limbs sustain,  
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.  
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known,  
Confused, and sad, I wander thus alone,  
With fears distracted, with no fix’d design ;  
And all my people’s miseries are mine.  
If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest  
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest),  
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;  
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,  
At every gate the fainting guard excite,  
Tired with the toils of day and watch of night ;  
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,  
So near, and favor’d by the gloomy shade.”

To him thus Nestor : “ Trust the powers above,  
Nor think proud Hector’s hopes confirm’d by Jove :  
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,

And the wise counsels of the eternal mind !  
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain  
That great Achilles rise and rage again,  
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain !  
Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys ;  
The care is next our other chiefs to raise :  
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need ;  
Meges for strength, Oileus famed for speed.  
Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet,  
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,  
Where lie great Ajax and the king of Crete.\*  
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ;  
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,  
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share  
With his great brother in his martial care :  
Him it behoved to every chief to sue,  
Preventing every part perform'd by you ;  
For strong necessity our toils demands,  
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands."

To whom the king : " With reverence we allow  
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now :  
My generous brother is of gentle kind,  
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;  
Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,  
Content to follow when we lead the way :  
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,  
Long ere the rest he rose, and sought my tent  
The chiefs you named, already at his call,  
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall ;  
Assembling there, between the trench and gates  
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits."

" Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,  
For great examples justify command."  
With that, the venerable warrior rose ;  
The shining greaves his manly legs enclose ;  
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,  
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lined.  
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste  
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.  
The camp he traversed through the sleeping crowd,  
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.  
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,  
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.  
" What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,  
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night ?"

\* *The king of Crete* : Idomeneus.

"O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage replied)  
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried:  
Whatever means of safety can be sought,  
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,  
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;  
All, all depend on this important night!"  
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield;  
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field  
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,  
All sheathed in arms, his brave companions round:  
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,  
His head reclining on his bossy shield.  
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,  
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.  
A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed;  
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.  
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes  
The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:

"Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong  
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.  
But sleep'st thou now, when from yon hill the foe  
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?"

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;  
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said:  
"Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows  
Though years and honors bid thee seek repose,  
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;  
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake."

"My friend (he answered), generous is thy care;  
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear;  
Their loyal thoughts and pious love conspire  
To ease a sovereign and relieve a sire:  
But now the last despair surrounds our host;  
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost:  
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,  
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:  
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,  
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:  
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest:  
He serves me most, who serves his country best."

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung  
A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung;  
Then seized his ponderous lance, and strode along.  
Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed,  
The warrior roused, and to the entrenchments lead.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;  
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:

The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep,  
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.  
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,  
With toil protected from the prowling train;  
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,  
Springs from the mountains toward the guarded fold :  
Through breaking woods her rustling course they hear ;  
Loud, and more loud, the clamors strike their ear  
Of hounds and men ; they start, they gaze around,  
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.  
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,  
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes :  
Each step of passing feet increased the affright ;  
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.  
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,  
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade.  
" 'Tis well, my sons ! your nightly cares employ ;  
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.  
Watch thus, and Greece shall live." The hero said ;  
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.  
His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind  
(For these the princes to their council join'd).  
The trenches pass'd, the assembled kings around  
In silent state the consistory crown'd.  
A place there was, yet undefiled with gore,  
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before ;  
When night descending, from his vengeful hand  
Reprieved the relics of the Grecian band  
(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,  
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead) :  
There sat the mournful king : when Neleus' son,  
The council opening, in these words begun :  
" Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave  
His life to hazard, and his country save ?  
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go  
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe ?  
Or favor'd by the night approach so near,  
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear ?  
If to besiege our navies they prepare,  
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war ?  
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,  
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night ;  
What fame were his through all succeeding days,  
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise !  
What gifts his grateful country would bestow !  
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe ?  
A sable ewe each leader should provide,

With each a sable lambkin by her side ;  
At every rite his share should be increased,  
And his the foremost honors of the feast."

Fear held them mute : alone, untaught to fear,  
Tydides spoke—"The man you seek is here.  
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,  
Some god within commands, and I obey.  
But let some other chosen warrior join,  
To raise my hopes, and second my design.  
By mutual confidence and mutual aid,  
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made ;  
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,  
And one brave hero fans another's fire."

Contending leaders at the word arose ;  
Each generous breast with emulation glows ;  
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,  
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir ;  
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,  
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.  
Then thus the king of men the contest ends :  
"Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,  
Undaunted Diomed ! what chief to join  
In this great enterprise, is only thine.  
Just be thy choice, without affection made ;  
To birth, or office, no respect be paid ;  
Let worth determine here." The monarch spake,  
And only trembled for his brother's sake.

"Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)  
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.  
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands  
To lend his counsels and assist our hands ?  
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care ;  
So famed, so dreadful, in the works of war :  
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require ;  
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire."

"It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame  
(Replied the sage), to praise me, or to blame :  
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.  
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,  
The reddening orient shows the coming day,  
The stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains,  
And of night's empire but a third remains."

Thus having spoke, with generous ardor press'd,  
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd.  
A two-edged falchion Thrasymed the brave,  
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave :

Then in a leathern helm he cased his head,  
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread  
(Such as by youths unused to arms are worn):  
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.  
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,  
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stored:  
A well-proved casque, with leather braces bound  
(Thy gift, Meriones), his temples crown'd;  
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,\*  
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.  
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,  
Autolycus by fraudulent rapine won,  
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize  
Molus received, the pledge of social ties;  
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,  
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.  
Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake,  
And dark through paths oblique their progress take.  
Just then, in sign she favor'd their intent,  
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:  
This, though surrounding shades obscured their view,  
By the shrill clang and whistling wings they knew.  
As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,  
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid:  
"O daughter of that god whose arm can wield  
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
O thou! forever present in my way,  
Who all my motions, all my toils survey!  
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,  
Safe by thy succor to our ships convey'd,  
And let some deed this signal night adorn,  
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn."  
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:  
"Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.  
Great queen of arms, whose favor Tydeus won,  
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.  
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers  
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,  
Peace was his charge; received with peaceful show,  
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:  
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,  
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.  
So now be present, O celestial maid!  
So still continue to the race thine aid!

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\* *Soft wool within, i. e.* a kind of woollen stuffing, pressed in between the straps, to protect the head, and make the helmet fit close.

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,  
Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,  
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,  
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.  
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies  
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.  
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,  
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,  
Through the black horrors of the ensanguined plain,  
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,  
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;  
The assembled peers their lofty chief enclosed;  
Who thus the counsels of his breast proposed;  
"What glorious man, for high attempts prepared,  
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?  
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,  
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?  
If now subdued they meditate their flight,  
And, spent with toil, neglect the watch of night?  
His be the chariot that shall please him most,  
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;  
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,  
And his the glory to have served so well."

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,  
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy,  
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told.)  
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;  
Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face,  
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.  
"Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet  
This high achievement, and explore the fleet;  
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,  
And swear to grant me the demanded prize;  
The immortal coursers, and the glittering car,  
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.  
Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go,  
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,  
Even to the royal tent pursue my way,  
And all their counsels, all their aims betray."

The chief then heaved the golden sceptre high,  
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:  
"Be witness thou! immortal lord of all!  
Whose thunder shakes the dark ærial hall:  
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,  
And him alone the immortal steeds adorn."

Thus Hector swore: the gods were call'd in vain,

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain :  
Across his back the bended bow he flung,  
A wolf's gray hide around his shoulders hung,  
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined,  
And in his hand a pointed javelin shined.  
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,  
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.  
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng  
(Still bending forward as he coursed along),  
When, on the hollow way, the approaching tread  
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed :

“O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,  
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;  
Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;  
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.  
Yet let him pass, and win a little space ;  
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.  
But if too swift of foot he flies before,  
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,  
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,  
And intercept his hoped return to Troy.”

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head  
(As Dolon pass'd), behind a heap of dead :  
Along the path the spy unwary flew ;  
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.  
So distant they, and such the space between,  
As when two teams of mules divide the green  
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),  
When now new furrows part the approaching ploughs.  
Now Dolon, listening, heard them as they pass'd ;  
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,  
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,  
No voice succeeding, he perceived the foe.  
As when two skilful hounds, the leveret wind ;  
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind ;  
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,  
And from the herd still turn the flying prey :  
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan pursue ;  
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.  
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,  
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls ;  
When brave Tydides stopp'd ; a gen'rous thought  
(Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,  
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,  
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.  
Then thus aloud : “Whoe'er thou art, remain ;  
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.”



He said, and high in air the weapon cast,  
Which wilful eri'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd;  
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood  
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;  
A sudden palsy seized his turning head;  
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his color fled;  
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,  
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

"O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:  
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,  
And steel well-temper'd and refulgent gold."

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply:  
"Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.  
What moves thee, say, when sleep has closed the sight,  
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?  
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,  
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?  
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,  
Through heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead?"

Then thus pale Dolon, with a fearful look  
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook):  
"Hither I came, by Hector's words deceived;  
Much did he promise, rashly I believed:  
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,  
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,  
Urged me, unwilling, this attempt to make;  
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:  
If now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,  
And, tired with toils, neglect the watch of night."

"Bold was thy aim and glorious was the prize  
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies),  
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,  
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;  
Even great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,  
Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.  
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!  
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?  
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep  
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:  
Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are;  
Or here to combat, from their city far,  
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?"

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:  
"What Dolon knows his faithful tongue shall own.  
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,  
A council holds at Ilus' monument.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;  
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake :  
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep ;  
Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces sleep,  
Whose wives and infants from the danger far,  
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war."

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train  
(Inquired the chief), or scatter'd o'er the plain ?"  
To whom the spy : " Their powers they thus dispose :  
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,  
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,  
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.  
Not distant far, lie higher on the land  
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,  
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall ;  
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.  
These Troy but lately to her succor won,  
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son :  
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,  
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow ;  
Rich silver plates his shining car infold ;  
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold ;  
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,  
Celestial panoply, to grace a god !  
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,  
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,  
In cruel chains, till your return reveal  
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell."

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown :  
" Think not to live, though all the truth be shown :  
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife  
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life ?  
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore ?  
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more."

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared  
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,  
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,  
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two ;  
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,  
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.  
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,  
The wolf's gray hide, the unbended bow and spear ;  
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,  
To favoring Pallas dedicates the prize :

" Great queen of arms, receive this hostile spoil,  
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil :  
Thee, first of all the heavenly host, we praise ;

O speed our labors, and direct our ways !”

This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defaced,  
High on a spreading tamarisk he placed ;  
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,  
To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Through the still night they crossed the devious fields,  
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,  
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,  
And eased in sleep the labors of the day.

Ranged in three lines they view the prostrate band  
The horses yoked beside each warrior stand.

Their arms in order on the ground reclined,  
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shined  
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,  
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,  
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.

“The man, the coursers, and the car behold !  
Described by Dolon, with the arms of gold.

Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,  
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ;  
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,

Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.”

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,  
Breathed in his heart, and strung his nervous arms .  
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued  
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,  
Bathed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with gore,  
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,  
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen,  
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,  
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey ;  
Nor stopped the fury of his vengeful hand,  
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.

Ulysses following, as his partner slew,  
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;

The milk-white coursers studious to convey  
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way :  
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,  
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.

Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they found ;  
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.

Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent,  
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,  
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore :

So dream'd the monarch, and awaked no more.\*

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,  
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;  
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along  
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung) ;  
Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;  
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire ;  
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade  
To send more heroes to the infernal shade,  
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armor lay,  
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.  
While unresolved the son of Tydeus stands,  
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands :

" Enough, my son ; from further slaughter cease,  
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ;  
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,  
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy."

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid ;  
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;  
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,  
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserved they pass'd : the god of light  
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,  
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succor bless'd,  
And vengeful anger filled his sacred breast.  
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,  
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning-hour  
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,  
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend) ;  
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood ;  
An empty space where late the coursers stood,  
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast ;  
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most :  
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,  
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain ;  
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,  
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade  
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,

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\* " All the circumstances of this action—the night, Rhesus buried in a profound sleep, and Diomedes with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince—furnished Homer with the idea of this fiction, which represents Rhesus lying fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging the sword into his bosom. This image is very natural ; for a man in his condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality but a dream."  
—Pope.

" There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd murder ;  
They wak'd each other."—*Macbeth*.

Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore  
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore :  
Then mounts again ; again their nimbler feet  
The coursers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceived the approaching sound,  
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around :  
" Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,  
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear ;  
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed  
(So may, ye gods ! my pious hopes succeed)  
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,  
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.  
Yet much I fear (ah, may that fear be vain !)  
The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train ;  
Perhaps, even now pursued, they seek the shore ;  
Or, oh ! perhaps those heroes are no more."

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo ! the chiefs appear,  
And spring to earth ; the Greeks dismiss their fear :  
With words of friendship and extended hands  
They greet the kings ; and Nestor first demands :  
" Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,  
Thou living glory of the Grecian name !  
Say whence these coursers ? by what chance bestow'd,  
The spoil of foes, or present of a god ?  
Not those fair steeds, so radiant and so gay,  
That draw the burning chariot of the day.  
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,  
And daily mingle in the martial field ;  
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight  
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.  
Some god, I deem, confer'd the glorious prize,  
Bless'd as ye are, and favorites of the skies ;  
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,  
And her, whose fury bathes the world with gore."

" Father ! not so (sage Ithacus rejoin'd),  
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.  
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,  
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;  
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,  
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.  
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,  
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame ;  
By Hector sent our forces to explore,  
He now lies headless on the sandy shore."

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew ;  
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.  
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,

The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn :  
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,  
And the full racks are heaped with generous wheat.  
But Dolon's armor, to his ships convey'd,  
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,  
A trophy destined to the blue-eyed maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat and sanguine stain  
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main :  
Then in the polished bath, refresh'd from toil,  
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,  
In due repast indulge the genial hour,  
And first to Pallas the libations pour :  
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,  
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

## BOOK XI.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them: while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy: Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time: but the latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaön, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armor. Patroclus, on his return, meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,\*  
 Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;  
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
 And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:  
 When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,  
 The torch of discord blazing in her hand,  
 Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,  
 And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.  
 High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand  
 She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.  
 Even Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,  
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound,  
 Thence the black fury through the Grecian throng  
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:  
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms  
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.

\* "Aurora now had left her saffron bed,  
 And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread."  
 Dryden's Virgil. iv. 639.

No more they sigh, inglorious to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires  
With loud command, with great example fires!  
Himself first rose, himself before the rest  
His mighty limbs in radiant armor dress'd,  
And first he cased his manly legs around  
In shining greaves with silver buckles bound;  
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd  
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host  
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;  
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,  
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain):  
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;  
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
Whose imitated scales against the skies  
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,  
Like color'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud  
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dies,  
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies).  
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:  
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased  
The shining blade, and golden hangers graced.  
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;  
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,  
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:  
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,  
And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield:  
Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,  
His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends.  
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;  
And in his hands two steely javelins wield,  
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid,  
In happy thunders promised Greece their aid;  
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,  
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,  
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound  
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield



The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.  
 To second these, in close array combined,  
 The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.  
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,  
 As with the light the warriors' toils begun,  
 Even Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd  
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; \*  
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,  
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around,  
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground :  
 There wise Polydamas and Hector stood ;  
 Æneas, honor'd as a guardian god ;  
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine ;  
 The brother-warriors of Antenor's line :  
 With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face  
 And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.  
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,  
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.  
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires  
 Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires,  
 Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike man,  
 Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van ;  
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,  
 Flash from his arms, as lightning from the skies.  
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,  
 Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,  
 Bear down the furrows, till their labors meet ;  
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet :  
 So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,  
 And falling ranks are strow'd on every side.  
 None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight ; †  
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight,  
 Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;  
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.  
 Discord with joy the scene of death describes,  
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes :  
 Discord alone, of all the immortal train,  
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :

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\* *Red drops of blood.* "This phenomenon, if a mere fruit of the poet's imagination, might seem arbitrary or far-fetched. It is one, however, of ascertained reality, and of no uncommon occurrence in the climate of Greece."—Mure, i. p. 493. Cf. Tasso, *Gier. Lib. ix.* 15 :

"La terra in vece del notturno gelo  
 Bagnan rugiade tepide, e sanguigne."

"No thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear."—"Paradise Lost," vi. 236.

The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,  
Ranged in bright order on the Olympian hill:  
But, general murmurs told their griefs above,  
And each accused the partial will of Jove.  
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,  
The eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,  
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sate;  
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate.  
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,  
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;  
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,  
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams, increasing bright,  
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing light,  
Commuted death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.  
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale  
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,  
When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,  
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;  
But not till half the prostrate forests lay  
Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day)  
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might  
Pierced the black phalanx, and let in the light.  
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,  
And slew Bienor at his people's head:  
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,  
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;  
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,  
Which pierced his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.  
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:  
Vain was their youth, their glittering armor vain:  
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,  
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,  
The product, one of marriage, one of love:\*  
In the same car the brother-warriors ride;  
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:  
Far other task, than when they went to keep,  
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.  
These on the mountains once Achilles found,  
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;  
Then to their sire for ample sums restored;  
But now to perish by Atrides' sword:

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\* *One of love.* Although a bastard brother received only a small portion of the inheritance, he was commonly very well treated. Priam appears to be the only one of whom polygamy is directly asserted in the Iliad. Grote, vol. ii. p. 114, note.

Pierced in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds :  
Cleft through the head his brother's fate succeeds.  
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,  
And, stript, their features to his mind recalls.  
The Trojans see the youths untimely die,  
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.  
So when a lion ranging o'er the lawns,  
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,  
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,  
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws ;  
The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,  
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way ;  
All drown'd in sweat, the panting mother flies.  
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,  
The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;  
He who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,  
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.  
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,  
And slew the children for the father's fault ;  
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,  
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein ;  
Then in the chariot on their knees they fall,  
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call :

" O spare our youth, and for the life we owe,  
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow :  
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,  
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,  
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,  
And steel well-tempered, and persuasive gold."

These words, attended with the flood of tears,  
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears :  
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply :  
" If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die ;  
The daring wretch who once in council stood  
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,  
For proffer'd peace : and sues his seed for grace  
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race."

This said, Pisander from the car he cast,  
And pierced his breast : supine he breathed his last.  
His brother leap'd to earth ; but, as he lay,  
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away ;  
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,  
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.  
Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew ;  
The king's example all his Greeks pursue.  
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,

Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.  
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,  
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.  
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,  
And the thick thunder beats the laboring ground,  
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds ;  
The distanced army wonders at his deeds,  
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,  
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,  
In blazing heaps the grove's old honors fall,  
And one refulgent ruin levels all :  
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,  
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.  
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword,  
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,  
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,  
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls ;  
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives ;  
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives !

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,  
But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date.  
Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he stood,  
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,  
Through the mid field the routed urge their way :  
Where the wild figs the adjoining summit crown,  
The path they take, and speed to reach the town.  
As swift, Atrides with loud shouts pursued,  
Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile blood.  
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,  
The hero halts, and his associates waits.  
Meanwhile on every side around the plain,  
Dispersed, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.  
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd  
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade ;  
On heaps they tumble with successless haste ;  
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last.  
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,  
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew ;  
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,  
And rage, and death, and carnage load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall ;  
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.  
But Jove descending shook the Idæan hills,  
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills :  
The unkindled lightning in his hand he took,  
And thus the many-colored maid bespoke :

“ Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,  
To godlike Hector this our word convey—  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands :  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,  
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press’d,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.”

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey’d;  
On wings of winds descends the various maid.  
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,  
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.  
The goddess then : “ O son of Priam hear !  
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands :  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,  
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press’d,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.”

She said, and vanish’d. Hector, with a bound,  
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,  
In clanging arms : he grasps in either hand  
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ;  
Revives their ardor, turns their steps from flight,  
And awakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They stand to arms : the Greeks their onset dare,  
Condensed their powers, and wait the coming war.  
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns ;  
The fight renew’d with fiercer fury burns :  
The king leads on : all fix on him their eye,  
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.

Ye sacred nine ! celestial Muses ! tell,  
Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell ?  
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,  
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung ;  
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,  
And nursed in Thrace where snowy flock are fed.  
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,

And early honor warm his generous breast,  
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms  
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.  
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,  
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;  
From his loved bride departs with melting eyes,  
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.  
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,  
Thence took the long laborious march by land.  
Now fierce for flame, before the ranks he springs,  
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.  
Atrides first discharged the missive spear;  
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.  
Then near the corslet, at the monarch's heart,  
With all his strength, the youth directs his dart;  
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,  
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.  
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,  
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands;  
At once his weighty sword discharged a wound  
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.  
Stretch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies,  
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.  
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!  
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!  
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,  
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!  
No more with presents her embraces meet,  
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,  
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,  
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promised more!  
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,  
While the proud victor bore his arms away.  
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:  
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,  
While pierced with grief the much-loved youth he view'd,  
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.  
Then, with his spear, unseen, his time he took,  
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.  
The thrilling steel transpierced the brawny part,  
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.  
Surprised the monarch feels, yet void of fear  
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:  
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,  
And calls his country to assert his cause;  
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,  
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part,  
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;  
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,  
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:  
The social shades the same dark journey go,  
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,  
With every weapon art or fury yields:  
By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,  
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown,  
This, while yet warm distill'd the purple flood;  
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,  
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,  
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send:  
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes  
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)

Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,  
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein;  
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,  
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:

"O friends! O Greeks! assert your honors won;  
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:  
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,  
And envies half the glories of the day."

He said: the driver whirls his lengthful thong;  
The horses fly; the chariot smokes along.  
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,  
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;  
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,  
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retired,  
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired:  
"Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!  
Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to face:  
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.  
Behold, the general flies! deserts his powers!  
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!  
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;  
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds."

With words like these the fiery chief alarms  
His fainting host, and every bosom warms.  
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear  
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear:  
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,  
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:  
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;

Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.  
On the black body of the foe he pours ;  
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,  
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,  
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.  
Say, Muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,  
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?  
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonus died,  
Opites next was added to their side ;  
Then brave Hipponous, famed in many a fight,  
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night ;  
Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ;  
The rest were vulgar deaths unknown to fame.  
As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms,  
Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms :  
The gust continued, violent and strong,  
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along ;  
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,  
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bears :  
Thus, raging Hector, with resistless hands,  
O'erturns, confounds and scatters all their bands.  
Now the last ruin the whole host appals :  
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;  
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,  
His soul rekindled, and awaken his worth.  
" And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !  
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?  
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side."  
The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied :  
" No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ;  
Let Hector come ; I wait his fury here.  
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train :  
Add, Jove our foe, all human force is vain."  
He sighed ; but, sighing, raised his vengeful steel.  
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell :  
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,  
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.  
There slain, they left them in eternal night,  
Then plunged among the thickest ranks of fight.  
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds.  
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.  
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain  
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.  
The sons of Merops shone amidst the war ;  
Towering they rode in one refulgent car :  
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,  
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field.



Fate urged them on : the father warn'd in vain ;  
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain ;  
Their breast no more the vital spirit warms ;  
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.  
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,  
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.  
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,  
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.  
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,  
The far-famed hero of Pæonian strain ;  
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,  
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh :  
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,  
He fled, but flying left his life behind.  
This Hector sees, as his experienced eyes  
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies ;  
Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions rend,  
And moving armies on his march attend.  
Great Diomed himself, was seized with fear,  
And thus bespoke his brother of the war :  
" Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield !  
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field :  
Here stand his utmost force."—The warrior said ;  
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled ;  
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danced  
Razed the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanced  
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)  
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands ;  
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,  
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;  
O'er his dim sight the misty vapors rise,  
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.  
Tydides followed to regain his lance ;  
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,  
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd :  
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud :  
" Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,  
O thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.  
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,  
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.  
Thou shalt not long the death deserved withstand,  
If any god assist Tydides' hand.  
Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this day,  
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."  
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris eyed from far  
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war) ;  
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,

From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument :  
Behind the column placed, he bent his bow,  
And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe ;  
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest  
To seize, and drew the corslet from his breast,  
The bowstring twang'd ; nor flew the shaft in vain,  
But pierced his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.  
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,  
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

" He bleeds ! (he cries) some god has sped my dart !  
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart !  
So Troy, relieved from that wide-wasting hand,  
Should breathe from slaughter and in combat stand ;  
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,  
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear."

He dauntless thus : " Thou conqueror of the fair,  
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair ;  
Vain archer ! trusting to the distant dart,  
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part !  
Thou hast but done what boys or women can ;  
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.  
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,  
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.  
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel ;  
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel :  
Where this but lights, some noble life expires ;  
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,  
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,  
And leaves such objects as distract the fair."  
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,  
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart :  
Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang succeeds ;  
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,  
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on ;  
But stands collected in himself, and whole,  
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul :  
" What further subterfuge, what hopes remain ?  
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain ?  
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,  
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?  
Yet wherefore doubtful ? let this truth suffice,  
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies.  
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart ;  
And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part."

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,  
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press'd ;

These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose;  
And round him deep the steely circle grows.  
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds  
Of shouting huntsmen and of clamorous hounds;  
He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;  
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire!  
By these, by those, on every part is plied;  
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.  
Pierced through the shoulder, first Deïopis fell;  
Next Ennomus and Thoön sank to hell;  
Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,  
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;  
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;  
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,  
Socus the brave, the generous, and the wise.  
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:

“O great Ulysses! much-enduring man!  
Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,  
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!  
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,  
And end at once the great Hippasian race,  
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field.”  
He said, and forceful pierced his spacious shield:  
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,  
Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the bone.  
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,  
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,  
Then furious thus (but first some steps with'drew):  
“Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!  
Fate calls thee hence and finish'd is thy race.  
Nor longer check my conquests on the foe;  
But, pierced by this, to endless darkness go,  
And add one spectre to the realms below!”

He spoke, while Socus, seized with sudden fright,  
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;  
Between his shoulders pierced the following dart,  
And held its passage through the panting heart:  
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;  
He falls; his armor rings against the ground.  
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain;  
“Famed son of Hippasus! there press the plain;  
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,  
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.  
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose;  
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;

But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,  
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.  
Me Greece shall honor, when I meet my doom,  
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb."

Then raging with intolerable smart,  
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.  
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,  
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.  
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,  
Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.  
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;  
The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears:  
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried,  
Who shares his labors, and defends his side:  
"O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear:  
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near;  
Strong as he is, yet one opposed to all,  
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.  
Greece robb'd of him must bid her host despair,  
And feel a loss not ages can repair."

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;  
Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends,  
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,  
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.\*  
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,  
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;  
Down his cleft side, while fresh the blood distils,  
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills,  
Till life's warm vapor issuing through the wound,  
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround:  
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,  
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,  
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispersed away;  
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.  
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,  
A single warrior half a host sustains:  
But soon as Ajax leaves his tower-like shield,  
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;  
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays  
And, saved from numbers, to his car conveys.

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\* "Circled with foes as when a packe of bloodie jackals cling  
About a goodly palmed hart, hurt with a hunter's bow  
Whose escape his nimble feet insure, whilst his warm blood doth flow,  
And his light knees have power to move: but (maistred by his wound)  
Emboist within a shady hill, the jackals charge him round,  
And teare his flesh—when instantly fortune sends in the powers  
Of some sterne lion, with whose sighte they flie and he devours.  
So they around Ulysses prest."—Chapman.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;  
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew,  
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,  
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.  
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,  
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,  
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,  
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:  
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;  
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,  
Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war:  
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,  
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.  
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose  
The warrior's fury; there the battle glows;  
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,  
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.  
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,  
Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound  
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'  
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.  
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:

"Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!  
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away.  
And great Machaon to the ships convey;  
A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal."  
Old Nestor mounts the seat; beside him rode  
The wounded offspring of the healing god.  
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet  
Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,  
Survey'd the various fortune of the war:  
"While here (he cried) the flying Greeks are slain,  
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.  
Before great Ajax see the mingled throng  
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!  
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field  
By the broad glittering of the sevenfold shield.  
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,  
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;  
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,  
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight."

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;  
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;  
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,

O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.  
The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore,  
And, dashing, purple all the car before;  
The groaning axle sable drops distill,  
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.  
Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,  
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light  
(By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,  
The ranks lie scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown):  
Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate,  
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.  
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,  
Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart;  
Confused, unnerved in Hector's presence grown,  
Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own.  
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,  
And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.  
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,  
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains;  
Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls,  
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,  
Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;  
Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires:  
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,  
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast, with heavy strength endued,  
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,  
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;  
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
The patient animal maintains his ground,  
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chased,  
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last:  
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,  
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;  
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;  
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
And threatens his followers with retorted eye.  
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,  
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:  
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,  
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;  
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,  
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.  
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,  
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;

Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,  
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;  
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,  
And his slack knees desert their dying load.  
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,  
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled;  
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,  
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.  
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired,  
Yet thus retreating, his associates fired :

“What god, O Grecians ! has your hearts dismay'd ?  
Oh, turn to arms ; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.  
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,  
And this the last brave battle he shall wage :  
Haste, join your forces ; from the gloomy grave  
The warrior rescue, and your country save.”  
Thus urged the chief : a generous troop appears,  
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,  
To guard their wounded friend : while thus they stand  
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band :  
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight ;  
The hero rallies, and renews the fight.

Thus raged both armies like conflicting fires,  
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires :  
His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,  
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.  
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height  
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight ;  
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain  
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.  
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,  
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.  
Straight to Menœtius' much-loved son he sent :  
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent ;  
In evil hour ! Then fate decreed his doom,  
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

“Why calls my friend ? thy loved injunctions lay ;  
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.”

“O first of friends ! (Pelides thus replied)  
Still at my heart, and ever at my side !  
The time is come, when yon despairing host  
Shall learn the value of the man they lost :  
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,  
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.  
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught  
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought :  
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,

His form recall'd Machaon to my mind ;  
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,  
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace."

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,  
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd ;  
The chiefs descending from their car he found :  
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.  
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,  
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,  
Here paused a moment, while the gentle gale  
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale ;  
Then to consult on farther methods went,  
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.  
The draught prescribed, fair Hecamede prepares,  
Arsinoüs' daughter, graced with golden hairs  
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,  
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom gave) :  
A table first with azure feet she placed ;  
Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced ;  
Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,  
And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savory treat,  
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,  
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings  
From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,  
Two feet support it, and four handles hold ;  
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,  
In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink :  
A massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him,  
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.  
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine  
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine ;  
With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,  
And last with flour the smiling surface strows :  
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares :  
The cordial oeverage reverend Nestor shares :  
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,  
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,  
Unheard approached, and stood before the tent.  
Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led  
To his high seat : the chief refused and said :  
" 'Tis now no season for these kind delays ;  
The great Achilles with impatience stays.  
To great Achilles this respect I owe ;  
Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe,  
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds ?  
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds,



This to report, my hasty course I bend ;  
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend."  
"Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd,  
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind ?  
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know ?  
This is not half the story of our woe.  
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,  
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,  
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,  
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.  
But, ah ! what flattering hopes I entertain !  
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain :  
Even till the flames consume our fleet he stays,  
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.  
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys ;  
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.  
Now the slow course of all-impairing time  
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ;  
Oh ! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,  
When this bold arm the Epeian powers oppress'd,  
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,  
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead !  
Then from my fury fled the trembling swains,  
And ours was all the plunder of the plains :  
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,  
As many goats, as many lowing kine :  
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,  
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.  
These, as my first essay of arms, I won ;  
Old Neleus gloried in his conquering son.  
Thus Elis forced, her long arrears restored,  
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.  
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,  
When the proud Elians first commenced the war :  
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain ;  
Of twelve bold brothers I alone remain !  
Oppress'd, we arm'd ; and now this conquest gain'd,  
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.  
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,  
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,  
When Elis' monarch, at the public course,  
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)  
The rest the people shared ; myself survey'd  
The just partition, and due victims paid.  
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,  
With many a courser, and with many a car ;  
The sons of Actor at their army's head

(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.  
High on the rock fair Thryoëssa stands,  
Our utmost frontier on the Pylia lands :  
Not far the streams of famed Alphæus flow :  
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.  
Pallas, descending in the shades of night,  
Alarms the Pylia and commands the fight.  
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride,  
Myself the foremost ; but my sire denied ;  
Fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms ;  
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.  
My sire denied in vain : on foot I fled  
Amidst our chariots ; for the goddess led.

“ Along fair Arenè's delightful plain  
Soft Minyae rolls his waters to the main :  
There, horse and foot, the Pylia troops unite,  
And sheathed in arms expect the dawning light.  
Thence, ere the sun advanced his noon-day flame,  
To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.  
There first to Jove our solemn rights were paid ;  
An untamed heifer pleased the blue-eyed maid ;  
A bull, Alphæus ; and a bull was slain  
To the blue monarch of the watery main.  
In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,  
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.  
Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,  
Flamed in the front of Heaven, and gave the day,  
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear ;  
The nations meet ; there Pylos, Elis here.  
The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled ;  
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamède  
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,  
And every herb that drinks the morning dew):  
I seized his car, the van of battle led ;  
The Epia saw, they trembled, and they fled.  
The foe dispersed, their bravest warrior kill'd,  
Fierce as the whirlwind now I swept the field :  
Full fifty captive chariots graced my train ;  
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.  
Then Actor's sons had died but Neptune shrouds  
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.  
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,  
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,  
Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the fœces,  
Where o'er the vales the Olenia rocks arose ;  
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.  
Even there the hindmost of the rear I slay,

And the same arm that led concludes the day;  
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.  
There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,  
As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;  
So proved my valor for my country's good.

"Achilles with unactive fury glows,  
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.  
How shall he grieve, when to the eternal shade  
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid!

O friend! my memory recalls the day,  
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,  
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,  
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.

A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,  
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.

Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire  
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.

Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;  
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.

We then explained the cause on which we came,  
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.

Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;  
Peleus said only this:—"My son! be brave."

Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine  
In strength superior, and of race divine,

Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;  
Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."

Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court,  
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.

Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say:

Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;

Some favoring god Achilles' heart may move;

Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,

If aught from Heaven withhold his saving arm,

Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,

If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line:

Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,

Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;

Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labor'd train

Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again."

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went;

Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,

The public mart and courts of justice stand,

Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,

And altars to the guardian gods arise ;  
There, sad, he met the brave Evæmon's son,  
Large painful drops from all his members run ;  
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.  
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart,  
Weak was his pace, and dauntless was his heart.  
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,  
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd :  
" Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host !  
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast ?  
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,  
Far from your friends, and from your native shore ?  
Say, great Eurypylus ! shall Greece yet stand ?  
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand ?  
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,  
And this the period of our wars and fame ?

Eurypylus replies : " No more, my friend ;  
Greece is no more ! this day her glories end ;  
Even to the ships victorious Troy pursues,  
Her force increasing as her toil renews.  
Those chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,  
Lie pierced with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.  
But, thou, Patroclus ! act a friendly part,  
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart ;  
With lukewarm water wash the gore away ;  
With healing balms the raging smart allay,  
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,  
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.  
Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands  
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands ;  
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,  
Now wants that succor which so oft he lent."

To him the chief : " What then remains to do  
The event of things the gods alone can view.  
Charged by Achilles' great command I fly,  
And bear with haste the Pylian King's reply :  
But thy distress this instant claims relief."  
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.  
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,  
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd :  
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay ;  
Patroclus cut the forky steel away :  
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised ;  
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.  
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

## BOOK XII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

The Greeks having retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them ; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel ; and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavors to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack ; in which after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall. Hector also, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend  
 The cure and safety of his wounded friend,  
 Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,  
 And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.  
 Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose ;  
 With gods averse the ill-fated works arose ;  
 Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,  
 The walls were raised, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands  
 The proudest monument of mortal hands !  
 This stood while Hector and Achilles raged,  
 While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged ;  
 But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,  
 And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd ;  
 Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,  
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store ;  
 Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,  
 Caresus roaring down the stony hills,  
 Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,  
 And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source ;  
 And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main \*  
 Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain :

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\* *Simois, rolling, &c.*

" In those bloody fields  
 Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields  
 Of heroes."—Dryden's *Virgil*, i. 142.

These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,  
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;  
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,  
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.  
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,  
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.  
The god of ocean, marching stern before,  
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,  
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,  
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.  
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,  
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;  
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,  
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.\*

But this the gods in later times perform;  
As yet the bulwark stood, and braved the storm;  
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;  
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers.  
Smote by the arm of Jove with dire dismay,  
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:  
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,  
And Hector's fury every moment fear.  
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,  
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.  
So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,  
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;  
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,  
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm:  
His powers untamed, their bold assault defy,  
And where he turns the rout disperse or die:  
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,  
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.  
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;  
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.  
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,  
And snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;  
Just at the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,  
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.  
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,  
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;  
The bottom bare (a formidable show)!  
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.

\* "Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,  
Stones rent from stones,—where clouds of dust arise,—  
Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,  
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,  
And heaves the building from the solid base."

Dryden's Virgil, ii. 825.

The foot alone this strong defence could force,  
And try the pass impervious to the horse.  
This saw Polydamas ; who, wisely brave,  
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave :  
" O thou, bold leader of the Trojan bands !  
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands !  
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,  
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind ?  
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,  
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.  
Proud of the favors mighty Jove has shown,  
On certain dangers we too rashly run :  
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,  
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name !  
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,  
And one great day destroy and bury all !  
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,  
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain ?  
Wedged in the trench, by our own troops confused,  
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruised,  
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,  
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.  
Hear then, ye warriors ! and obey with speed ;  
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led ;  
Then all alighting, wedged in firm array,  
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.  
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,  
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour."

This counsel pleased : the godlike Hector sprung  
Swift from his seat ; his clanging armor rung.  
The chief's example follow'd by his train,  
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain,  
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd  
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.  
The coursers part in five distinguish'd bands,  
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.  
The best and bravest in the first conspire,  
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire :  
Great Hector, glorious in the van of these,  
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.  
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,  
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.  
The sons of Priam with the third appear,  
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer ;  
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,  
Who drew from Hyrtactus his noble blood,  
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,

The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.  
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,  
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.  
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,  
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.  
Next him, the bravest, at their army's head,  
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,  
The moving legions speed their headlong way:  
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,  
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,  
The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,  
Asius alone, confiding in his car,  
His vaunted coursers urged to meet the war.  
Unhappy hero ! and advised in vain ;  
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;  
No more those coursers with triumphant joy  
Restore their master to the gates of Troy !  
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,  
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !  
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain.  
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ;  
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots pass'd,  
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.  
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies :  
His following host with clamors rend the skies :  
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,  
Such their proud hopes ; but all their hopes were vain !

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,  
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend ;  
This Polypætes, great Perithous' heir,  
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.  
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ;  
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies :  
Whose spreading arms with leafy honors crown'd,  
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;  
High on the hills appears their stately form,  
And their deep roots forever brave the storm.  
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand  
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.  
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,  
And Enomaus and Thoön close the rear :  
In vain their clamors shake the ambient fields,  
In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;  
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,  
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.



Even when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,  
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,  
Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,  
Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves the war.  
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,  
Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of men ;  
On every side the crackling trees they tear,  
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;  
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,  
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.  
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,  
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ;  
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers  
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers :  
To save their fleet their last efforts they try,  
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings  
The dreary winter on his frozen wings ;  
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow  
Descend, and whiten all the fields below :  
So fast the darts on either army pour,  
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower :  
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,  
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repulsed, with grief and fury driven,  
The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven :  
" In powers immortal who shall now believe ?  
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive ?  
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power  
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour ?  
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,  
To guard the entrance of their common hive,  
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings  
They strike the assailants, and infix their stings ;  
A race determined, that to death contend :  
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.  
Gods ! shall two warriors only guard their gates,  
Repel an army, and defraud the fates ? "

These empty accents mingled with the wind,  
Nor moved great Jove's unalterable mind ;  
To godlike Hector and his matchless might  
Was owed the glory of the destined fight.  
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,  
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide ;  
Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,  
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.  
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,

To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !  
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,  
Secure of death, confiding in despair ;  
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,  
With unassisting arms deplored the day.

Even yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain  
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.  
First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel,  
Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor, fell ;  
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore !  
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !  
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath :  
Nor less Leontus strews the field with death ;  
First through the belt Hippomachus he gored,  
Then sudden waved his unresisted sword :  
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,  
The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke :  
Iâmenus, Orestes, Menon, bled ;  
And round him rose a monument of dead.  
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew,  
Bold Hector and Polydamas, pursue ;  
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,  
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.  
These on the farther bank now stood and gazed,  
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amazed :  
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,  
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.  
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;  
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,  
His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round,  
He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound,  
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,  
In airy circles wings his painful way,  
Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven with cries :  
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.  
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,  
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.  
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,  
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke :  
" How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,  
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere ?  
True to those counsels which I judge the best,  
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.  
To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,  
In peace, in war, in council, and in fight ;  
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,  
But tends to raise that power which I obey.  
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain !

Seek not this day the Grecian ships to gain ;  
For sure, to warn us, Jove his omen sent,  
And thus my mind explains its clear event :  
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight  
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,  
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,  
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ;  
Thus, though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,  
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,  
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;  
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.  
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ;  
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies."

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :  
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd) :  
"Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?  
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong :  
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,  
Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.  
What coward counsels would thy madness move  
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?  
The leading sign, the irrevocable nod,  
And happy thunders of the favoring god,  
These shall I slight, and guide my wavering mind  
By wandering birds that flit with every wind ?  
Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,  
Or where the suns arise, or where descend ;  
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,  
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.  
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,  
And asks no omen but his country's cause.  
But why should'st thou suspect the war's success ?  
None fears it more, as none promotes it less :  
Though all our chiefs amidst yon ships expire,  
Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.  
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,  
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.  
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests  
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,  
My javelin can revenge so base a part,  
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,  
Calls on his host ; his host obey the call ;  
With ardor follow where their leader flies :  
Redoubling clamors thunder in the skies.  
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,  
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide ;

He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,  
And gives great Hector the predestined day.  
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,  
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.  
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,  
While these they undermine, and those they rend;  
Upheaved the piles that prop the solid wall;  
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.  
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;  
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms.  
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;  
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.  
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,  
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.  
The generous impulse every Greek obeys;  
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.

“Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,  
And you, whose ardor hopes an equal name!  
Since not alike endued with force or art;  
Behold a day when each may act his part!  
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,  
To gain new glories, or augment the old.  
Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite;  
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;  
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;  
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;  
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,  
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.”

Their ardor kindles all the Grecian powers;  
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.  
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,  
And opens his cloudy magazine of storms;  
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,  
A snowy inundation hides the plain;  
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;  
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep;  
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,  
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;  
Bent with the weight, the nodding woods are seen,  
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:  
The circling seas, alone absorbing all,  
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall:  
So from each side increased the stony rain,  
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend  
To force the ramparts, and the gate to rend:  
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,

Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field ;  
 For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame  
 His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.  
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;  
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,  
 Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :  
 And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,  
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow  
 Descends a lion on the flocks below ;  
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,  
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain :  
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,  
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;  
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;  
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows  
 With generous rage that drives him on the foes.  
 He views the towers, and meditates their fall,  
 To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall ;  
 Then casting on his friend an ardent look,  
 Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke :

"Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,\*  
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,  
 Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
 Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound ?  
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
 Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous powers above ?  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace ;  
 The first in valor, as the first in place ;  
 That when with wondering eyes our martial bands  
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,  
 Whom those that envy dare not imitate !  
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
 Which claims no less the fearful and the brave,

\* *Why boast we.*

"Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike to him  
 Who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honor'd sits."—"Paradise Lost," ii. 450.

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,  
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,  
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,  
And give to fame what we to nature owe ;  
Brave though we fall, and honor'd if we live,  
Or let us glory gain, or glory give ! ”

He said ; his words the listening chief inspire  
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;  
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,  
Rush to the foe, and claim the promised fight.  
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld  
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field :  
Around the walls he gazed, to view from far  
What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war,  
And saw where Teucer with the Ajaces stood,  
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.  
In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields  
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,  
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,               ground  
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the  
Then thus to Thoös : " Hence with speed (he said),  
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid ;  
Their strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labors of the doubtful war :  
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,  
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
To share the danger, and repel the foe."

Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along  
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng.  
And finds the heroes bathed in sweat and gore,  
Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.  
“Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!  
Your aid (said Thooös) Peteus’ son demands;  
Your strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labors of the doubtful war:  
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,  
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
To share the danger, and repel the foe.”

**Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,**

And thus bespoke his brothers of the war :  
" Now, valiant Lycomedes ! exert your might,  
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight ;  
To you I trust the fortune of the field,  
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd :  
That done, expect me to complete the day.  
Then with his sevenfold shield he strode away.  
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,  
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,  
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers :  
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,  
Prepared to labor in the unequal fight :  
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise ;  
Tumultuous clamor mounts, and thickens in the skies.  
Fierce Ajax first the advancing host invades,  
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,  
Sarpedon's friend. Across the warrior's way,  
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay ;  
In modern ages not the strongest swain  
Could heave the unwieldy burden from the plain :  
He poised, and swung it round ; then toss'd on high,  
It flew with force, and labor'd up the sky ;  
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,  
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.  
As skilful divers from some airy steep  
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,  
So falls Epicles ; then in groans expires,  
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,  
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew ;  
The bearded shaft the destined passage found,  
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.  
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast  
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,  
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,  
Retired reluctant from the unfinish'd fight.  
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld  
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field ;  
His beating breast with generous ardor glows,  
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.  
Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel ;  
Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed steel ;  
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore  
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore :  
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
His brazen armor rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,  
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies :  
It shakes ; the ponderous stones disjointed yield ;  
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.  
A mighty breach appears ; the walls lie bare ;  
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.  
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,  
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe ;  
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,  
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood ;  
But Jove was present in the dire debate,  
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.  
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,  
But urging vengeance, and severer fight ;  
Then raised with hope, and fired with glory's charms,  
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.  
" O where, ye Lycians, is the strength you boast ?  
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost !  
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain  
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain :  
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall :  
The force of powerful union conquers all."

This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew ;  
They join, they thicken, and the assault renew :  
Unmoved the embodied Greeks their fury dare,  
And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;  
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,  
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.  
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,  
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds ;  
They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor yield,  
One foot, one inch, of the contended field ;  
Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ;  
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.  
Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,  
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound ;  
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,  
And the high ramparts drip with human gore.

As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,  
From side to side the trembling balance nods  
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,  
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),  
Till poised aloft, the resting beam suspends  
Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, descends : \*

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*each equal weight.*

" Long time in even scale  
The battle hung."—" Paradise Lost," vi. 245.



So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,  
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.  
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,  
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.  
"Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,  
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!"  
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,  
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:  
Around the works a wood of glittering spears  
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.  
A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw,  
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:  
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degenerate days:  
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear  
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air;  
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load  
The unwieldy rock, the labor of a god.  
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,  
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;  
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:  
Then thundering through the planks with forceful sway,  
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,  
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door  
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.  
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
Gloomy as night!\* and shakes two shining spears:  
A dreadful gleam from his bright armor came,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.  
He moves a god, resistless in his course,  
And seems a match for more than mortal force.  
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,  
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;  
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;  
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

\* "He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
*Gloomy as night.*"—"Paradise Lost," vi. 831.

## BOOK XIII.

## ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS:  
THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaces), assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valor are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaüs wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed on the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaces, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves of his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast  
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host,  
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray  
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.  
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight  
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,  
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,  
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;  
And where the far-famed Hippomolgian strays,  
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;\*  
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,  
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food  
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene  
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:

\* *Renown'd for justice and for length of days.* Arrian. de Exp. Alex. iv. p. 230. also speaks of the independence of these people, which he regards as the result of their poverty and uprightness. Some authors have regarded the phrase "[Hippomolgian," i. e. "milking their mares," as an epithet applicable to numerous tribes, since the oldest of the Samatian nomads made their mares' milk one of their chief articles of diet. The epithet ἀβίων or ἀβίων, in this passage, has occasioned much discussion. It may mean, according as we read it, either "long-lived," or "bowless," the latter epithet indicating that they did not depend upon archery for subsistence.

No aid, he deems, to either host is given,  
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main  
Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in vain.  
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,  
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,  
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes  
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;  
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;  
The crowded ships and sable seas between.  
There, from the crystal chambers of the main  
Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain.  
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;  
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,  
The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.  
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
And, at the fourth, the distant *Ægæ* shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
Eternal frame! not raised by mortal hands:  
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,  
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.  
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.  
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:  
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;  
The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep  
Gambol around him on the watery way,  
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;  
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;  
The parting waves before his coursers fly;  
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,  
Between where *Tenedos* the surges lave,  
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling wave:  
There the great ruler of the azure round  
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,  
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,  
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,  
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay:  
The father of the floods pursues his way:  
Where, like a tempest, darkening heaven around,  
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,  
The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,

Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along :  
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry  
The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply :  
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,  
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,  
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,  
Now wears a mortal form ; like Calchas seen,  
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien ;  
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,  
But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

" 'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise :  
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise !  
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ;  
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.  
On other works though Troy with fury fall,  
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall :  
There Greece has strength : but this, this part o'erthrown,  
Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone :  
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,  
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire :  
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,  
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain :  
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain."

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,  
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls :  
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,  
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.  
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,  
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,  
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,  
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky :  
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew ;  
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

The inspiring god Oïleus' active son  
Perceived the first, and thus to Telamon :

" Some god, my friend, some god in human form  
Favoring descends, and wills to stand the storm.  
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer ;  
Short as he turned, I saw the power appear :  
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;  
His own bright evidence reveals a god.  
Even now some energy divine I share,  
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air ! "

" With equal ardor (Telamon returns)  
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns ;

New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.  
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;  
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart :  
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,  
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet."

Full of the god that urged their burning breast,  
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.  
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspired ;  
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labors tired,  
Pant in the ships ; while Troy to conquest calls,  
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls :  
Trembling before the impending storm they lie,  
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.  
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour ;  
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.  
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite ;  
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight ;  
Phoas, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,  
And Merion next, the impulsive fury found ;  
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardor takes,  
While thus the god the martial fire awakes :

" Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace  
To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race !  
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see  
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free :  
Ah, no—the glorious combat you disclaim,  
And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
Heavens ! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day !  
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands ?  
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ?  
A rout undisciplined, a straggling train,  
Not born to glories of the dusty plain ;  
Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursued,  
A prey to every savage of the wood :  
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,  
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?  
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?  
The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault ?  
Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ;  
The purchase infamy, and life the price ?  
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injured fame :  
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.  
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,  
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust ?  
Prevent this evil, and your country save :

Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.  
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame  
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:  
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,  
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!  
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;  
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
On endless infamy, on instant death:  
For, lo! the fated time, the appointed shore:  
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!  
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;  
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall."

These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,  
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.  
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
With well-ranged squadrons strongly circled round.  
So close their order, so disposed their fight,  
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;  
Or had the god of war inclined his eyes,  
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.  
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolved as fate,  
Descending Hector and his battle wait.  
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
Armor in armor lock'd, and shields in shields,  
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.  
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;  
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,  
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
The close compacted legions urged their way:  
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;  
Troy charged the first, and Hector first of Troy.  
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,  
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne  
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends),  
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:  
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;  
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;  
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain,  
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:  
There stops—so Hector. Their whole force he proved,\*

\* Compare Chapman's quaint, bold verses:—

"And as a round piece of a rocke, which with a winter's flood  
Is from his top torn, when a shoure poured from a bursten cloud.

Resistless when he raged, and, when he stopped, unmoved.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,  
And all their falchions wave around his head :  
Repulsed he stands, nor from his stand retires ;  
But with repeated shouts his army fires.  
“Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make your way  
Through yon square body, and that black array :  
Stand, and my spear shall route their scattering power,  
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower ;  
For he that Juno’s heavenly bosom warms,  
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.”

He said ; and roused the soul in every breast :  
Urged with desire of fame, beyond the rest,  
Forth march’d Deïphobus ; but, marching, held  
Before his wary steps his ample shield.  
Bold Merion aim’d a stroke (nor aim’d it wide) ;  
The glittering javelin pierced the tough bull-hide ;  
But pierced not through : unfaithful to his hand,  
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.  
The Trojan warrior, touch’d with timely fear,  
On the raised orb to distance bore the spear.  
The Greek, retreating, mourn’d his frustrate blow,  
And cursed the treacherous lance that spared a foe ;  
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,  
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,  
The tumult thickens, and the clamor grows.  
By Teucer’s arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,  
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.  
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,  
In fair Pedæus’ verdant pastures bred,  
The youth had dwelt, remote from war’s alarms,  
And blest in bright Medesicaste’s arms  
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam’s ravish’d joy,  
Allied the warrior to the house of Troy) :  
To Troy, when glory call’d his arms, he came,  
And match’d the bravest of her chiefs in fame :  
With Priam’s sons, a guardian of the throne,  
He lived, beloved and honor’d as his own.  
Him Teucer pierced between the throat and ear :  
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.  
As from some far-seen mountain’s airy crown,  
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,

Hath broke the naturall band it had within the roughftey rock,  
Flies jumping all adoune the woods, resounding everie shocke,  
And on, unchecked, it headlong leaps till in a plaine it stay,  
And then (tho’ never so impelled), it stirs not any way :—  
So Hector.—”

And soils its verdant tresses on the ground ;  
So falls the youth ; his arms the fall resound.  
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,  
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled :  
He saw, and shunn'd the death ; the forceful dart  
Sung on, and pierced Amphinachus's heart,  
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line ;  
Vain was his courage, and his race divine !  
Prostrate he falls ; his clanging arms resound,  
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.  
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,  
And just had fastened on the dazzling prize,  
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung ;  
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;  
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,  
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.  
Repulsed he yields ; the victor Greeks obtain  
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.  
Between the leaders of the Athenian line  
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine),  
Deplored Amphinachus, sad object ! lies ;  
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.  
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,  
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,  
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,  
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;  
So these, the chief : great Ajax from the dead  
Strips his bright arms ; Oïleus lops his head :  
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fired with stern disdain,  
And pierced with sorrow for his grandson slain,  
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,  
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.  
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
He finds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete,  
His pensive brow the generous care express'd  
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,  
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,  
And his sad comrades from the battle bore ;  
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent ;  
That office paid, he issued from his tent  
Fierce for the fight : to whom the god begun,  
In Thoäs' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,  
Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise,  
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies :  
"Where's now the imperious vaunt, the daring boast,



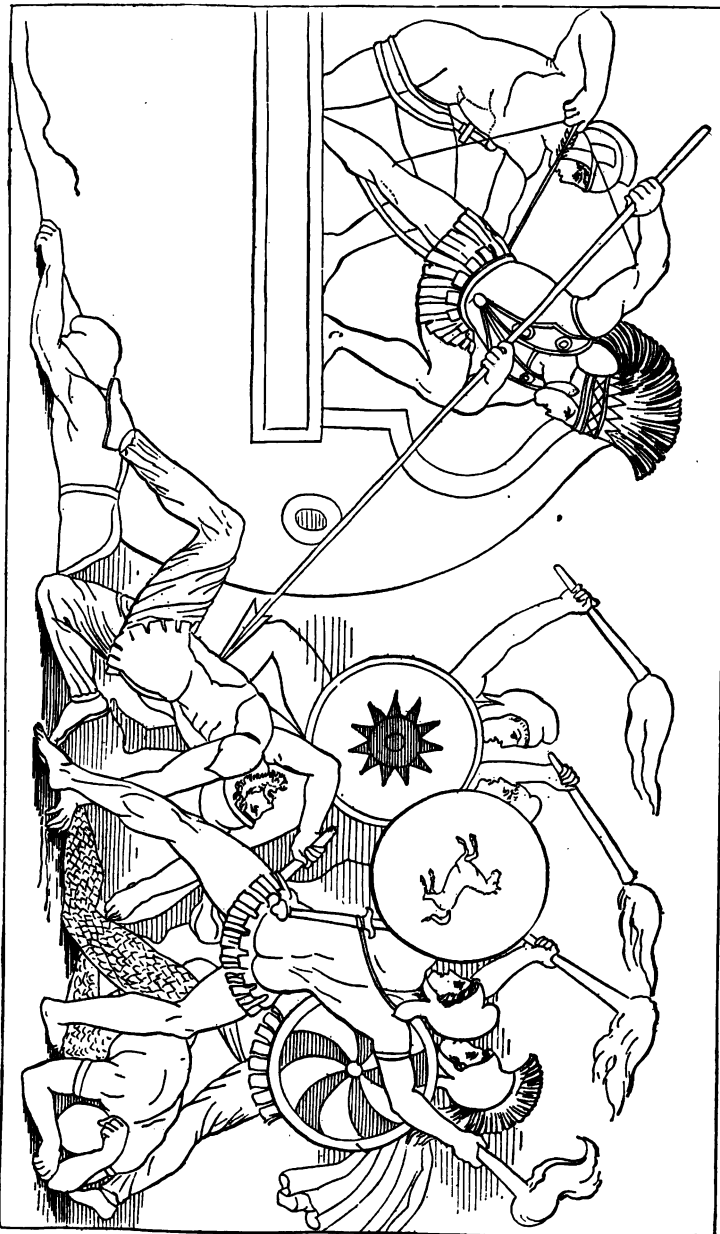
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?"  
To whom the king: "On Greece no blame be thrown;  
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.  
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains  
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains:  
'Tis heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,  
That far, far distant from our native home  
Wills us to fall inglorious! Oh, my friend!  
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend  
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,  
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest."

Thus he: and thus the god whose force can make  
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:  
"Ah! never may he see his native land,  
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,  
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,  
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!  
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,  
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine.  
Together let us battle on the plain;  
Two, not the worst; nor even this succor vain:  
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;  
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight."

This said, he rushes where the combat burns:  
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:  
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,  
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,  
Fierce on the foe the impetuous hero drove,  
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,  
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,  
Or terrifies the offending world with wars;  
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,  
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies:  
Thus his bright armor o'er the dazzled throng  
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;  
Whom thus he questions: "Ever best of friends!  
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,  
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?  
On some important message art thou bound,  
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?  
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,  
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day."

"O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care  
Leads forth the embattled sons of Crete to war;  
This speaks my grief: this headless lance I wield;  
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield."



AJAX DEFENDING THE GREEK SHIPS AGAINST THE TROJANS.



To whom the Cretan : " Enter, and receive  
The wonted weapons ; those my tent can give ;  
Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all),  
That shed a lustre round the illumined wall,  
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,  
Nor trust the dart, nor aim the uncertain spear,  
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain ;  
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.  
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,  
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold."

" Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils ;  
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils :  
But those my ship contains ; whence distant far,  
I fight conspicuous in the van of war,  
What need I more ? If any Greek there be  
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee."

To this, Idomeneus : " The fields of fight  
Have proved thy valor, and unconquer'd might :  
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,  
Even there thy courage would not lag behind :  
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,  
The fear of each, or valor, stands confess'd.  
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows ;  
He shifts his place : his color comes and goes :  
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part ;  
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart ;  
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare  
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,  
And looks a bloodless image of despair !  
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,  
Unchanged his color, and unmoved his frame :  
Composed his thought, determined is his eye,  
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die :  
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,  
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest."

" In such assays thy blameless worth is known,  
And every art of dangerous war thy own.  
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,  
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before ;  
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight  
T' oppose thy bosom where thy foremost fight.  
But why, like infants, cold to honor's charms,  
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms ?  
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,  
And to their owners send them nobly back."

Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,  
And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.

So Mars armipotent invades the plain  
(The wide destroyer of the race of man),  
Terror, his best-beloved son, attends his course,  
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;  
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,  
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:  
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms  
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;  
Invoked by both, relentless they dispose,  
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.  
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,  
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion: "Shall we join the right,  
Or combat in the centre of the fight?  
Or to the left our wonted succor lend?  
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend."

"Not in the centre (Idomen replied):  
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;  
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,  
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,  
Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,  
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.  
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:  
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,  
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,  
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.  
Great must he be, of more than human birth,  
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth.  
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,  
Whom Ajax fells not on the ensanguined ground.  
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,  
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.  
Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
And live with glory, or with glory die."

He said: and Merion to th' appointed place  
Fierce as the god of battles, urged his pace.  
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld  
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,  
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;  
The rising combat sounds along the shore.  
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,  
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain  
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:  
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,  
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heave  
All dreadful glared the iron face of war,

Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar ;  
Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and shields,  
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields ;  
Tremendous scene ! that general horror gave,  
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,  
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.  
The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won  
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,  
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,  
But spared awhile the destined Trojan towers ;  
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,  
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain,  
And breathed revenge, and fired the Grecian train.  
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,  
Alike divine, and heaven their native place ;  
But Jove the greater ; first-born of the skies,  
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.  
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,  
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.  
These powers enfold the Greek and Trojan train  
In war and discord's adamant chain,  
Indissolubly strong : the fatal tie  
Is stretch'd on both, and close compell'd they die.  
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats gray,  
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.  
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain ;  
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
From high Cables' distant walls he came ;  
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,  
And promised conquest was the proffer'd dower.  
The king consented, by his vaunts abused ;  
The king consented, but the fates refused.  
Proud of himself, and of the imagined bride,  
The field he measured with a larger stride.  
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found ;  
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound :  
His dream of glory lost, he plunged to hell ;  
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.  
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;  
" And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !  
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,  
And such the contract of the Phrygian king !  
Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ;  
For such an aid what will not Argos give ?  
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,

And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.  
Meantime, on further methods to advise,  
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ;  
There hear what Greece has on her part to say."  
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.  
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,  
Before his chariot warring on the plain ;  
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,  
Impatient panted on his neck behind :)  
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring.  
He hoped the conquest of the Cretan king.  
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,  
Full on his throat discharged the forceful spear :  
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,  
And glitter'd, extant at the further side.  
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
Groans to the oft-heaved axe, with many a wound,  
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :  
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,  
And stretch'd before his much-loved coursers lay.  
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.  
Deprived of motion, stiff with stupid fear,  
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,  
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away  
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey :  
Pierced by Antilochus, he pants beneath  
The stately car, and labors out his breath.  
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)  
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,  
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.  
The Cretan saw ; and, stooping, caused to glance  
From his slope shield the disappointed lance.  
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,  
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,  
On his raised arm by two strong braces stay'd  
He lay collected in defensive shade.  
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,  
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.  
Even then the spear the vigorous arm confess'd,  
And pierced, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast :  
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
The chief, his people's guardian now no more !

"Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)  
Nor unrevenged, lamented Asius lies :

For thee, through hell's black portals stand display'd,  
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade."

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,  
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.  
Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend,  
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend  
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore  
His honor'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws ;  
Resolved to perish in his country's cause,  
Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom  
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.  
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire :  
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire ;  
His spouse Hippodamè divinely fair,  
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care  
Who charm'd her parents' and her husband's heart  
With beauty, sense, and every work of art :  
He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,  
The fairest she of all the fair of Troy.  
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,  
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,  
And fetters every limb : yet bent to meet  
His fate he stands ; nor shuns the lance of Crete.  
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,  
While the winds sleep ; his breast received the stroke.  
Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields,  
Long used to ward the death in fighting fields.  
The riven armor sends a jarring sound ;  
His laboring heart heaves with so strong a bound,  
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound ;  
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,  
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain :  
"Behold, Deïphobus ! nor vaunt in vain ;  
See ! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend ;  
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.  
Approaching now thy boasted might approve,  
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.  
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,  
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came :  
Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir ;  
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter :  
O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons, I reign,  
And thence my ships transport me through the main .  
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,  
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line."



The Trojan heard ; uncertain or to meet,  
Alone, with venturous arms the king of Crete,  
Or seek auxiliar force ; at length decreed  
To call some hero to partake the deed,  
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :  
For him in Troy's remotest lines he sought.  
Where he, incensed at partial Priam, stands,  
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.

To him, ambitious of so great an aid,  
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and said :

“ Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,  
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honor's charms.  
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend ;  
Come, and the warrior's loved remains defend.  
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.  
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;  
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.”

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd  
To tender pity all his manly mind ;  
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight :  
The Greek awaits him with collected might.  
As the fell boar, on some rough mountain's head,  
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,  
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,  
Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;  
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise ;  
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,  
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage ;  
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :  
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,  
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.  
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,  
The youthful offspring of the god of war,  
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :  
To these the warrior sent his voice around.  
“ Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;  
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight :  
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold ;  
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.  
Else should this hand, this hour decide the strife,  
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.”

He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd ;  
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade  
Around the chief. Æneas too demands  
Th' assisting forces of his native bands ;  
Paris, Deïphobus, Aenor, join

(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line) ;  
In order follow all th' embodied train,  
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;  
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,  
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the bold :  
With joy the swain survey them, as he leads  
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads ;  
So joys Æneas, as his native band  
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dread Alcathous now the battle rose ;  
On every side the steely circle grows ;  
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,  
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.  
Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear,  
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.  
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,  
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.  
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along the air ;  
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear ;  
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood  
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.  
But Enomas received the Cretan's stroke :  
The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke,  
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
And roll'd the smoking entrails on the ground.  
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,  
And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.  
The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;  
His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.  
Though now unfit an active war to wage,  
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,  
His listless limbs unable for the course,  
In standing fight he yet maintains his force ;  
Till faint with labor, and by foes repell'd,  
His tired slow steps he drags from off the field ;  
Deiphobus beheld him as he pass'd,  
And, fired with hate, a parting javelin cast :  
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,  
And pierced Ascalaphus, the brave and young :  
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,  
And gnash'd the dust, all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall ;  
High-throned amidst the great Olympian hall  
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sate ;  
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay  
For slain Ascalaphus commenced the fray,

Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,  
And from his temple rends the glittering prize;  
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,  
And on his loaded arm discharged his spear;  
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;  
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.  
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away  
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.  
His wounded brother good Polites tends;  
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,  
And from the rage of battle gently drew:  
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,  
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;  
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,  
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.  
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,  
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.  
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;  
As toward the chief he turn'd his daring head,  
He pierced his throat; the bending head, depress'd  
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;  
His shield reversed o'er the fallen warrior lies,  
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.  
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,  
Transpierced his back with a dishonest wound:  
The hollow vein, that to the neck extends  
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:  
Supine he falls, and to his social train  
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.  
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,  
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;  
His time observed: for closed by foes around,  
On all sides thick the peals of arms resound.  
His shield emboss'd the ringing storm sustains,  
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.  
(Great Neptune's care preserved from hostile rage  
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age.)  
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,  
Faced every foe, and every danger sought;  
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,  
Obeys each motion of the master's mind!  
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,  
And meditates the distant enemy.  
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,  
And struck his target with the brazen spear  
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,

And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe :  
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood,  
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.  
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ;  
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,  
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,  
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.  
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground  
Lay panting. Thus an ox in fetters tied,  
While death's strong pangs distend his laboring side,  
His bulk enormous on the field displays ;  
His heaving heart beats thick as ebbing life decays.  
The spear the conqueror from his body drew,  
And death's dim shadows swarm before his view.  
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid ;  
King Helenus waved high the Thracian blade,  
And smote his temples with an arm so strong,  
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng :  
There for some luckier Greek it rests a prize ;  
For dark in death the godlike owner lies !  
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,  
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns :  
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw ;  
And this stood adverse with the bended bow.  
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,  
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.  
As on some ample barn's well-hardened floor,  
(The winds collected at each open door),  
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,  
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground :  
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,  
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.  
Atrides, watchful of the unwary foe,  
Pierced with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,  
And nailed it to the yew : the wounded hand  
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand :  
But good Agenor gently from the wound  
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ;  
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,  
At once the tent and ligature supplied.  
Behold ! Pisander, urged by fate's decree,  
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,  
Great Menelaüs ! to enchanse thy fame :  
High-towering in the front the warrior came.  
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;  
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.  
Nor pierced Pisander through Atrides' shield :

Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.  
Not so discouraged, to the future blind,  
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;  
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lor  
Like lightning brandish'd his far beaming sword.  
His left arm high opposed the shining shield :  
His right beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held  
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
Distinct with studs, and brazen was the blade);  
This on the helm discharged a noble blow :  
The plume dropp'd, nodding to the plain below,  
Shorn from the crest. Atrides waved his steel ;  
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell ;  
The crashing bones before its force gave way ;  
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;  
Forced from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,  
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.  
And fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,  
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting said :  
" Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ;  
O race perfidious, who delight in war !  
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd ;  
A princess raped transcends a navy storm'd ;  
In such bold feats your impious might approve,  
Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove.  
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame ;  
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,  
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,  
And overwhelm in ruins yon flagitious town.  
O thou, great father ! lord of earth and skies,  
Above the thought of man, supremely wise !  
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
From whence this favor to an impious foe ?  
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?  
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy ;  
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;  
The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,  
Even the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire,  
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight  
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight."

This said, he seized (while yet the carcass heaved)  
The bloody armor, which his train received :  
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,  
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.  
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,  
Following his martial father to the war :

Through filial love he left his native shore,  
Never, ah, never to behold it more !  
His unsuccessful spear he chanced to fling  
Against the target of the Spartan king ;  
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,  
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.  
Him, through the hip, transpiercing as he fled,  
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.  
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,  
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends :  
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,  
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away  
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground) ;  
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train  
In slow procession bore from off the plain.  
The pensive father, father now no more !  
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;  
And unavailing tears profusely shed ;  
And, unrevenged, deplored his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,  
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :  
His honor'd host, a youth of matchless grace,  
And loved of all the Paphlagonian race !  
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.  
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor named,  
For riches much, and more for virtue famed.  
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town ;  
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.  
Oft had the father told his early doom,  
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :  
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
And chose the certain glorious path to death.  
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;  
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :  
His limbs, unnerved, drop useless on the ground,  
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield  
(Wrapp'd in the cloud and tumult of the field) :  
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,  
And conquest hovers o'er the Achaian bands ;  
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,  
And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid.  
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,  
Where first the gates were forced, and bulwarks gain'd ;  
There, on the margin of the hoary deep

(Their naval station where the Ajaces keep,  
And where low walls confine the beating tides,  
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides ;  
Where late in fight both foot and horse engaged,  
And all the thunder of the battle raged),  
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,  
The proud Iæonians with their sweeping trains,  
Locrians, and Phthians, and th' Epæan force ;  
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.  
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led :  
Bias and great Menestheus at their head :  
Meges the strong the Epæan bands controll'd,  
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold :  
The Phthians, Medon, famed for martial might,  
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.  
This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;  
Iphiclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine :  
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace ;  
He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign  
Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain) :  
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,  
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,  
Each Ajax labor'd through the field of war :  
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,  
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,  
Join'd to one yoke the stubborn earth they tear,  
And trace large furrows with the shining share ;  
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,  
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.  
A train of heroes followed through the field,  
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold shield ;  
Whene'er he breathed, remissive of his might,  
Tired with the incessant slaughters of the fight  
No following troops his brave associate grace :  
In close engagement an unpractised race,  
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,  
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield ;  
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,  
Dexterous with these they aim a certain wound,  
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.  
Thus in the van the Telamonian train,  
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain :  
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,  
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,

The mingled tempest on the foes they pour :  
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired,  
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retired ;  
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,  
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave :

" Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to len  
Impartial audience to a faithful friend ;

To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,  
And every art of glorious war thy own ;

But in cool thought and counsel to excel,

How widely differs this from warring well !

Content with what the bounteous gods have given,

Seek not alone to engross the gifts of Heaven.

To some the powers of bloody war belong,

To some sweet music and the charm of song ;

To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd

A wise, extensive, all-considering mind ;

Their guardians these, the nations round confess,

And towns and empires for their safety bless.

If Heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast,

Attend, O Hector ! what I judge the best,

See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,

And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall,

How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall !

What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain !

Here cease thy fury : and, the chiefs and kings

Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things.

Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)

To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;

Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,

Contented with the conquest of the day.

I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,

Pay the large debt of last revolving sun :

Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains

On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains ! "

The counsel pleased ; and Hector, with a bound,

Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ;

Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.

" To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,

And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy ;

Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,

And hasten back to end the doubtful day."

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,  
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,



And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.  
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.  
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command  
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :  
But round the battlements, and round the plain,  
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;  
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,  
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear :  
For these were pierced with many a ghastly wound,  
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;  
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay ;  
High on the wall some breathed their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found  
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)  
The graceful Paris ; whom, with fury moved,  
Opprobrious thus, th' impatient chief reproved :

" Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind,  
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !  
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius' gone ?  
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son ?  
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate ;  
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late ?  
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,  
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods ;  
Whelm'd in thy country's ruin shalt thou fall,  
And one devouring vengeance swallow all."

When Paris thus : " My brother and my friend,  
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.  
In other battles I deserved thy blame,  
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :  
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,  
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.  
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;  
Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;  
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer,  
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.  
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires :  
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires :  
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,  
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.  
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own  
To combat : strength is of the gods alone."  
These words the hero's angry mind assuage :  
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.  
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,  
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,

Palmus with Polypætes the divine,  
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line  
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,  
The former day ; the next engaged in war).  
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,  
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,  
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps  
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;  
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;  
The waves behind impel the waves before,  
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore :  
Thus rank on rank, the thick battalions throng,  
Chief urged on chief, and man drove man along.  
Far o'er the plains, in dreadful order bright,  
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :  
Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,  
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.  
Before him flaming his enormous shield,  
Like the broad sun, illumined all the field ;  
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;  
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,  
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,  
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look :  
Whole nations fear'd ; but not an Argive shook.  
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,  
Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied :

"Hector ! come on ; thy empty threats forbear,  
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear :  
The skill of war to us not idly given,  
Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.  
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,  
To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands and hearts.  
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,  
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,  
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;  
And spread a long unmeasured ruin round.  
The time shall come, when, chased along the plain,  
Even thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;  
Even thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,  
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;  
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,  
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,  
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.  
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,  
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies :

Far-echoing clamors bound from side to side ;  
They ceased ; and thus the chief of Troy replied :  
    " From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?  
Enormous boaster ! doom'd to vaunt in vain.  
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,  
(Not that short life which mortals lead below  
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,  
The blue-eyed maid, or he that gilds the morn),  
As this decisive day shall end the fame  
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.  
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait  
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate :  
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore."  
He said ; and like a lion stalk'd along :  
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
Sent from his following host : the Grecian train  
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;  
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above,  
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

## BOOK XIV.\*

## ARGUMENT.

## JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamor of war, and hastens to Agamemnon; on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence, which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him: she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter: this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succors the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed, till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT not the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,  
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;  
His startled ears the increasing cries attend;  
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:  
"What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,  
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?  
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,  
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!  
Here with the cordial draught dispel thy care,  
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,  
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;  
While I the adventures of the day explore."

He said: and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield  
(His valiant offspring), hasten'd to the field  
(That day the son his father's buckler bore);  
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.  
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,  
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;

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\* This book forms a most agreeable interruption to the continuous round of battles, which occupy the latter part of the Iliad. It is as well to observe, that the sameness of these scenes renders many notes unnecessary.

Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,  
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.  
As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps :  
While yet the expected tempest hangs on high,  
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
The mass of waters will no wind obey ;  
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.  
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,  
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage ;  
To join the host, or to the general haste ;  
Debating long, he fixes on the last :  
Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms,  
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms,  
The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly ;  
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,  
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet :  
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,  
(And who to Tydeus owes his noble line \*  
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,  
In lines advanced along the shelving strand :  
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain  
At length ; beside the margin of the main,  
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor :  
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore).  
Supported on the spears, they took their way,  
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.  
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,  
Whom thus the general of the host address'd :

"O grace and glory of the Achaian name ;  
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ?  
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,  
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?  
Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made good  
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.  
Is every heart inflamed with equal rage  
Against your king, nor will one chief engage ?  
And have I lived to see with mournful eyes  
In every Greek a new Achilles rise ? "

Gerenian Nestor then : " So fate has will'd,  
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.  
Not he that thunders from the ærial bower,  
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.  
The wall, our late inviolable bound,  
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground :

• *Who to Tydeus owes, i. e. Diomed.*

Even to the ships their conquering arms extend,  
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.  
On speedy measures then employ your thought  
In such distress ! if counsel profit aught :  
Arms cannot much : though Mars our souls incite,  
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight."

To him the monarch : " That our army bends,  
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,  
And that the rampart, late our surest trust  
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust ;  
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,  
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.  
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,  
And all his favor, all his aid confess'd ;  
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,  
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.  
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,  
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main .  
Leave these at anchor, till the coming night :  
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,  
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.  
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,  
Than perish in the danger we may shun."

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replied,  
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes :  
" What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)  
Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous heart ?  
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,  
And thou the shame of any host but ours !  
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,  
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight :  
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,  
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.  
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain ?  
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?  
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,  
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.  
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares  
To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?  
And comes it even from him whose sovereign sway  
The banded legions of all Greece obey ?  
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,  
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?  
What more could Troy ? What yet their fate denies  
Thou givest the foe : all Greece becomes their prize.  
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,  
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue ;

But thy ships flying, with despair shall see ;  
And owe destruction to a prince like thee."

" Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)  
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.  
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,  
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast ;  
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young, or old,  
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold."

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began :  
" Such counsel if you seek, behold the man  
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,  
Young though he be, disdain not to obey :  
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,  
May speak to councils and assembled kings.  
Hear then in me the great Cēnides' son,  
Whose honor'd dust (his race of glory run)  
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ;  
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.  
With three bold sons was generous Prothous bless'd,  
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd ;  
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd  
The rest in courage) Cēneus was the last.  
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,  
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd ;  
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)  
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd ;  
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,  
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,  
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.  
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame !  
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.  
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,  
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.  
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,  
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,  
Advance the glory which he cannot share,  
Though not partaker, witness of the war.  
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,  
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,  
Safe let us stand ; and, from the tumult far,  
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."

He added not : the listening kings obey,  
Slow moving on ; Atrides leads the way.  
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)  
Appears a warrior furrowed o'er with age ;  
Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,  
And thus the venerable hero spoke :

“Atrides ! lo ! with what disdainful eye  
Achilles sees his country's forces fly ;  
Blind, impious man ! whose anger is his guide,  
Who glories in unutterable pride.  
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim  
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame !  
But Heaven forsakes not thee : o'er yonder sands  
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands  
Fly diverse ; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,  
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved around  
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.”

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,  
And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield  
When twice ten thousand shake the laboring field ;  
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound  
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.  
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,  
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,  
High-throned in gold, beheld the fields below ;  
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.  
But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height  
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.  
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,  
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye ?  
At length she trusts her power ; resolved to prove  
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love ;  
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares :  
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,  
Safe from access of each intruding power.  
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold :  
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold.  
Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours  
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers :  
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey  
Through heaven, through earth, and all the ærial way :  
Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets  
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.  
Thus while she breathed of heaven, with decent pride  
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied ;  
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,



Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.  
 Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,  
 That rich with Pallas' labor'd colors glow'd :  
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,  
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.  
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
 Each gem illumined with a triple star.  
 Then o'er her head she cast a veil more white  
 Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.  
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.  
 Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,  
 Forth from the dome the imperial goddess moves,  
 And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

"How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)  
 Shall human strife celestial minds divide ?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,  
 And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy ?"

"Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)  
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd."

"Then grant me (said the queen) those conquering  
 charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals warms,  
 That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
 And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires !

"For lo ! I haste to those remote abodes,  
 Where the great parents (sacred source of gods !)  
 Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,  
 On the last limits of the land and deep.  
 In their kind arms my tender years were past ;  
 What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,  
 Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,  
 Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.  
 For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
 What honor, and what love, shall I obtain,  
 If I compose those fatal feuds again ;  
 Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,  
 And, what my youth has owed, repay their age !"

She said. With awe divine, the queen of love  
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove ;  
 And from her fragrant breast the zone embraced,\*  
 With various skill and high embroidery graced.

\* Compare Tasso :—

Teneri sdegni, e placide, e tranquille  
 Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,  
 Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille  
 Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci."

Gier. Lib. xvi. 25.

In this was every art, and every charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,  
Persuasive speech, and the more persuasive sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.  
This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid :  
" Take this, and with it all thy wish ; " she said.  
With smiles she took the charm ; and smiling press'd  
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;  
Whilst from Olympus pleased Saturnia flew.  
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,  
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,  
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;  
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.  
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,  
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,  
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.\*

" Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began)  
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man :  
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,  
O power of slumbers ! hear, and I favor still.  
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,  
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.  
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine  
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;  
The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,  
When wine and feasts thy golden humors please."

" Imperial dame (the balmy power replies),  
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !  
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain ;  
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,  
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.  
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep  
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep ?  
Long since too venturous at thy bold command  
On those eternal lids I laid my hand ;  
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,  
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.  
When lo ! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,  
And drive the hero to the Coan shore :  
Great Jove, awaking, shook the blest abodes  
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods ;  
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high  
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,

\* Compare the description of the dwelling of Sleep in Orlando Furioso, bk. vi.

But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid  
 (The friend of earth and heaven), her wings display'd;  
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,  
 Even Jove revered the venerable dame."

"Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies,  
 And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes);  
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favor won,  
 Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?  
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,  
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;  
 For know, thy loved-one shall be ever thine,  
 The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.\*

"Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods  
 That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods:  
 Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,  
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:  
 Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,  
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell;  
 That she, my loved-one, shall be ever mine,  
 The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine."

The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers  
 Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,  
 And those who rule the inviolable floods,  
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle  
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;  
 Through air, unseen, involved in darkness glide,  
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide  
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills):  
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the god:  
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.  
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise  
 To join its summit to the neighboring skies;  
 Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,  
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night  
 (Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,  
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth).

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;  
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes;  
 The god, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,  
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;

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\* Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main—  
 Around my person wait, and bear my train;  
 Succeed my wish, and second my design,  
 The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine."

Dryden's Virgil, Æn. i. 107, seq.

Fierce as when first by stealth he seized her charms,  
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms :  
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke :

"Why comes my goddess from the ethereal sky,  
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?"

Then she—"I haste to those remote abodes  
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,  
 The reverend Ocean and gray Tethys, reign,  
 On the last limits of the land and main.  
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares  
 I owe the nursing of my tender years :  
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease  
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
 The steeds, prepared my chariot to convey  
 O'er earth and seas, and through the ærial way,  
 Wait under Ide : of thy superior power  
 To ask consent, I leave the Olympian bower ;  
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells."

"For that (said Jove) suffice another day!  
 But eager love denies the least delay.  
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.  
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
 Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love :  
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,  
 Whence rose Pirithous like the gods in fame :  
 Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold  
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.  
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame  
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came) :  
 Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,  
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.\*  
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,  
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.  
 Not thus even for thyself I felt desire,  
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire."

He spoke ; the goddess with the charming eyes

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\* *And Minos.* "By Homer, Minos is described as the son of Jupiter, and of the daughter of Phoenix, whom all succeeding authors name Europa ; and he is thus carried back into the remotest period of Cretan antiquity known to the poet, apparently as a native hero, illustrious enough for a divine parentage, and too ancient to allow his descent to be traced to any other source. But in a genealogy recorded by later writers, he is likewise the adopted son of Asterius, as descendant of Dorus, the son of Helen, and is thus connected with a colony said to have been led into Creta by Tentamus, or Tectamus, son of Dorus, who is related either to have crossed over from Thessaly, or to have embarked at Malea after having led his followers by land into Laconia."—Thirlwall, p. 126. seq.

Glows celestial red, and thus replies :  
 "Is this a scene of love ? On Ida's height,  
 Exposed to mortal and immortal sight !  
 Our joys profaned by each familiar eye ;  
 The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky  
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
 Or mix among the senate of the gods ?  
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
 All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms ?  
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,  
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour ;  
 If such thy will, to that recess retire,  
 In secret there indulge thy soft desire."

She ceased ; and, smiling with superior love,  
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove :  
 "Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold ;  
 Not even the sun, who darts through heaven his rays,  
 And whose broad eye the extended earth surveys."

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,  
 His eager arms around the goddess threw.  
 Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
 Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers :  
 Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
 And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,  
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,\*  
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.  
 There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,  
 Steep'd in soft joys and circumfused with air ;  
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round :  
 At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppress'd,  
 The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,  
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings ;  
 Beside him sudden, unperceived, he stood,  
 And thus with gentle words address'd the god :  
 "Now, Neptune ! now, the important hour employ,  
 To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy :  
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapors shed  
 The golden vision round his sacred head ;  
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,  
 Have closed those awful and eternal eyes !"

\* Milton has emulated this passage, in describing the couch of our first parents :—

"Underneath the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay,  
 'Brodier'd the ground."—"Paradise Lost," iv. 700.

Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,  
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.  
Neptune, with zeal increased, renews his care,  
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,  
Indignant thus—" Oh once of martial fame  
O Greeks ! If yet ye can deserve the name !  
This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain ?  
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ?  
Lo ! still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires  
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.  
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
Be still yourselves, and ye shall need no more.  
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,  
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms :  
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,  
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield ;  
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,  
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.  
Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay ;  
Myself, ye Greeks ! myself will lead the way."

The troops assent ; their martial arms they change :  
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.  
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.  
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,  
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.  
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array  
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :  
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,  
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.  
Clad in his might, the earth-shaking power appears ;  
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unawed,  
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god :  
And lo ! the god, and wondrous man, appear :  
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.  
The roaring main, at her great master's call,  
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall  
Around the ships : seas hanging o'er the shores,  
Both armies join : earth thunders, ocean roars.  
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,  
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound :  
Less loud the winds that from the Æolian hall  
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall ;  
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,  
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour :  
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,

And such a clamor shakes the sounding heaven.  
 The first bold javelin, urged by Hector's force  
 Direct at Ajax' bosom winged its course :  
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford  
 (One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword).  
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,  
 And cursed the lance that unavailing flew :  
 But 'scaped not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand  
 A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand  
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,  
 Or served to ballast, or to prop the fleet),  
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;  
 On the razed shield the fallen ruin rings,  
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;  
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.  
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,  
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,  
 The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise :  
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,  
 And own the terrors of the almighty hand !  
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;  
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;  
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;  
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head :  
 His load of armor, sinking to the ground,  
 Clanks on the field, a dead and hollow sound.  
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain :  
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain :  
 All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly,  
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky.  
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;  
 He lies protected, and, without a wound.\*  
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,  
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,  
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band,  
 With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.  
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,

\* *He lies protected.*

"Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war : there they him laid,  
 Gnashing for anguish, and shame."  
 "Paradise Lost," vi. 335. seq.

The groaning hero to his chariot bear ;  
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,  
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,  
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,  
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,  
Placed on the margin of the flowery ground.  
Raised on his knees, he now ejects the gore ;  
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore ;  
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,  
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,  
With double fury each invades the field.  
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,  
Pierced by whose point the son of Enops bled  
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore  
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore) ;  
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies  
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.  
An arduous battle rose around the dead ;  
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fired with revenge, Polydamas drew near,  
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear ;  
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,  
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
" Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,  
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield :  
From this unerring hand there flies no dart  
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.  
Propp'd on that spear to which thou owest thy fall,  
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall."

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast :  
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.  
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,  
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel ;  
The foe, reclining, shunn'd the flying death ;  
But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath :  
Thy lofty birth no succor could impart,  
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart ;  
Swift to perform heaven's fatal will, it fled  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,  
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain ;  
The dropping head first tumbled on the plain.  
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

" Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes !  
(The towering Ajax loud-insulting cries :)



Say, is this chief extended on the plain  
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?  
Mark well his port! his figure and his face  
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;  
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,  
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son."

He spake, and smiled severe, for well he knew  
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.  
But furious Acamas avenged his cause;  
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,  
He pierced his heart—"Such fate attends you all,  
Proud Argives! destined by our arms to fall.  
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share  
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.  
Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,  
A victim owed to my brave brother's death.  
Not unappeased he enters Pluto's gate,  
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate."

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,  
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;  
At the proud boaster he directs his course;  
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.  
But young Ilioneus received the spear;  
Ilioneus, his father's only care  
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train  
Whom Hermes loved, and taught the arts of gain):  
Full in his eye the weapon chanced to fall,  
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,  
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain;  
He lifts his miserable arms in vain:  
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,  
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;  
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;  
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,  
The victor seized; and, as aloft he shook  
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

"Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!  
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:  
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,  
Such as the house of Promachus must know;  
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,  
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,  
When we victorious shall to Greece return,  
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn."

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;  
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:  
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,

And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove ! that on Olympus shine,  
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine :

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,  
What chief, what hero first embrued the field ?  
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,

And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame ?

Thou first, great Ajax ! on the ensanguined plain

Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train,

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew

Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.

Strong Periphætès and Prothoön bled,

By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead,

Pierced in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,

His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell ;

Eternal darkness wrapp'd the warrior round,

And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,

Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run ;

Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race

Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

## BOOK XV.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE FIFTH BATTLE AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspirers Hector with vigor, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie,  
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.  
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,  
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:  
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,  
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;  
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain,  
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.  
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes),  
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
His senses wandering to the verge of death.  
The god beheld him with a pitying look,  
And thus, incensed, to fraudulent Juno spoke:  
"O thou, still adverse to the eternal will,  
Forever studious in promoting ill!  
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,  
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.  
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles, withstand  
Our power immense, and brave the almighty hand?  
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,  
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,  
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,

And all the raging gods opposed in vain ?  
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,  
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.  
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,  
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son :  
When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd  
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,  
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,  
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.  
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,  
Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head ;  
Lest arts and blandishments successful prove,  
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love."

The Thunderer spoke : imperial Juno mourn'd,  
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd :

"By every oath that powers immortal ties,  
The foodful earth and all-infolding skies ;  
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx ! that flow  
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below ;  
By the dread honors of thy sacred head,  
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed !  
Not by my arts the ruler of the main  
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain :  
By his own ardor, his own pity sway'd,  
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd :  
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,  
And taught submission to the sire of heaven."

"Think'st thou with me ? fair empress of the skies !  
(The immortal father with a smile replies ;)  
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,  
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.  
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will  
To yon bright synod on the Olympian hill ;  
Our high decree let various Iris know,  
And call the god that bears the silver bow.  
Let her descend, and from the embattled plain  
Command the sea-god to his watery reign :  
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare  
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war :  
His laboring bosom re-inspires with breath,  
And calls his senses from the verge of death.  
Greece chased by Troy, even to Achilles' fleet,  
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.  
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain  
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.  
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls !  
Even my loved son, divine Sarpedon falls !

Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.  
 Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise :  
 And lo ! that instant, godlike Hector dies.  
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,  
 Pallas assists, and lofty Iliou burns.  
 Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,  
 Nor one of all the heavenly host engage  
 In aid of Greece. The promise of a god  
 I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod,  
 Achilles' glory to the stars to raise ;  
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys."

The trembling queen (the almighty order given)  
 Swift from the Idæan summit shot to heaven.  
 As some wayfaring man, who wanders o'er  
 In thought a length of lands he trod before,  
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space :  
 So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,  
 If thought of man can match the speed of gods.  
 There sat the powers in awful synod placed ;  
 They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd  
 Through all the brazen dome : \* with goblets crown  
 They hail her queen ; the nectar streams around.  
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,  
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul ?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies  
 " Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,  
 Unmoved his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
 Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call ;  
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall ;  
 But Jove shall thunder through the ethereal dome  
 Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,  
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,  
 And damp the eternal banquets of the skies."

The goddess said, and sullen took her place ;  
 Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.  
 To see the gathering grudge in every breast,  
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express'd ;  
 While on her wrinkled front, and eyebrow bent,  
 Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.  
 Thus she proceeds—" Attend, ye powers above !  
 But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove :  
 Supreme he sits ; and sees, in pride of sway,  
 Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey :

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\* *The brazen dome.* See the note on Bk. viii. p. 142.

Fierce in the majesty of power controls ;  
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.  
Submiss, immortals ! all he wills, obey :  
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.  
Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,  
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;  
Thy own loved boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
If that loved boasted offspring be thy own."

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun :  
" Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars obey ;  
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way ;  
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,  
The god of battles dares avenge the slain ;  
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head  
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead."

With that he gives command to Fear and Flight  
To join his rapid coursers for the fight :  
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies ;  
Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies.  
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,  
Discharged his wrath on half the host of heaven ;  
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,  
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.  
Struck for the immortal race with timely fear,  
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear :  
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
Thus to the impetuous homicide she said :

" By what wild passion, furious ! art thou toss'd ?  
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.  
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,  
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?  
Back to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driven,  
And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?  
Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage,  
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage ;  
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate  
And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state.  
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ;  
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.  
Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply,  
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ? "

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne ;  
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.  
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)  
The winged Iris, and the god of day.  
" Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)

On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide :  
There in the father's awful presence stand,  
Receive, and execute his dread command."

She said, and sat ; the god that gilds the day,  
And various Iris, wing their airy way.  
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came  
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game),  
There sat the eternal ; he whose nod controls  
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.  
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,  
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.  
Well-pleased the Thunderer saw their earnest care,  
And prompt obedience to the queen of air ;  
Then (while a smile serenest his awful brow)  
Commands the goddess of the showery bow :

" Iris ; descend, and what we here ordain,  
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.  
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.  
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.  
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?  
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,  
And is there equal to the lord of heaven ? "

The all-mighty spoke ; the goddess wing'd her flight  
To sacred Ilion from the Idæan height.  
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,  
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows ;  
So from the clouds descending Iris falls,  
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls :

" Attend the mandate of the sire above !  
In me behold the messenger of Jove :  
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair  
To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air.  
This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh  
His elder birthright, and superior sway.  
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms  
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?  
Striv'st thou with him by whom all power is given ?  
And art thou equal to the lord of heaven ? "

" What means the haughty sovereign of the skies ?  
(The king of ocean thus, incensed, replies)  
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high ;  
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.  
Three brother deities from Saturn came,  
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame :

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;  
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;  
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,  
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain ;  
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,  
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep ;  
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie :  
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky ?  
Far in the distant clouds let him control,  
And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;  
There to his children his commands be given,  
The trembling, servile, second race of heaven."

"And must I then (said she), O sire of floods !  
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods ?  
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;  
A noble mind disdains not to repent.  
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,  
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heaven."

"Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)  
When ministers are blest with prudent mind :  
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,  
And quit, though angry, the contended field :  
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,  
The same our honors, and our birth the same.  
If yet, forgetful of his promise given  
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heaven,  
To favor Ilion, that perfidious place,  
He breaks his faith with half the ethereal race ;  
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train  
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,  
Howe'er the offence by other gods be pass'd,  
The wrath of Neptune shall forever last."

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,  
And plunged into the bosom of the flood.  
The lord of thunders, from his lofty height  
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light :

"Behold ! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd  
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,  
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,  
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage ;  
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,  
Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound :  
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell  
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.  
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spared ;  
Even power immense had found such battle hard.  
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,



Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,  
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,  
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :  
Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train  
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :  
Then Greece shall breathe from toils." The godhead said ;  
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.  
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,  
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,  
As Phœbus, shooting from the Idæan brow,  
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.  
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,  
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;  
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;  
Again his loved companions meet his eyes ;  
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away,  
To whom the god who gives the golden day :

" Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?  
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war ? "

The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :

" What blest immortal, with commanding breath,  
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?  
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword  
Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle gored,  
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow  
Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?  
Even yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,  
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye."

To him Apollo : " Be no more dismay'd ;  
See, and be strong ! the Thunderer sends thee aid.  
Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,  
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.  
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :  
Even I will make thy fiery coursers way,  
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea."

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,  
And breathed immortal ardor from above.  
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,  
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;  
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,  
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;  
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies ;  
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again :

Urged by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,  
Full of the god ; and all his hosts pursue.  
As when the force of men and dogs combined  
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind ;  
Far from the hunter's range secure they lie  
Close in the rock (not fated yet to die)  
When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !  
They fly : at once the chasers and the prey.  
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,  
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,  
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoäs with grief observed his dreadful course,  
Thoäs, the bravest of the Ætolian force ;  
Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,  
And bold to combat in the standing fight,  
Not more in councils famed for solid sense,  
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.  
" Gods ! what portent (he cried) these eyes invade ?  
Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades !  
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd :  
What god restores him to the frightened field ;  
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,  
Pours new destruction on her sons again ?  
He comes not, Jove ! without thy powerful will ;  
Lo ! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still !  
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand :  
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command ;  
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.  
Thus point your arms : and when such foes appear,  
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear."

The warrior spoke ; the listening Greeks obey,  
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,  
The valiant leader of the Cretan band ;  
And Mars-like Meges : these the chiefs excite,  
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,  
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.  
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,  
And Hector first came towering to the war.  
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led ;  
A veil of clouds involved his radiant head :  
High held before him, Jove's enormous shield  
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field ;  
Vulcan to Jove the immortal gift consign'd,

To scatter hosts and terrify mankind.  
 The Greeks expect the shock, the clamors rise  
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies.  
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,  
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;  
 These drink the life of generous warriors slain:  
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.  
 As long as Phœbus bore unmoved the shield,  
 Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field;  
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,  
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,  
 Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,  
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.  
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,  
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,  
 And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.  
 Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,  
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.  
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads,  
 First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;  
 One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,  
 And one Menestheus' friend and famed compeer.  
 Medon and Iâsus, Æneas sped;  
 This sprang from Phelus, and the Athenians led;  
 But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;  
 Him Ajax honor'd with a brother's name,  
 Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd,  
 A banish'd man, in Phylacæ he dwel'd,  
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;  
 Troy ends at last his labors and his life.  
 Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew;  
 And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.  
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
 Pierced through the shoulder as he basely flies.  
 Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;  
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.  
 The Greeks dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall,  
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.  
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.  
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;  
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
 Points to the fleet: "For, by the gods! who flies,\*

\* *For, by the gods! who flies.* Observe the bold ellipsis of "he cries," and the transition from the direct to the oblique construction. So in Milton:—

Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ;  
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.  
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,  
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.”  
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds ;  
The coursers fly ; the smoking chariot bounds ;  
The hosts rush on ; loud clamors shake the shore ;  
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar !  
Apollo, planted at the trench’s bound,  
Push’d at the bank : down sank the enormous mound :  
Roll’d in the ditch the heapy ruin lay ;  
A sudden road ! a long and ample way.  
O’er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)  
Now steeds, and men, and cars tumultuous pass.  
The wondering crowds the downward level trod ;  
Before them flamed the shield, and march’d the god.  
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall ;  
And lo ! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall :  
Easy as when ashore an infant stands,  
And draws imagined houses in the sands ;  
The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play,  
Sweeps the slight works and fashion’d domes away :  
Thus vanish’d at thy touch, the towers and walls ;  
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,  
Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer :  
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands ;  
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.  
Experienced Nestor chief obtests the skies ;  
And weeps his country with a father’s eyes.

“O Jove ! if ever, on his native shore,  
One Greek enrich’d thy shrine with offer’d gore  
If e’er, in hope our country to behold,  
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold ;  
If e’er thou sign’st our wishes with thy nod :  
Perform the promise of a gracious god !  
This day preserve our navies from the flame,  
And save the relics of the Grecian name.”

Thus prayed the sage : the eternal gave co  
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.

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“ Thus at their shady lodge arriv’d, both stood,  
Both turn’d, and under open sky ador’d  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
Which they beheld, the moon’s resplendent globe,  
And starry pole.—Thou also mad’st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day.”

Milton, “Paradise Lost,” Book iv

Presumptuous Troy mistook the accepting sign,  
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.  
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,  
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,  
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,  
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend :  
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,  
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall ;  
Legions on legions from each side arise :  
Thick sound the keels ; the storm of arrows flies.  
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,  
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle raged,  
And laboring armies round the works engaged,  
Still in the tent Patroclus sat to tend  
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.  
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.  
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,  
With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.  
" Though yet thy state require redress (he cries)  
Depart I must : what horrors strike my eyes !  
Charged with Achilles' high command I go,  
A mournful witness of this scene of woe ;  
I haste to urge him by his country's care  
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.  
Perhaps some favoring god his soul may bend ;  
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend."

He spoke ; and, speaking, swifter than the wind  
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.  
The embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,  
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain :  
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,  
Force to the fleet and tents the impervious way.  
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,  
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part ;  
With equal hand he guides his whole design,  
By the just rule, and the directing line :  
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
Preserved their line, and equal kept the war.  
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried,  
And every ship sustained an equal tide.  
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,  
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet ;  
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend,

Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend:  
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;  
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.  
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,  
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;  
But, pierced by Telamon's huge lance, expires:  
Thundering he falls, and drops the extinguish'd fires.  
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,  
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.  
"Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!

Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:  
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;  
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!"

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:  
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.  
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;  
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:  
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,  
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;  
In peace, and war, for ever at his side,  
Near his loved master, as he lived, he died.  
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,  
And lies a lifeless load along the land.  
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,  
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:

"Teucer, behold! extended on the shore  
Our friend, our loved companion! now no more!  
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care  
To fight our wars he left his native air.  
This death deplored, to Hector's rage we owe;  
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.  
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?  
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?"

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,  
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;  
The well-stored quiver on his shoulders hung:  
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung.  
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame  
(To thee, Polydamas! an honor'd name),  
Drove through the thickest of the embattled plains  
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.  
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,  
The pointed death arrests him from behind:  
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;  
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.  
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,  
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;

Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,  
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;  
Then, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe :  
Rage edged his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,  
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws :  
And had the weapon found the destined way,  
Thy fall, great Trojan ! had renown'd that day.  
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then :  
The all-wise disposer of the fates of men  
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands ;  
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.  
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two ;  
Down dropp'd the bow : the shaft with brazen head  
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.  
The astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries :  
"Some god prevents our destined enterprise :  
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,  
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,  
And broke the nerve my hands had twined with art,  
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart."

"Since heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)  
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by :  
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,  
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield.  
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,  
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.  
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain ;  
To force our fleet, or even a ship to gain,  
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood : their utmost might  
Shall find its match—No more : 'tis ours to fight."

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside ;  
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied ;  
On his brave head a crested helm he placed,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably graced ;  
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,  
The warrior wields ; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy :  
"Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !  
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,  
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.  
Jove is with us ; I saw his hand, but now,  
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow :  
Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favors shine,  
When happy nations bear the marks divine !  
How easy then, to see the sinking state

Of realms accursed, deserted, reprobate !  
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours :  
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.  
Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;  
And for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.  
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,  
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ;  
Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;  
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ;  
His wife live honor'd, all his race succeed,  
And late posterity enjoy the deed ! ”

This roused the soul in every Trojan breast :  
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd :

“ How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,  
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace !)  
How long on these cursed confines will ye lie,  
Yet undetermined, or to live or die ?  
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,  
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire ?  
Make how the flames approach, how near they fall,  
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call !  
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,  
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.  
’Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;  
To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;  
And better far in one decisive strife,  
One day should end our labor or our life,  
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
Still press’d, and press’d by such inglorious hands.”

The listening Grecians feel their leader’s flame,  
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.  
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ;  
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died ;  
There, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,  
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor’s race.  
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,  
The fierce commander of the Epeian band.  
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;  
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew  
(That valued life, O Phœbus ! was thy care)  
But Crœsmus’ bosom took the flying spear :  
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore ;  
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.  
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,  
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,  
And famed for prowess in a well-fought field,  
He pierced the centre of his sounding shield :



But Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,  
(Well-known in fight on Sellè's winding shore ;  
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,  
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,  
Had saved the father, and now saves the son.  
Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance,  
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,  
New ting'd with Tyrian dye : in dust below,  
Shorn from the crest, the purple honors glow.  
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,  
And stood by Meges' side a sudden aid.  
'Through Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful dart,  
Which held its passage through the panting heart,  
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound  
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.  
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain :  
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;  
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,  
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.  
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)  
Fed his large oxen on Percotè's plain ;  
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,  
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war ;  
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,  
Beloved no less than Priam's royal race.  
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,  
And thus inflamed him, pointing to the dead.

"Lo, Melanippus ! lo, where Dolops lies ;  
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ?  
O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,  
And lo ! they bear the bloody arms away !  
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,  
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage :  
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end ;  
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,  
Heaved from the lowest stone ; and bury all  
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall."

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :  
With equal ardor Melanippus glows :  
Then Ajax thus—"O Greeks ! respect your fame,  
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame :  
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.  
On valor's side the odds of combat lie ;  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,

Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."

His generous sense he not in vain imparts ;  
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts :  
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,  
And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;  
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.  
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,  
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.  
"Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
So strong to fight, so active to pursue ?  
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?  
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed."

He said ; and backward to the lines retired ;  
Forth rush'd the youth with martial fury fired,  
Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,  
And round the black battalions cast his view.  
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,  
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.  
Advancing Melanippus met the dart  
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :  
Thundering he falls ; his falling arms resound,  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.  
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize :  
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,  
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart  
The distant hunter sent into his heart.  
Observing Hector to the rescue flew ;  
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.  
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,  
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain,  
While conscious of the deed, he glares around  
And hears the gathering multitude resound,  
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,  
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood :  
So fears the youth ; all Troy with shouts pursue,  
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew ;  
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns  
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,  
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :  
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,  
The Grecian ardor quench'd in deep despair ;  
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,  
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.  
On Ida's top the waits with longing eyes,  
To view the navy blazing to the skies ;

Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
 The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.  
 These fates revolved in his almighty mind,  
 He raises Hector to the work design'd,  
 Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
 And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.  
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,  
 Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.  
 Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
 Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.  
 He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy brow  
 Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow :  
 The radiant helmet on his temple burns,  
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns :  
 For Jove his splendor round the chief had thrown,  
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.  
 Unhappy glories ! for his fate was near,  
 Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear :  
 Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,  
 And gave what fate allow'd, the honors of a day !

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes  
 Burn at each foe, and single every prize ;  
 Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,  
 He points his ardor, and exerts his might.  
 The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,  
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power :  
 So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,\*  
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,  
 Unmoved it hears, above, the tempest blow,  
 And sees the watery mountains break below.  
 Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall  
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all :  
 Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,  
 And, swell'd with tempests, on the ship descends ;  
 White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud  
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud :  
 Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears ;  
 And instant death on every wave appears.  
 So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,  
 The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.  
 As when a lion, rushing from his den,  
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen

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\* *So some tall rock.*

" But like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves  
 The raging tempest, and the rising waves --  
 Propp'd on himself he stands : his solid sides  
 Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides."

Dryden's Virgil, vii. 809.

(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead) ;  
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;  
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies ;  
Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled)  
He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.  
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
All Greece in heaps ; but one he seized, and slew :  
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,  
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;  
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire  
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire :  
The son redeem'd the honors of the race,  
A son as generous as the sire was base ;  
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far  
In every virtue, or of peace or war :  
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield !  
Against the margin of his ample shield  
He struck his hasty foot : his heels up-sprung ;  
Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.  
On the fallen chief the invading Trojan press'd  
And plunged the pointed javelin in his breast.  
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late  
The unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate.

Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian train  
Now man the next, receding toward the main :  
Wegged in one body at the tents they stand,  
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desperate band.  
Now manly shame forbids the inglorious flight ;  
Now fear itself confines them to the fight :  
Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor most  
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)  
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;  
And by their parents, by themselves implores.

" Oh friends ! be men : your generous breasts inflame  
With mutual honor, and with mutual shame !  
Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care  
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :  
Think of each living father's reverend head ;  
Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;  
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue,  
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :  
The gods their fates on this one action lay,  
And all are lost, if you desert the day."

He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires ;  
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.  
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw

She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;  
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain  
And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main  
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,  
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light,  
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,  
His port majestic, and his ample size :  
A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,  
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around ;  
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,  
But looks a moving tower above the bands ;  
High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,  
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.  
So when a horseman from the watery mead  
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,  
To some great city through the public way ;  
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;  
And now to this, and now to that he flies ;  
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.  
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,  
No less the wonder of the warring crew.  
As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,  
And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd ;  
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores  
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores :  
So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,  
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.  
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,  
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.  
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,  
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.  
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,  
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ;  
As if new vigor from new fights they won,  
And the long battle was but then begun.  
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
Secure of death, confiding in despair :  
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main  
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain :  
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,  
And each contends, as his were all the war.  
'Twas thou, bold Hector ! whose resistless hand  
First seized a ship on that contested strand :

The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,\*  
The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore :  
For this in arms the warring nations stood.  
And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood.  
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow ;  
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow :  
Wounded, they wound ; and seek each other's hearts  
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd dart  
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,  
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground ;  
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dyed,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging, Hector with his ample hand  
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command :  
“ Haste, bring the flames ! that toil of ten long years  
Is finished ; and the day desired appears !  
This happy day with acclamations greet,  
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.  
The coward-counsels of a timorous throng  
Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long :  
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,  
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :  
In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.”

He spoke—the warriors at his fierce command  
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.  
Even Ajax paused (so thick the javelins fly)  
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.  
Yet, where the oars are placed, he stands to wait  
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate :  
Even to the last his naval charge defends,  
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends  
Even yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspire  
Amidst attack, and death, and darts, and fires.

“ O friends ! O heroes ! names forever dear,  
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !  
Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown,  
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.  
What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?  
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ?  
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,  
No friends to help, no city to defend.  
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;

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\* Protesilaüs was the first Greek who fell, slain by Hector, as he leaped from the vessel to the Trojan shore. He was buried on the Chersonese, near the city of Plagusa. Hygin. Fab. ciii. Tzet. on Lycophr. 245, 528. There is a most elegant tribute to his memory in the Preface to the *Heroica* of Philostratus.

There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.  
'Tis hostile ground you tread ; your native lands  
Far, far from hence : your fates are in your hands."

Raging he spoke ; nor further wastes his breath,  
But turns his javelin to the work of death.  
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,  
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,  
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,  
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead :  
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

## BOOK XVI.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE SIXTH BATTLE; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armor. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armor, horses, soldiers, and officers are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armor, taking him for that hero, are cast into the uttermost consternation; he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described: in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy: where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on the ensanguined shore,  
While the black vessels smoked with human gore.  
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;  
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes  
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,  
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.  
Divine Pelides, with compassion moved,  
Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best beloved : \*

\* *His best beloved.* The following elegant remarks of Thirlwall (Greece, vol. i. p. 176, seq.) well illustrate the character of the friendship subsisting between the two heroes :—

“One of the noblest and most amiable sides of the Greek character, is the readiness with which it lent itself to construct intimate and durable friendships; and this is a feature no less prominent in the earliest, than in later times. It was indeed connected with the comparatively low estimation in which female society was held: but the devotedness and constancy with which these attachments were maintained, was not the less admirable and engaging. The heroic companions whom we find celebrated, partly by Homer and partly in traditions, which, if not of equal antiquity, were grounded on the same feeling, seem to have but one heart and soul, with scarcely a wish or object apart, and only to live, as they are always ready to die, for one another. It is true that the relation between them is not always one of perfect equality: but this is a circumstance which, while it often adds a peculiar charm to the poetical description, detracts little from the dignity of the idea which it presents. Such were the friendships of Hercules and Iolaus, of Theseus and Pirithous, of Orestes and Pylades: and though these may owe the greater part of their fame to the later epic, or even dramatic poetry, the moral groundwork undoubtedly subsisted in the period to which the traditions are referred. The argument of the Iliad mainly turns on the affection of Achilles for Patroclus, whose love for the greater hero is only tempered by reverence for his higher birth and his unequalled powers. But the mutual regard which united Idomeneus and Meriones, Diomedes and Sthenelus, though, as the



"Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,  
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?  
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps  
From her loved breast, with fonder passion weeps;  
Not more the mother's soul, that infant warms,  
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,  
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end  
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

"Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?  
Or come sad tidings from our native land?  
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),  
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,  
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;  
Pleased in their age to hear their children's praise.  
Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?  
Perhaps some relics of the Grecian name,  
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,  
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?  
Whate'er their cause, reveal thy secret care,  
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share."  
A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,  
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:

"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,  
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!  
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,  
Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in his tent:  
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,  
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,  
More for their country's wounds than for their own  
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.  
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,  
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!  
Thy country slighted in her last distress,  
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?  
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

"O man unpitying! if of man thy race;  
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,  
Nor ever amorous hero caused thy birth,  
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:  
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
And raging seas produced thee in a storm,

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persons themselves are less important, it is kept more in the back-ground, is manifestly viewed by the poet in the same light. The idea of a Greek hero seems not to have been thought complete, without such a brother in arms by his side."—Thirlwall, *Greece*, vol. i. p. 176, seq.

A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,  
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.  
"If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,  
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,  
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line :  
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war ;  
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,  
And thy mere image chase her foes away.  
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabor'd train  
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again."  
Thus, blind to fate ! with supplicating breath,  
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death  
Unfortunately good ! a boding sigh  
Thy friend return'd ; and with it, this reply .  
"Patroclus ! thy Achilles knows no fears ;  
Nor words from Jove nor oracles he hears ;  
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest ;  
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.  
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,  
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage :  
I made him tyrant : gave him power to wrong  
Even my : I felt it ; and shall feel it long.  
The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forced away,  
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day ;  
Due to my conquest of her-father's reign ;  
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.  
From me he forced her ; me, the bold and brave,  
Disgraced, dishonor'd, like the meanest slave.  
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past :  
'Tis time our fury should relent at last :  
I fix'd its date ; the day I wish'd appears :  
How Hector to my ships his battle bears,  
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.  
Go then, Patroclus ! court fair honor's charms  
In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms :  
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,  
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.  
See the thin relics of their baffled band  
At the last edge of yon deserted land !  
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;  
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends  
It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed,  
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blazed :  
Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,  
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.

No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,  
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there ;  
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son ;  
No more your general calls his heroes on :  
Hector, alone, I hear ; his dreadful breath  
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.  
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain :  
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,  
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.  
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,  
Who trusts his fame and honors in thy hand,  
And from thy deeds expects the Achaian host  
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost :  
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,  
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.  
Though Jove in thunder should command the war,  
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.  
The fleet once saved, desist from further chase,  
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;  
Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy ;  
Some god, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.  
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,  
Do her own work ; and leave the rest to fate.  
O ! would to all the immortal powers above,  
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,  
That not one Trojan might be left alive,  
And not a Greek of all the race survive :  
Might only we the vast destruction shun,  
And only we destroy the accursed town ! ”  
Such conference held the chiefs ; while on the strand  
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.  
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,  
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :  
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung ;  
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung ;  
His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes :  
And painful sweat from all his members flows.  
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most :  
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post ;  
Dangers on dangers all around him glow,  
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.  
Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame,  
How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame ?  
Stern Hector waved his sword, and standing near,  
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,  
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,  
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head ;

His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain ;  
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.  
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine ;  
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign,  
Warn'd he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour  
The hissing brands ; thick streams the fiery shower ;  
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,  
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims :  
" Arm, arm, Patroclus ! Lo, the blaze aspires !  
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.  
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ;  
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name ;  
I haste to bring the troops."—The hero said ;  
The friend with ardor and with joy obey'd.

He cased his limbs in brass ; and first around  
His manly legs, with silver buckles bound  
The clasp'ing greaves ; then to his breast applies  
The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes ;  
Emblazed with studs of gold his falchion shone  
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone :

Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread  
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head :  
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,  
He flash'd around intolerable day.  
Alone untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,  
Not to be poised but by Pelides' hands :  
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire  
Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire ;  
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,  
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

The brave Automedon (an honor'd name,  
The second to his lord in love and fame,  
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)  
The winged coursers harness'd to the car ;  
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,  
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed.  
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,  
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore :  
Swift Pedasus was added to their side,  
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)  
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,  
A mortal courser match'd the immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms  
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms  
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,

A grim, terrific, formidable band :

Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs\*  
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings,  
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughtered in the wood,  
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,  
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,  
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,  
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,  
And gorged with slaughter still they thirst for more.  
Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,  
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,  
Directs their order, and the war commands.  
He, loved of Jove, had launch'd for Illon's shores  
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :  
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
Himself supreme in valor, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,  
Derived from thee, whose waters wash the carth,  
Divine Sperchius ! Jove-descended flood !  
A mortal mother mixing with a god.  
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame  
The son of Borus, that espoused the dame.

Eudorus next ; whom Polymele the gay,  
Famed in the graceful dance, produced to-day.  
Her, sly Cellenius loved : on her would gaze,  
As with swift step she form'd the running maze :  
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,  
The god pursued her, urged, and crown'd his fire.  
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,  
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.  
Strong Echeclæus, bless'd in all those charms  
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms :  
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame ;  
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare ;  
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art  
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;  
No hand so sure of all the Emathian line,  
Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.

The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was graced,  
Laerces' valiant offspring led the last.

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• "As hungry wolves with raging appetite,  
Scour through the fields, ne'er fear the stormy night—  
Their whelps at home expect the promised food,  
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—  
So rush'd we forth at once."—Dryden's *Virgil*, ii. 479.

Soon as Achilles with superior care  
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,  
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave :  
" Ye far famed Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave !  
Think with what threats you dared the Trojan throng,  
Think what reproach these ears endured so long ;  
' Stern son of Peleus (thus ye used to say,  
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)  
Oh nursed with gall, unknowing how to yield ;  
Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field :  
If that dire fury must forever burn,  
What make we here ? Return, ye chiefs, return !'  
Such were your words—Now, warriors ! grieve no more.  
Lo there the Trojans ; bathe your swords in gore !  
This day shall give you all your soul demands,  
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands ! "

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast,  
Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd ;  
Ranks wedged in ranks ; of arms a steely ring  
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.  
As when a circling wall the builder forms,  
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,  
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,  
And round him wide the rising structure grows :  
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,  
Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along ;  
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,  
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest in glittering pomp appear,  
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ;  
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired ;  
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went  
To the rich coffer in his shady tent ;  
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,  
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold  
(The presents of the silver-footed dame),  
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,  
Which never man had stained with ruddy wine,  
Nor raised in offerings to the power divine,  
But Peleus' son ; and Peleus' son to none  
Had raised in offerings, but to Jove alone.  
This tinged with sulphur, sacred first to flame,  
He purged ; and wash'd it in the running stream.  
Then cleansed his hands ; and fixing for a space  
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place  
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd

Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored :  
"O thou supreme ! high-throned all height above !  
O great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove !  
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapors chill,  
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill  
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere ! surround,  
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground ;  
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees ;  
And catch the fates, low-whispered in the breeze) ;  
Hear, as of old ! Thou gav'st at Thetis' prayer,  
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.  
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field  
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield,  
Though still determined, to my ships confined ;  
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.  
Oh ! be his guard thy providential care,  
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war :  
Press'd by his single force let Hector see  
His fame in arms not owing all to me.  
But when the fleets are saved from foes and fire,  
Let him with conquest and renown retire ;  
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
And safe return him to these eyes again !"

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,  
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest ;  
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer ;  
His safe return, the winds dispersed in air.  
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,  
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,  
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.  
As wasps, provoked by children in their play,  
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,  
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,  
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage :  
All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,  
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.  
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,  
So loud their clamors, and so keen their arms :  
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,  
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires :

"O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise !  
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days ;  
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,  
And add new glories to his mighty name.  
Think your Achilles sees you fight : be brave,  
And humble the proud monarch whom you save."

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,  
Flew to the fleet, involved in fire and smoke.  
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,  
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.  
The war stood still, and all around them gazed,  
When great Achilles' shining armor blazed :  
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,  
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus ! flew,  
Where the war raged, and where the tumult grew.  
Close to the stern of that famed ship which bore  
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,  
The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes stood  
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood) ;  
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;  
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.  
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,  
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.  
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,  
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires ;  
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies ;  
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;  
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,  
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.  
So when thick clouds enwrap the mountain's head,  
O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread ;  
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,  
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day :  
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;  
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight.  
And all the unmeasured ether flames with light.

But Troy repulsed, and scatter'd o'er the plains,  
Forced from the navy, yet the fight maintains.  
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,  
But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew :  
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,  
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;  
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigor thrown,  
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :  
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoās was thy chance ;  
Thy breast, unarm'd, received the Spartan lance.  
Phylides' dart (as Amphidus drew nigh)  
His blow prevented, and transpierced his thigh,  
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;  
In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,



And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :  
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,  
Pierced in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies,  
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,  
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground ;  
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage :  
But godlike Thrasimede prevents his rage,  
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ;  
His arm falls spouting on the dust below :  
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er :  
And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,  
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed ;  
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,  
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred :  
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,  
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,  
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize ;  
A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;  
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood .  
Plunged in his throat the smoking weapon lies ;  
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,  
Lycôn the brave, and fierce Peneleus came ;  
In vain their javelins at each other flew,  
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.  
On the plumed crest of his Bœotian foe  
The daring Lycôn aim'd a noble blow ;  
The sword broke short ; but his, Peneleus sped  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head :  
The head, divided by a stroke so just,  
Hung by the skin ; the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neâmas by Merion bleeds,  
Pierced through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds  
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground :  
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,  
His open'd mouth received the Cretan steel :  
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,  
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore :  
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ;  
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain,  
Or kids, or lambs, lie scatter'd o'er the plain,  
A troop of wolves the unguarded charge survey,  
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :

Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;  
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,  
Still, pointed at his breast, his javelin flamed.  
The Trojan chief, experienced in the field,  
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,  
Observed the storm of darts the Grecians pour,  
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower :  
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,  
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his loved allies.

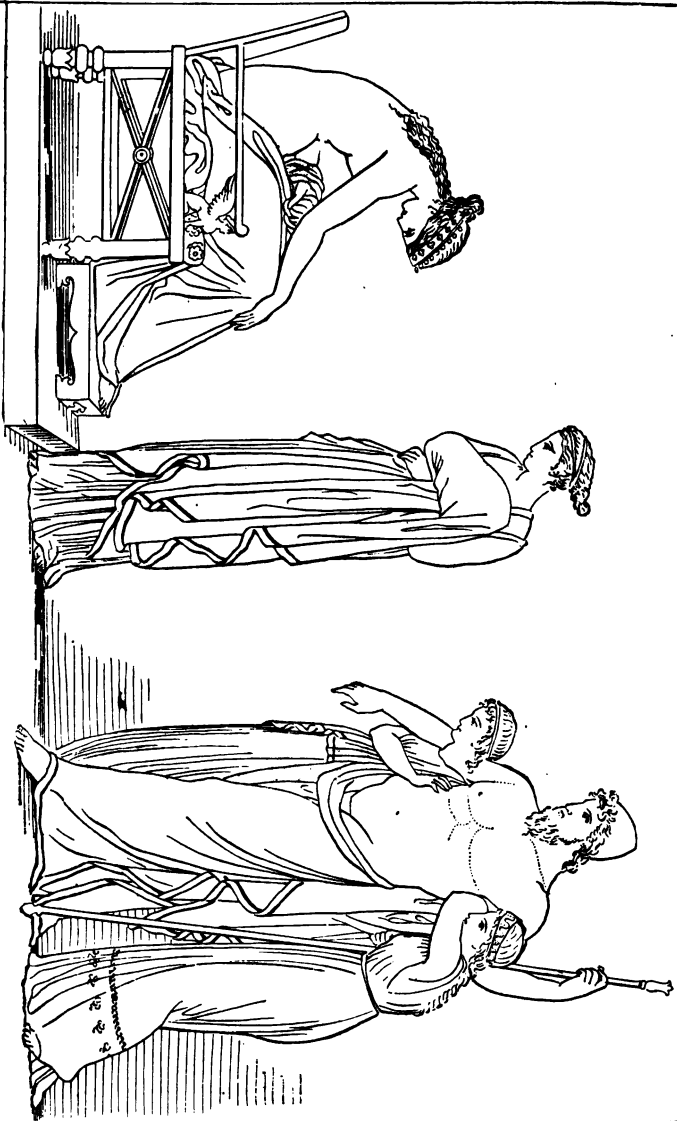
As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,  
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms,  
Dark o'er the field the ascending vapor flies,  
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :  
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,  
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.  
Even Hector fled ; through heads of disarray  
The fiery coursers forced their lord away :  
While far behind his Trojans fall confused ;  
Wedged in the trench, in one vast carnage bruised :  
Chariots on chariots roll : the clashing spokes  
Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their yokes.  
In vain they labor up the steepy mound ;  
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.  
Fierce on the rear, with shouts Patroclus flies ;  
Tumultuous clamor fills the fields and skies ;  
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;  
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.  
The affrighted steeds their dying lords cast down,  
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.  
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,  
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,  
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,  
And bleeding heroes under axles grown.  
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew :  
From bank to bank the immortal coursers flew.  
High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car  
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,  
And thunders after Hector : Hector flies,  
Patroclus shakes his lance ; but fate denies.  
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,  
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant showers  
(When guilty mortals break the eternal laws,  
Or judges, bribed, betray the righteous cause) ;  
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,

And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :  
The impetuous torrents from their hills obey,  
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away ;  
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main ;  
And trembling man sees all his labors vain !

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
Back to the ships his destined progress held,  
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,  
And forced the routed ranks to stand the day.  
Between the space where silver Simoïs flows,  
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,  
All grim in dust and blood Patroclus stands,  
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.  
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,  
Which pierced below the shield his valiant heart.  
Thestor was next, who saw the chief appear,  
And fell the victim of his coward fear ;  
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,  
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly ;  
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,  
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,  
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws,  
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.  
As on a rock that overhangs the main,  
An angler, studious of the line and cane,  
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore :  
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore  
The gaping dastard ; as the spear was shook,  
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies ; a stone,  
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown :  
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,  
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two :  
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,  
And death involved him with the shades of hell.  
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie ;  
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die ;  
Amphoterus and Erymas succeed ;  
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.  
Where'er he moves, the glowing slaughters spread  
In heaps on heaps a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld  
Grovvelling in dust, and gasping on the field,  
With this reproach his flying host he warns :  
"Oh stain to honor ! oh disgrace to arms !  
Forsake, inglorious, the contented plain ;  
This hand unaided shall the war sustain :



VULCAN AND CHARLES RECEIVING THERIS.



The task be mine this hero's strength to try,  
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly."

He spake: and, speaking, leaps from off the car  
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.  
As when two vultures on the mountain's height  
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;  
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;  
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:  
The warriors thus opposed in arms, engage  
With equal clamors, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat: whose event foreseen,  
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen:  
"The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,\*  
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:  
Already on the verge of death he stands,  
His life is owed to fierce Patroclus' hands,  
What passions in a parent's breast debate!  
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,  
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far  
From all the dangers and the toils of war;  
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field."  
Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:  
"What words are these, O sovereign of the skies!  
Short is the date prescribed to mortal man;  
Shall Jove for one extend the narrow span,  
Whose bounds were fixed before his race began?  
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,  
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!  
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.  
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;

\* *The destinies ordain.*—"In the mythology, also, of the Iliad, purely Pagan as it is, we discover one important truth unconsciously involved, which was almost entirely lost from view amidst the nearly equal skepticism and credulity of subsequent ages. Zeus or Jupiter is popularly to be taken as omnipotent. No distinct empire is assigned to fate or fortune; the will of the father of gods and men is absolute and uncontrollable. This seems to be the true character of the Homeric deity, and it is very necessary that the student of Greek literature should bear it constantly in mind. A strong instance in the Iliad itself to illustrate this position, is the passage where Jupiter laments to Juno the approaching death of Sarpedon. 'Alas me!' says he, 'since it is fated (*μοῖρα*) that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, should be slain by Patroclus, the son of Menœtius! Indeed, my heart is divided within me while I ruminate it in my mind, whether having snatched him up from out the lamentable battle, I should not at once place him alive in the fertile land of his own Lycia, or whether I should now destroy him by the hands of the son of Menœtius!' To which Juno answers.—'Dost thou mean to rescue from death a mortal man, long since destined by fate (*πάλας πεπρωμένον*)? You may do it—but we, the rest of the gods, do not sanction it.' Here it is clear from both speakers, that, although Sarpedon is said to be fated to die, Jupiter might still, if he pleased, save him, and place him entirely out of the reach of any such event, and further, in the alternative, that Jupiter himself would destroy him by the hands of another."—Coleridge, p. 156, seq.

And when the ascending soul has wing'd her flight  
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,  
The breathless body to his native land.  
His friends and people, to his future praise,  
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,  
And lasting honors to his ashes give;  
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."

She said: the cloud-compeller, overcome,  
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.  
Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd  
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:  
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,  
Laments his son, predestined to be slain,  
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.  
Now met in arms, the combatants appear;  
Each heaved the shield, and poised the lifted spear;  
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,  
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;  
The nerves unbraced no more his bulk sustain,  
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.  
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw:  
The first aloof with erring fury flew,  
The next transpierced Achilles' mortal steed,  
The generous Pegasus of Theban breed:  
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,  
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.  
His sudden fall the entangled harness broke;  
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:  
When bold Automedon, to disengage  
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,  
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed  
The encumbered chariot from the dying steed:  
The rest move on, obedient to the rein:  
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance:  
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its dying force.  
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;  
Aim'd at his breast it pierced a mortal part,  
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.  
Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)  
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound  
It sinks, and spreads its honors on the ground,  
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,  
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:

He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore  
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.  
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,  
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws  
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood ;  
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band  
The dying chief address'd his last command ;  
"Glaucus, be bold . thy task be first to dare  
The glorious dangers of destructive war,  
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
Incite the living, and supply the dead.  
Tell them, I charged them with my latest breath  
Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.  
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo  
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe !  
Then as a friend, and as a warrior fight ;  
Defend my body, conquer in my right :  
That, taught by great examples, all may try  
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die."  
He ceased ; the Fates suppress'd his laboring breath,  
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.  
The insulting victor with disdain bestrode  
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod ;  
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,  
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart ;  
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,  
And the soul issued in the purple flood.  
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,  
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.  
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,  
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief :  
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart  
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,  
Supported on his better hand he stay'd :  
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd :  
"All-seeing monarch ! whether Lycia's coast,  
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,  
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart ;  
O hear me ! god of every healing art !  
Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierced with pain,  
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,  
I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.  
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,  
Nor Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid ;  
But thou, O god of health ! thy succor lend,



To guard the relics of my slaughter'd friend :  
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,  
To head my Lycians, and support the fight."

Apollo heard ; and, suppliant as he stood,  
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood ;  
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
And breathed a spirit in his rising heart.  
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
And owns the assistance of immortal hands.  
First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms ;  
With ample strides he stalks from place to place.  
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas :  
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts ;  
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

"What thoughts, regardless chief ! thy breast employ ?  
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy !  
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,  
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.  
See ! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,  
In action valiant, and in council wise,  
Who guarded right, and kept his people free ;  
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee !  
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,  
O save from hostile rage his loved remains !  
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,  
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost !"

He spoke : each leader in his grief partook :  
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.  
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown  
At once his country's pillar, and their own ;  
A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'rd wall  
A host of heroes, and outshined them all.  
Fired, they rush on ; first Hector seeks the foes,  
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,  
And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands :  
"Heroes, be men ; be what you were before ;  
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.  
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,  
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.  
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies ;  
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.  
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,  
And send the living Lycians to the dead."

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;  
The martial squadrons close on either hand :

Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,  
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.  
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;  
The clash of armor rings o'er all the plain.  
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,  
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,  
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,  
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;  
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;  
Who chased for murder thence a suppliant came  
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;  
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,  
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.  
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,  
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;  
Hurl'd by Hectorean force it cleft in twain  
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came,  
And, like an eagle darting at his game,  
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.  
What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy hand,  
O generous Greek! when with full vigor thrown,  
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,  
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near  
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.  
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,  
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;  
So far the Trojans from their lines retired;  
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired.  
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,  
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age;  
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,  
With stately seats, and riches blest in vain:  
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue  
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew:  
Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound,  
He fell, and falling made the fields resound.  
The Achaians sorrow for their heroes slain:  
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,  
And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;  
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,  
Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:  
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,  
The priest of Jove, and honor'd like his god.  
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;

The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.  
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,  
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;  
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,  
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;  
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,  
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

"Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)  
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,  
My spear, the destined passage had it found,  
Had fix'd thy active vigor to the ground."

"O valiant leader of the Dardan host!  
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)  
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.  
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,  
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heaven;  
This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;  
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost."

"O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)  
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;  
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,  
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.  
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare  
In glorious action, is the task of war."

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;  
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:  
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;  
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.  
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,  
The labors of the woodman's axe resound;  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
While crackling forests fall on every side:  
Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,  
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,  
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.  
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,  
On every side the busy combat grows;  
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode  
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)  
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
Incessant swarm, and chased return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates  
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates :  
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,  
This instant see his short-lived trophies won,  
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;  
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,  
Augment the fame, and horror of the fight.  
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise  
At length he dooms ; and, that his last of days  
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe ;  
Nor unattended see the shades below.  
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ;  
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away ;  
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline  
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,  
And left their monarch with the common dead ;  
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed ! ) At length the Greeks obtain  
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne ;  
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,  
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove :  
" Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian plain,  
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;  
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,  
With dust dishonor'd, and deform'd with blood ;  
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odors shed,  
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
Those rites discharged, his sacred corse bequeath  
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.  
They to his friends the immortal charge shall bear ;  
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear :  
What honor mortals after death receive,  
Those unavailing honors we may give ! "

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,  
Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;  
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,  
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore ;  
There bathed his honorable wounds, and dress'd  
His manly members in the immortal vest ;  
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews  
Restores his freshness and his form renews.  
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,

Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,  
Received Sarpedon, at the God's command,  
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land ;  
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,  
Where endless honors wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,  
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.  
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,  
Ah blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew :  
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,  
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain :  
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd  
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold ;  
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,  
He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was slain,  
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;  
When heaven itself thy fatal fury led,  
And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?  
Adrestus first ; Autonöus then succeeds ;  
Echeclus follows ; next young Megas bleeds ;  
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground ;  
The slaughter, Elusus and Mulus crown'd :  
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;  
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,  
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.  
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook ; \*  
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook ;  
He tried the fourth ; when, bursting from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud :

" Patroclus ! cease ; this heaven-defended wall  
Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;  
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,  
Troy shall not stoop even to Achilles' hand."

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires ;  
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires :  
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates  
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,

\* *Thrice at the battlements.* "The art military of the Homeric age is upon a level with the state of navigation just described ; personal prowess decided everything : the night attack and the ambuscade, although much esteemed, were never upon a large scale. The chiefs fight in advance, and enact almost as much as the knights of romance. The siege of Troy was as little like a modern siege as a captain in the guards is like Achilles. There is no mention of a ditch or any other line or work round the town, and the wall itself was accessible without a ladder. It was probably a vast mound of earth with a declivity outwards. Patroclus thrice mounts it in armor. The Trojans are in no respects blockaded, and receive assistance from their allies to the very end."—Coleridge, p. 212.

Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.  
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,  
In Asius' shape, who reigned by Sangar's flood  
(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young) ;  
Thus he accosts him : " What a shameful sight !  
God ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?  
Were thine my vigor this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.  
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.  
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,  
And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed."

So spoke the inspiring god ; then took his flight,  
And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight.  
He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car ;  
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.  
The god the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,  
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.  
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;  
A spear his left, a stone employs his right :  
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe.  
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :  
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,  
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed ;  
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound :  
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.  
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,  
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.  
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

" Good heaven ! what active feats yon artist shows !  
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !  
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !  
Pity that all their practice is by land !"

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies :  
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
That sweeps the field, depopulates the fold ;  
Pierced through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,  
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,  
Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,  
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage :  
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,

And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.  
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,  
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead :  
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,  
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;  
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,  
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan ;  
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage ;  
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring ;  
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string :  
Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields,  
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.  
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,  
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins !

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven  
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven ;  
While on each host with equal tempests fell  
The showering darts, and numbers sank to hell.  
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,  
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.  
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant arms.  
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,  
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.  
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,  
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.  
There ends thy glory ! there the Fates untwine  
The last, black remnant of so bright a line :  
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way ;  
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day !

For lo ! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,  
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.  
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;  
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel  
In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,  
His bounding helmet on the campaign rung.  
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore ;  
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before ;  
Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,  
And shade the temples of the mad divine.  
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;

Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls ; his ample shield  
Drops from his arm : his baldric strows the field :  
The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes :  
Loose is each joint ; each nerve with horror shakes ;  
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands :  
Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,  
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name,  
Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,  
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course :  
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.

His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore ;  
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more.  
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood :  
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
Wounded, at once, Patroclus yields to fear,  
Retires for succor to his social train,  
And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in vain.  
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,  
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues ;  
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;  
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.  
With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all  
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.

So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert score,  
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,  
Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood,  
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;  
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife ;  
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.  
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
So many lives effused, expires his own.

As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,  
He sternly views him, and triumphant cries :

“ Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the joy  
Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy ;  
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,  
And thy soft pleasures served with captive dames.  
Unthinking man ! I fought those towers to free,  
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee :  
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;  
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;  
Though much at parting that great chief might say,



And much enjoin thee, this important day.

‘Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said),  
Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.’

He spoke, Patroclus march’d, and thus he sped.”

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,  
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies :

“Vain boaster ! cease, and know the powers divine !  
Jove’s and Apollo’s is this deed, not thine ;

To heaven is owed whate’er your own you call,

And heaven itself disarm’d me ere my fall.

Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,

Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight :

By fate and Phœbus was I first o’erthrown,

Euphorbus next : the third mean part thy own.

But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;

The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death :

Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I ;

Black fate o’erhangs thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;

Even now on life’s last verge I see thee stand,

I see thee fall, and by Achilles’ hand.”

He faints : the soul unwilling wings her way

(The beauteous body left a load of clay),

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;

A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed

On the pale carcase, thus address’d the dead :

“From whence this boding speech, the stern decree

Of death denounced, or why denounced to me ?

Why not as well Achilles’ fate be given

To Hector’s lance ? Who knows the will of heaven ?”

Pensive he said ; then pressing as he lay

His breathless bosom, tore the lance away ;

And upwards cast the corse : the reeking spear

He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.

But swift Automedon with loosen’d reins

Rapt in the chariot o’er the distant plains,

Far from his rage the immortal coursers drove ;

The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

## BOOK XVII.

## ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS.—THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

Menelaüs, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires; but soon returns with Ajax and drives him off. This, Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armor he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaüs sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaces, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,  
Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar dead.  
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,  
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe.  
Thus round her new-fallen young the heifer moves,  
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;  
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)  
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care,  
Opposed to each that near the carcase came,  
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,  
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.  
"This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;  
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:  
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign:  
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine."

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd  
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd:  
"Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne  
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?  
Not thus the lion glories in his might,  
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,  
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain);  
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.

But far the vainest of the boastful kind,  
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.  
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel  
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;  
Against our arm which rashly he defied,  
Vain was his vigor, and as vain his pride.  
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,  
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.  
Presumptuous youth ! like his shall be thy doom  
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom ;  
Or, whilst thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ;  
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."

Unmoved, Euphorbus thus : " That action known,  
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.  
His weeping father claims thy destined head,  
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.  
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,  
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.  
No longer then defer the glorious strife,  
Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life."

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings ;  
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,  
But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.  
On Jove the father great Atrides calls,  
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,  
It pierced his throat, and bent him to the plain ;  
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,  
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.  
The shining circlets of his golden hair,  
Which even the graces might be proud to wear,  
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,  
With dust dishonor'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,  
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,  
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,  
And plays and dances to the gentle air ;  
When lo ! a whirlwind from high heaven invades  
The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;  
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,  
A lovely ruin now defaced and dead :  
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,  
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.  
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,  
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies :  
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire  
The village curs and trembling swains retire.  
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,

And see his jaws distil with smoking gore :  
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,  
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo viewed with envious eyes,  
And urged great Hector to dispute the prize  
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care  
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war); \*  
"Forbear (he cried) with fruitless speed to chase  
Achilles' coustrers, of ethereal race ;  
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,  
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.  
Too long amused with a pursuit so vain,  
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain ;  
By Sparta slain ! forever now suppress'd  
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast !"

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,  
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight :  
His words infix'd unutterable care  
Deep in great Hector's soul : through all the war  
He darts his anxious eye ; and, instant, view'd  
The breathless hero in his blood imbued  
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay),  
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.  
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,  
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies :  
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,  
It flew, and fired the nations as it went.  
Atides from the voice the storm divined,  
And thus explored his own unconquer'd mind :  
"Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,  
Slain in my cause, and for my honor slain !  
Desert the arms, the relics, of my friend ?  
Or singly, Hector and his troops attend ?  
Sure where such partial favor heaven bestow'd,  
To brave the hero were to brave the god :  
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field ;  
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.  
Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give me fear,  
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear :  
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,  
And give Achilles all that yet remains  
Of his and our Patroclus—" This, no more  
The time allow'd : Troy thicken'd on the shore  
A sable scene ! The terrors Hector led.  
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.

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\* *Ciconians*.—A people of Thrace, near the Hebrus.

So from the fold the unwilling lion parts,  
Forced by loud clamors, and a storm of darts ;  
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,  
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.  
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd  
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd ;  
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,  
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew ;  
Where laboring on the left the warrior stood,  
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood ;  
There breathing courage, where the god of day  
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king : "Oh Ajax, oh my friend !  
Haste, and Patroclus' loved remains defend :  
The body to Achilles to restore  
Demands our care ; alas, we can no more !  
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies ;  
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize."  
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair  
Pierced the thick battle, and provoke the war.  
Already had stern Hector seized his head,  
And doom'd to Trojan gods the unhappy dead ;  
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,  
Sprung to his car, and measured back the field,  
His train to Troy the radiant armor bear,  
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)  
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade ;  
And now before, and now behind he stood :  
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,  
With many a step, the lioness surrounds  
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds ;  
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,  
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow frowns.  
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows  
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,  
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids :  
"Where now in Hector shall we Hector find ?  
A manly form, without a manly mind.  
Is this, O chief ! a hero's boasted fame ?  
How vain, without the merit, is the name !  
Since battle is renounced, thy thoughts employ  
What other methods may preserve thy Troy :  
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand  
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand :  
Mean, empty boast ! but shall the Lycians stake

Their lives for you ? those Lycians you forsake ?  
What from thy thankless arms can we expect ?  
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect ;  
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,  
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls ?  
Even where he died for Troy, you left him there,  
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.  
On my command if any Lycian wait,  
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.  
Did such a spirit as the gods impart  
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart  
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws  
The sword for glory, and his country's cause),  
Even yet our mutual arms we might employ,  
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.  
Oh ! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain  
Sarpedon's arms and honor'd corse again !  
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,  
And thus due honors purchased to his shade.  
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,  
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear ;  
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ;  
And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly."

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed  
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied :

" Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear  
From such a warrior such a speech should hear ?  
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,  
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.  
I shun great Ajax ? I desert my train ?  
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;  
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,  
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.  
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,  
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold ;  
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now  
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow !  
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way,  
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day ;  
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,  
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead."

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries :  
" Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies !  
Be men, my friends, in action as in name,  
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.  
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,  
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine."

He strode along the field, as thus he said  
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):  
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a lo  
One instant saw, one instant overtook  
The distant band, that on the sandy shore  
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.  
There his own mail unbraced the field bestrow'd;  
His train to Troy conveyed the massy load.  
Now blazing in the immortal arms he stands;  
The work and present of celestial hands;  
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,  
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:  
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,  
Forbidden by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,  
The god whose thunder rends the troubled air  
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,  
And, conscious, look'd through all the scenes of fate.  
He shook the sacred honors of his head;  
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said;  
"Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!  
A moment's glory; and what fates attend!  
In heavenly panoply divinely bright  
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,  
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart  
Lies slain the great Achilles dearer part.  
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn  
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.  
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,  
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.  
For ah! no more Andromachè shall come  
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;  
No more officious, with endearing charms,  
From thy tired limbs unbrace Pelides' arms."

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod  
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.  
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command disposed)  
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him closed:  
Fill'd with the god, enlarged his members grew,  
Through all his veins a sudden vigor flew,  
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,  
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.  
Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,  
And look'd, and moved, Achilles, or a god.  
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,  
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;  
The great Thersilochus like fury found,

Asteropæus kindled at the sound,  
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.

"Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands  
Of neighboring nations, or of distant lands !  
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,  
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war :  
Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chase,  
To save our present, and our future race.  
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,  
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.  
Now then, to conquer or to die prepare ;  
To die or conquer are the terms of war.  
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,  
Whoe'er shall dark him to the Trojan train,  
With Hector's self shall equal honors claim ;  
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fired by his words, the troops dismiss their fea  
They join, they thicken, they pretend their spears ;  
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,  
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey :  
Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,  
What victims-perish round the mighty dead !

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,  
And thus bespoke his brother of the war :  
"Our fatal day, alas ! is come, my friend ;  
And all our wars and glories at an end !  
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,  
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ;  
We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall  
On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.  
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,  
And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !  
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,  
The bravest Greeks : this hour demands them all."

The warrior raised his voice, and wide around  
The field re-echoed the distressful sound.  
"O chiefs ! O princes, to whose hand is given  
The rule of men ; whose glory is from heaven !  
Whom with due honors both Atrides grace :  
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !  
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,  
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war ;  
Come all ! let generous rage your arms employ,  
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy."

Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,  
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid :  
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,



And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.  
 The long succeeding numbers who can name?  
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.  
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;  
 Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.  
 Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,  
 Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,  
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,  
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,  
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,  
 And distant rocks re-bellow to the roar.

Nor less resolved, the firm Achaian band  
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand.  
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,  
 Conceals the warriors' shining helmets in night:  
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend  
 Had lived not hateful, for he lived a friend:  
 Dead he protects him with superior care,  
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain.  
 Repulsed, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:  
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on  
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.  
 (Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,  
 In graceful statue next, and next in fame.)  
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;  
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,  
 And rudely scatters, for a distance round,  
 The frighted hunter and the baying hound.  
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelagus' heir,  
 Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcase through the war;  
 The sinewy ankles bored, the feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted through the double wound:  
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;  
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;  
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;  
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:  
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:  
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound:  
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread,  
 Now lies a sad companion of the dead:  
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,  
 And ill requites his parents' tender care.  
 Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,  
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax Hector's javelin flies;  
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,

Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,  
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,  
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind  
The boldest warrior and the noblest mind :  
In little Panopè, for strength renown'd,  
He held his seat, and ruled the realms around.  
Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,  
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood ;  
In clanging arms the hero fell and all  
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,  
The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;  
The hollow armor burst before the stroke,  
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke :  
In strong convulsions panting on the sands  
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train :  
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.  
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,  
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field :  
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,  
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :  
But Phœbus urged Æneas to the fight ;  
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight  
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,  
Revered for prudence, and with prudence bold).

Thus he—"What methods yet, O chief ! remain,  
To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain ?  
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,  
By valor, numbers, and by arts of war,  
Have forced the powers to spare a sinking state,  
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate :  
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares  
His partial favor, and assists your wars,  
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,  
And force the unwilling god to ruin Trøy."

Æneas through the form assumed describes  
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries  
"Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey,  
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.  
A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,  
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms."

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew :  
The bold example all his hosts pursue.  
Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled,  
In vain beloved by valiant Lycomedes ;  
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,

Swift to revenge it sent his angry lance;  
The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd,  
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast;  
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,  
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.  
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,  
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:  
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,  
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,  
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood,  
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.  
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,  
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,  
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,  
And stands the centre and the soul of all:  
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;  
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground:  
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,  
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,  
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;  
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;  
The sun, the moon, and all the ethereal host  
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,  
And all heaven's splendors blotted from the skies.  
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,  
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light;  
Unclouded there, the ærial azure spread,  
No vapor rested on the mountain's head,  
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,  
And all the broad expansion flamed with day.  
Dispersed around the plain, by fits they fight,  
And here and there their scatter'd arrows light:  
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,  
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear  
(Their fellows routed), toss the distant spear,  
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,  
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.  
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,  
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;  
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,  
Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,  
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:

O'erlabor'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,  
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er ;  
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,  
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes,  
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,  
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,  
The brawny curriers stretch ; and labor o'er  
The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore :  
So tugging round the corse both armies stood ;  
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood ;  
While Greeks and Illans equal strength employ,  
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.  
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,  
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,  
Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror reign'd ;  
Such, Jove to honor the great dead ordain'd

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,  
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;  
He yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,  
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,  
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,  
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;  
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend  
Was more than heaven had destined to his friend.  
Perhaps to him : this Thetis had reveal'd ;  
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,  
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.  
" Cursed be the man (even private Greeks would say)  
Who dares desert this well-disputed day !  
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes  
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice ;  
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast  
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost ! "

Thus they . while with one voice the Trojans said,  
" Grant this day, Jove ! or heap us on the dead ! "

Then clash their sounding arms ; the clangors rise,  
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,  
The pensive steeds of that Achilles stood :  
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
They wept, and shared in human miseries.\*  
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,

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\* *They wept.*

" Fast by the manger stands the inactive steed,  
And, sunk in sorrow, hangs his languid head ;

Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;  
 Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,  
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:  
 Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,  
 On some good man or woman unproved  
 Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands  
 A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,  
 Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face  
 The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,  
 Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late  
 Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,  
 Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,  
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head:  
 Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,  
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

"Unhappy coursers of immortal strain,  
 Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;  
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,  
 Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?  
 For ah! what is there of inferior birth,  
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;  
 What wretched creature of what wretched kind,  
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?  
 A miserable race! but cease to mourn:  
 For not by you shall Priam's son be borne  
 High on the splendid car: one glorious prize  
 He rashly boasts: the rest our will denies.  
 Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,  
 Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.  
 Automedon your rapid flight shall bear  
 Safe to the navy through the storm of war.  
 For yet 'tis given to Troy to ravage o'er  
 The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore.  
 The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall  
 With sacred darkness shades the face of all."

He said; and breathing in the immortal horse

He stands, and careless of his golden grain,  
 Weeps his associates and his master slain."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, v. 18-24.

"Nothing is heard upon the mountain now,  
 But pensive herds that for their master low,  
 Straggling and comfortless about they rove,  
 Unmindful of their pasture and their love."

Moschus, id. 3, parodied, *ibid.*

"To close the pomp, Æthion, the steed of state,  
 Is led, the funeral of his lord to wait.  
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
 He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face."

Dryden's Virgil, bk. ii.

Excessive spirit, urged them to the course ;  
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear  
The kindling chariot through the parted war :  
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train  
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.  
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,  
And now to conquest with like speed pursue ;  
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,  
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins :  
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,  
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd :  
" What god provokes thee rashly thus to dare,  
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war ?  
Alas ! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields  
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields."

" In happy time (the charioteer replies)  
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes ;  
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,  
Or holds their fury in suspended reins :  
Patroclus, while he lived, their rage could tame,  
But now Patroclus is an empty name !  
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign  
The ruling charge : the task of fight be mine."

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,  
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.  
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descried,  
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.  
" Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope restored,  
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !  
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,  
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight.  
Can such opponents stand when we assail ?  
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail."

The son of Venus to the counsel yields ;  
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields :  
With brass refulgent the broad surface shined,  
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lined.  
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds ;  
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds :  
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,  
In vain advance ! not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,  
Implores the eternal, and collects his might.  
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :  
" Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind !  
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,  
For hard the fight, determined is the foe ;

'Tis Hector comes : and when he seeks the prize,  
War knows no man ; he wins it or he dies."

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud  
And calls the Ajaces from the warring crowd,  
With great Atrides. "Hither turn (he said),  
Turn where distress demands immediate aid ;  
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,  
And save the living from a fiercer foe.  
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage  
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage :  
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove  
Is only mine : the event belongs to Jove."

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,  
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young :  
It pierced his belt, emboss'd with curious art,  
Then in the lower belly struck the dart.  
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,  
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull : \*  
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bou  
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground :  
Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul received,  
And the spear trembled as his entrails heaved.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe  
Discharged his lance ; the meditated blow,  
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the javelin idly fled,  
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head ;  
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear  
In long vibrations spent its fury there.  
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had closed,  
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed ;  
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,  
But left their slain companion in his blood :  
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,  
"Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice :  
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have pa  
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade."

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,  
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore ;  
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,  
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva from the realms of air  
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;

\* *Some brawny bull.*

"Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring  
Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow  
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed  
Plunges on either side."—Carey's Dante : Hell, c. xii.

For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid,  
The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.  
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,  
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow  
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,  
Or from the rage of man, destructive war),  
The drooping cattle dread the impending skies,  
And from his half-till'd field the laborer flies  
In such a form the goddess round her drew  
A livid cloud and to the battle flew.  
Assuming Phoenix' shape on earth she falls,  
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:  
"And lies Achilles' friend, beloved by all,  
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?  
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,  
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!"  
"O chief, O father! (Atreus' son replies)  
O full of days! by long experience wise!  
What more desires my soul, than here unmoved  
To guard the body of the man I loved?  
Ah, would Minerva send me strength to rear  
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!  
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,  
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head!"

Pleased to be first of all the powers address'd,  
She breathes new vigor in her hero's breast,  
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,  
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.  
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er),  
Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore  
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry winds  
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings.  
Fired with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,  
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,  
Aëtion's son, and Podes was his name:  
With riches honor'd, and with courage bless'd,  
By Hector loved, his comrade, and his guest;  
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,  
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.  
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,  
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god  
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign  
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).

"Oh prince! (he cried) Oh foremost once in fame  
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?  
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,



A chief once thought no terror of the field ?  
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize  
He bears victorious, while our army flies :  
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled ;  
The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead ! ”  
This heard, o’er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,  
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now the Eternal shook his sable shield,  
That shaded Ide and all the subject field  
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud  
Involved the mount ; the thunder roar’d aloud ;  
The affrighted hills from their foundations nod,  
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god :  
At one regard of his all-seeing eye  
The vanquish’d triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece : the flight Penelcus led ;  
For as the brave Bœotian turn’d his head  
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,  
And razed his shoulder with a shorten’d spear :  
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,  
Pierced through the wrist ; and raging with the pain,  
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow’d, Idomen address’d  
The flaming javelin to his manly breast ;  
The brittle point before his corslet yields ;  
Exulting Troy with clamor fills the fields :  
High on his chariots the Cretan stood,  
The son of Priam whirl’d the massive wood.  
But erring from its aim, the impetuous spear  
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer  
Of martial Merion : Cœranus his name,  
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.  
On foot bold Merion fought ; and now laid low,  
Had graced the triumphs of his Trojan foe,  
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,  
And with his life his master’s safety bought.  
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,  
The teeth it shatter’d, and the tongue it rent.  
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;  
His dying hand forgets the falling rein :  
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,  
And urges to desert the hopeless war :  
Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ;  
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Not Ajax less the will of heaven descried,  
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,  
Turn’d by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,

To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon :

“ Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand  
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ?  
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,  
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart :  
Not so our spears ; incessant though they rain,  
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.  
Deserted of the god, yet let us try  
What human strength and prudence can supply .  
If yet this honor'd corse, in triumph borne,  
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,  
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,  
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.  
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear  
The mournful message to Pelides' ear ;  
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,  
His friend, his loved Patroclus, is no more.  
But such a chief I spy not through the host :  
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost  
In general darkness—— Lord of earth and air !  
Oh king ! Oh father ! hear my humble prayer :  
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore ;  
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more :  
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
But let us perish in the face of day ! ”

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer  
The god relenting clear'd the clouded air ;  
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray ;  
The blaze of armor flash'd against the day.  
“ Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy sight ;  
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,  
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey  
The fatal news ”——Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,  
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,  
Long gall'd by herdsman, and long vex'd by hounds,  
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds ;  
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,  
And the red terrors of the blazing brands :  
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day  
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey,  
So moved Atrides from his dangerous place  
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace ;  
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,  
And much admonish'd, much adjured his train :

“ O guard these relics to your charge consign'd,  
And bear the merits of the dead in mind ;

How skill'd he was in each obliging art ;  
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart :  
He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end,  
In death a hero, as in life a friend ! ”

So parts the chief ; from rank to rank he flew,  
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.  
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye  
Of all that wings the mid ærial sky,  
The sacred eagle, from his walks above  
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;  
Then stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,  
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.  
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight  
Pass'd this and that way, through the ranks of fight :  
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,  
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around :

To him the king : “ Beloved of Jove ! draw near,  
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;  
Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn !  
How Ilion triumphs, and the Achaians mourn.  
This is not all : Patroclus, on the shore  
Now pale and dead, shall succor Greece no more.  
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell  
The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell :  
He too may haste the naked corse to gain :  
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.”

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,  
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow :  
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say  
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.  
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,  
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along ;  
Then ran the mournful message to impart,  
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : nor Menelaüs stands  
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands ;  
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain ;  
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

“ Gone is Antilochus (the hero said) ;  
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid :  
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,  
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.  
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,  
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,  
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate  
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.”

“ 'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,

With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear ;  
Myself, and my bold brother will sustain  
The shock of Hector and his charging train :  
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ;  
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,  
Have tried it, and have stood." The hero said.  
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.  
A general clamor rises at the sight :  
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.  
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,  
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,  
Voracious hounds, that many a length before  
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar ;  
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,  
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.  
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,  
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower :  
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,  
All pale they tremble and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,  
Behind them rages all the storm of war :  
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng  
Of men, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along :  
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire  
To overwhelm some city under waves of fire ;  
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,  
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods ;  
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,  
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.  
The heroes sweat beneath their honor'd load :  
As when two mules, along the rugged road,  
From the steep mountain with exerted strength  
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length ;  
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,  
The enormous timber lumbering down the hill :  
So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,  
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.  
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains  
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,  
Some interposing hill the stream divides,  
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.  
Still close they follow, close the rear engage ;  
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage :  
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,  
Wedged in one body, like a flight of cranes,  
That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung  
High on poised pinions, threatens their callow young.

So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,  
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:  
Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armor lay;  
Such horror Jove impress'd ! yet still proceeds  
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

## BOOK XVIII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortunes of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions: but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan: and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book; the scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,\*  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,  
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:  
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,  
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;  
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd  
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.  
Thus to his soul he said: "Ah! what constrains  
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?  
Is this the day, which heaven so long ago  
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?  
(So Thetis warn'd;) when by a Trojan hand  
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band  
Should lose the light! Fulfilled is that decree;  
Fallen is the warrior, and Patroclus he!  
In vain I charged him soon to quit the plain,  
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!"  
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,  
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

\* This is connected with the earlier part of last book, the regular narrative being interrupted by the message of Antilochus and the lamentations of Achilles.

"Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;  
 And wretched I, the unwilling messenger !  
 Dead is Patroclus ! For his corse they fight ;  
 His naked corse : his arms are Hector's right."

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,  
 And wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief ;  
 Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread  
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;  
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears ;  
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,  
 And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.  
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms  
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms),  
 Rush'd from their tents with cries ; and gathering round,  
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :  
 While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,  
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;  
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,  
 And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,  
 With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,\*  
 The mother-goddess from her crystal throne  
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan  
 The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,  
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.  
 Thalia, Glaucè (every watery name),  
 Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came :  
 Cymothoë and Cymodocè were nigh,  
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.  
 Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,  
 Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,  
 Thoä, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;  
 Agavè gentle, and Amphithoë gay :  
 Next Callianira, Callianassa show  
 Their sister looks ; Dexamènè the slow,  
 And swift Dynamènè, now cut the tides :  
 Iæra now the verdant wave divides :  
 Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,  
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed ;  
 These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,  
 Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend ;  
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,  
 And Amatheïa with her amber hair.  
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held

\* *Far in the deep.* So Oceanus hears the lamentations of Prometheus, in the play of Æschylus, and comes from the depths of the sea to comfort him.

Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;  
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,  
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow :

"Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main !  
How just a cause has Thetis to complain !  
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !  
How more than wretched in the immortal state !  
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,  
The bravest far that ever bore the name ;  
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand  
He grew, he flourish'd and adorn'd the land !  
To Troy I sent him : but the fates ordain  
He never, never must return again.

So short a space the light of heaven to view,  
So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too !  
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore !  
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;  
I go at least to bear a tender part,  
And mourn my loved-one with a mother's heart."

She said, and left the caverns of the main,  
All bathed in tears ; the melancholy train  
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,  
While the long pomp the silver waves divides.  
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land ;  
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.  
The immortal mother, standing close beside  
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied ;  
Along the coast their mingled clamors ran,  
And thus the silver-footed dame began :

"Why mourns my son ? thy late preferr'd request  
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd :  
Why mourns my son ? thy anguish let me share,  
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He, deeply groaning—"To this cureless grief,  
Not even the Thunderer's favor brings relief.  
Patroclus—Ah !—say, goddess, can I boast  
A pleasure now ? revenge itself is lost ;  
Patroclus, loved of all my martial train,  
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !  
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd  
On Peleus ; Hector bears the glorious load.  
Cursed be that day, when all the powers above  
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love :  
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,  
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign :  
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led  
A mortal beauty to his equal bed !



Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
Had caused such sorrows past, and woes to come.  
For soon, alas ! that wretched offspring slain,  
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.  
'Tis not in fate the alternate now to give ;  
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.  
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,  
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart :  
On these conditions will I breathe : till then,  
I blush to walk among the race of men."

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed :  
" Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !  
When Hector falls, thou diest."—" Let Hector die,  
And let me fall ! (Achilles made reply)  
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain !  
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.  
Ah then, since from this miserable day  
I cast all hope of my return away ;  
Since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand  
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand ;  
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,  
I live an idle burden to the ground  
(Others in council famed for nobler skill,  
More useful to preserve, than I to kill),  
Let me—But oh ! ye gracious powers above !  
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove  
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,  
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste :  
Gathering like vapors of a noxious kind  
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.  
Me Agamemnon urged to deadly hate ;  
'Tis past—I quell it ; I resign to fate.  
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend ;  
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.  
The stroke of fate the strongest cannot shun :  
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,  
To Juno's hate, at length resign'd his breath,  
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.  
So shall Achilles fall ! stretch'd pale and dead,  
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread !  
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,  
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.  
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear  
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair ?  
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,  
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes ?  
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—

In vain you hold me—Hence ! my arms ! my arms !—  
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,  
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.”

“ My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,  
To fate submitting with a secret sigh),  
The host to succor, and thy friends to save,  
Is worthy thee ; the duty of the brave.  
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains ?  
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.  
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,  
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.  
Yet, yet awhile thy generous ardor stay ;  
Assured, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
Charged with refulgent arms (a glorious load),  
Vulcanian arms, the labor of a god.”

Then turning to the daughters of the main,  
The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train :  
“ Ye sister Nereids ! to your deeps descend ;  
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend ;  
I go to find the architect divine,  
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine :  
So tell our hoary sire ”——This charge she gave :  
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :  
Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,  
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

And now the Greeks from furious Hector's force,  
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course ;  
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore  
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.  
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind .  
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,  
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.  
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;  
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamors flew :  
As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain ;  
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again.  
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,  
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :  
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.  
Even yet Patroclus had he borne away,  
And all the glories of the extended day,  
Had not high Juno from the realms of air,  
Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.  
The various goddess of the showery bow,  
Sho. in a whirlwind to the shore below ;

To great Achilles at his ships she came,  
And thus began the many-color'd dame :

" Rise, son of Peleus ! rise, divinely brave !  
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save :  
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,  
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.  
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends :  
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends :  
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,  
And marks the place to fix his head on high.  
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)  
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame ! "

" Who sends thee, goddess, from the ethereal skies ? "  
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies :

" I come, Pelides ! from the queen of Jove,  
The immortal empress of the realms above ;  
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,  
Unknown to all the synod of the sky."  
" Thou comest in vain (he cries with fury warm'd) ;  
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd ?  
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,  
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day  
Vulcanian arms : what other can I wield,  
Except the mighty Telamonian shield ?  
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,  
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :  
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,  
And does what his Achilles should have done."

" Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know :  
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !  
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,  
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear ;  
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye  
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly."

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose :  
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;  
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread :  
A stream of glory flamed above his head.  
As when from some beleaguerr'd town arise  
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies ;  
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,  
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war ;)  
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,  
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ;  
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,  
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light  
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,

Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.  
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,  
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud ;  
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;  
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.  
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far  
With shrilling clangor sounds the alarm of war,  
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,  
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;  
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :  
Hosts dropped their arms, and trembled as they heard :  
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,  
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.  
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,  
And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.  
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,  
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.  
Twelve in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd  
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :  
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain  
The long-contended carcase of the slain,

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears :  
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.  
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,  
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,  
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,  
He sent refulgent to the field of war ;  
(Unhappy change !) now senseless, pale, he found,  
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unweari'd with his heavenly way,  
In ocean's waves the unwilling light of day  
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,  
And from their labors eased the Achaian band.  
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,  
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)  
A sudden council call'd : each chief appear'd  
In haste and standing ; for to sit they fear'd.  
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;  
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.  
Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,  
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,  
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears  
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years ;  
The self-same night to both a being gave,  
One wise in council, one in action brave) :

" In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak ;  
For me, I move, before the morning break,

To raise our camp : too dangerous here our post,  
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.  
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged  
In mutual feuds her king and hero raged ;  
Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail,  
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.  
I dread Pelides now : his rage of mind  
Not long continues to the shores confined,  
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray  
Contending nations won and lost the day ;  
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife ;  
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.  
Haste then to Ilion, while the favoring night  
Detains these terrors, keeps that arm from fight.  
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,  
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear ;  
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,  
If heaven permit them then to enter Troy.  
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,  
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.  
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try  
What force of thought and reason can supply ;  
Let us on counsel for our guard depend ;  
The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.  
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers.  
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers,  
Let the fierce hero, then, when fury calls,  
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,  
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,  
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again :  
So may his rage be tired, and labor'd down !  
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town."

"Return ! (said Hector, fired with stern disdain)  
What ! coop whole armies in our walls again ?  
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,  
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay ?  
Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old  
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold :  
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,  
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd ;  
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,  
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.  
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,  
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls :  
Darest thou dispirit whom the gods incite ?  
Flies any Trojan ? I shall stop his flight.  
To better counsel than attention lend ;

Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.  
If there be one whose riches cost him care,  
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;  
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,  
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.  
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,  
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.  
If great Achilles rise in all his might,  
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.  
Honor, ye gods! or let me gain or give;  
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!  
Mars is our common lord, alike to all;  
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall."

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;  
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;  
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose  
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,  
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.  
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;  
Those slaughtering arms, so used to bathe in blood,  
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start  
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.  
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,  
Roars through the desert, and demands his young;  
When the grim savage, to his rifled den  
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,  
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;  
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.  
So grieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents  
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

"In what vain promise, gods! did I engage,  
When to console Menœtius' feeble age,  
I vowed his much-loved offspring to restore,  
Charged with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore? \*  
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,  
The long, long views of poor designing man!  
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,  
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:  
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,  
An aged father never see me more!  
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,  
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.  
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,  
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;

\* Opuntia, a city of Locris.

That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;  
And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line,  
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;  
Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre.  
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely press'd,  
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!  
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,  
Weep all the night and murmur all the day:  
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,  
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side."

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round  
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honor'd wound.  
A massy caldron of stupendous frame  
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame:  
Then heap'd the lighted wood; the flame divides  
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:  
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;  
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.  
The body then they bathe with pious toil,  
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,  
High on a bed of state extended laid,  
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;  
Last, o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw:  
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above  
(His wife and sister), spoke almighty Jove.  
"At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son  
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.  
Say (for I know not), is their race divine,  
And thou the mother of that martial line?"

"What words are these? (the imperial dame replies,  
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)  
Succor like this a mortal arm might lend,  
And such success mere human wit attend:  
And shall not I, the second power above,  
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,  
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,  
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?"

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame  
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!  
High-eminant amid the works divine,  
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.  
There the lame architect the goddess found,  
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,  
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew:  
And puffing loud, the roaring billows blew.  
That day no common task his labor claim'd:

Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,  
That placed on living wheels of massy gold,  
(Wondrous to tell,) instinct with spirit roll'd  
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes  
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods :  
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers  
In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours.  
Just as responsive to his thought the frame  
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came :  
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair  
(With purple fillets round her braided hair),  
Observed her entering ; her soft hand she press'd,  
And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd :

“ What, goddess ! this unusual favor draws ?

All hail, and welcome ! whatsoever the cause ;

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour

Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower.

High on a throne, with stars of silver graced,

And various artifice, the queen she placed ;

A footstool at her feet : then calling, said,

“ Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.”

“ Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim,

An ever-dear, an ever-honor'd name !

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky

(My awkward form, it seems, displeased her eye),

She, and Eurynome, my griefs redress'd,

And soft received me on their silver breast.

Even then these arts employ'd my infant thought :

Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,

Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god :

Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;

The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,

For such desert what service can I pay ?

Vouchsafe, O Thetis ! at our board to share

The genial rites, and hospitable fare ;

While I the labors of the forge forego,

And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.”

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose ;

Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,

And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)

Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.

Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd

His brawny arms embrown'd, and hairy breast.

With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,

Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire :



The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,  
That moved and breathed in animated gold ;  
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given  
Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven !)  
On these supported, with unequal gait,  
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate ;  
There placed beside her on the shining frame,  
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame :

" Thee, welcome, goddess ! what occasion calls  
(So long a stranger) to these honor'd walls ?  
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,  
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."

To whom the mournful mother thus replies :  
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes) :  
" O Vulcan ! say, was ever breast divine  
So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine ?  
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare  
For Thetis only such a weight of care ?  
I, only I, of all the watery race.  
By force subjected to a man's embrace,  
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays  
The mighty fine imposed on length of days.  
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,  
The bravest sure that ever bore the name ;  
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand  
He grew, he flourish'd, and he graced the land :  
To Troy I sent him ! but his native shore  
Never, ah never, shall receive him more  
(Even while he lives, he wastes with secret woe) ;  
For I, a goddess, can retard the blow !  
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,  
The king of nations forced his royal slave :  
For this he grieved ; and, till the Greeks oppress'd  
Required his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.  
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send ;  
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend  
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ :  
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy :  
Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)  
At once resigns his armor, life, and far.e.  
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won :  
Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son,  
And to the field in martial pomp restore,  
To shine with glory, till he shines no more !"  
To her the artist-god : " Thy griefs resign,  
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.  
O could I hide him from the Fates, as well,

Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,  
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze  
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!"

Thus having said, the father of the fires  
To the black labors of his forge retires.  
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,  
Resounding breathed: at once the blast expires,  
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;  
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,  
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;  
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,  
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold;  
Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand,  
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,  
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,  
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then first he form'd the immense and solid shield;  
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;  
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;\*  
A silver chain suspends the massy round;  
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,  
And godlike labors on the surface rose.  
There shone the image of the master-mind:  
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;  
The unwearied sun, the moon completely round;  
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;  
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;  
And great Orion's more refulgent beam:  
To which, around the axle of the sky,  
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,  
Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,  
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.  
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,

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\* Quintus Calaber, lib. v., has attempted to rival Homer in his description of the shield of the same hero. A few extracts from Mr. Dyce's verses (*Select Translations*, p. 104, seq.) may here be introduced.

"In the wide circle of the shield were seen  
Refulgent images of various forms,  
The work of Vulcan, who had there described  
The heaven, the ether, and the earth and sea,  
The winds, the clouds, the moon, the sun, apart  
In different stations; and you there might view  
The stars that gem the still-revolving heaven,  
And, under them, the vast expanse of air,  
In which, with outstretch'd wings, the long-beak'd birds  
Winnow'd the gale, as if instinct with life.  
Around the shield the waves of ocean flow'd,  
The realms of Tethys, which unnumber'd streams,  
In azure mazes rolling o'er the earth,  
Seem'd to augment."

The image ðne of peace, and one of war.  
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,  
 And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite ;  
 Along the street the new-made brides are ðd,  
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :  
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound,  
 To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound :  
 Through the fair streets the matrons in a row  
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous train ;  
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain :  
 One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,  
 And bade the public and the laws decide :  
 The witness is produced on either hand :  
 For this, or that, the partial people stand :  
 The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,  
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands :  
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,\*  
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;  
 Alternate, each the attesting sceptre took,  
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke  
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,  
 The prize of him who best adjudged the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)†  
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.  
 Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,  
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.  
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,  
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare ;  
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band  
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.  
 They march ; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :  
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,

\* *On seats of stone.* "Several of the old northern Sagas represent the old men assembled for the purpose of judging as sitting on great stones, in a circle called the *Urtheilsring* or *gerichtsring*."—Grote, ii. p. 100, note. On the independence of the judicial office in the heroic times, see Thirlwall's *Greece*, vol. i. p. 166.

† *Another part, &c.*

"And here  
 Were horrid wars depicted ; grimly pale  
 Were heroes lying with their slaughter'd steeds  
 Upon the ground incarnadin'd with blood.  
 Stern stalked Bellona, smear'd with reaking gore,  
 Through charging ranks ; beside her Rout was seen  
 And Terror, Discord to the fatal strife  
 Inciting men, and Furies breathing flames :  
 Nor absent were the Fates, and the tall shape  
 Of ghastly Death, round whom did Battles throng,  
 Their limbs distilling plenteous blood and sweat ;  
 And Gorgons, whose long locks were twisting snakes,  
 That shot their forked tongues incessant forth.  
 Such were the horrors of dire war."—Dyce's *Calaber*.

And gold their armor : these the squadron led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head !  
 A place for ambush fit they found, and stood,  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains ;  
 Behind them piping on their reeds they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.  
 In arms the glittering squadron rising round  
 Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground ;  
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,  
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains !  
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ;  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war,  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.  
 There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd ;  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast ;  
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead ;  
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore :  
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.  
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye ;  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.

A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,\*  
 The third time labor'd by the sweating hind ;  
 The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,  
 And turn their crooked yokes on every side.  
 Still as at either end they wheel around,  
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd ;  
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,  
 Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil  
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd ;  
 And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold  
 Another field rose high with waving grain ;

\* *A field deep furrowed.*

"Here was a corn field ; reapers in a row,  
 Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand,  
 Work'd busily, and, as the harvest fell,  
 Others were ready still to bind the sheaves :  
 Yoked to a wain that bore the corn away  
 The steers were moving ; sturdy bullocks here  
 The plough were drawing, and the furrow'd glebe  
 Was black behind them, white with goading wand  
 The active youths impell'd them. Here a feast  
 Was grav'd : to the shrill pipe and ringing lyre  
 A band of blooming virgins led the dance,  
 As if endued with life."—Dryden's Calaber.

With bended sickles stand the reaper train :  
Here stretched in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,  
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.  
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands ;  
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands ;  
And last the children, in whose arms are borne  
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.  
The rustic monarch of the field describes,  
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.  
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.  
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare ;  
The reaper's due repast, the woman's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,  
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ;  
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow :  
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place ;  
And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.  
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,  
Where march a train with baskets on their heads  
(Fair maids and blooming youths), that smiling bear  
The purple product of the autumnal year.  
To these a youth awaees the warbling strings,  
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings ;  
In measured dance behind him move the train,  
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,  
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,  
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores  
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars :  
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,  
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.  
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd ;  
And seized a bull, the master of the herd :  
He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood ;  
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.  
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,  
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads  
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads,  
Vnd stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;  
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figured dance succeeds ; such once was seen  
In lofty Gnosus for the Cretan queen,  
Form'd by Dædalean art ; a comely band  
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.

The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd;  
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:  
 Of those the locks with flowery wreath inroll'd;  
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,  
 That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.  
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
 With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique ways,  
 Confusedly regular, the moving maze:  
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,  
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring.  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,  
 And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around:  
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:  
 And general songs the sprightly revel end.  
 Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd  
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:  
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.  
 This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires  
 He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires,  
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd  
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest.  
 At Thetis' feet the finished labor lay:  
 She, as a falcon cuts the ærial way,  
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,  
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.\*

\* Coleridge (Greek Classic Poets, p. 182, seq.) has diligently compared this with the description of the shield of Hercules by Hesiod. He remarks that, "with two or three exceptions, the imagery differs in little more than the names and arrangements; and the difference of arrangement in the shield of Hercules is altogether for the worse. The natural consecution of the Homeric images needs no exposition: it constitutes in itself one of the beauties of the work. The Hesiodic images are huddled together without connection or congruity: Mars and Pallas are awkwardly introduced among the Centaurs and Lapithæ;—but the gap is wide indeed between them and Apollo with the Muses, waking the echoes of Olympus to celestial harmonies; whence, however, we are hurried back to Perseus, the Gorgons, and other images of war, over an arm of the sea, in which the sporting dolphins, the fugitive fishes, and the fisherman on the shore with his casting net, are minutely represented. As to the Hesiodic images themselves, the leading remark is, that they catch at beauty by ornament, and at sublimity by exaggeration; and upon the untenable supposition of the genuineness of this poem, there is this curious peculiarity, that, in the description of scenes of rustic peace, the superiority of Homer is decisive—while in those of war and tumult it may be thought, perhaps, that the Hesiodic poet has more than once the advantage."

## BOOK XIX.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

Thetis brings to her son the armor made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate: but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

SOON as murora heaved her Orient head  
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red  
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light),  
The immortal arms the goddess-mother bears  
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears  
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest  
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express'd.  
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,  
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said:  
"Suppress, my son, this rage of grief, and know  
It was not man, but heaven, that gave the blow  
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,  
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god."

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;  
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;  
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,  
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.  
Unmoved the hero kindles at the show,  
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;  
From his fierce eyeballs living flames expire,  
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:  
He turns the radiant gift: and feeds his mind  
On all the immortal artist had design'd.

"Goddess ! (he cried), these glorious arms, that shine  
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.  
Now to the bloody battle let me bend :  
But ah ! the relics of my slaughter'd friend !  
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,  
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead ? "

"That unavailing care be laid aside  
(The azure goddess to her son replied),  
Whole years untouch'd, uninjured shall remain,  
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.  
But go, Achilles, as affairs require,  
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire :  
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,  
And heaven with strength supply the mighty rage ! "

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd  
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd  
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,  
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.  
Achilles to the strand obedient went :  
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.  
The heroes heard, and all the naval train  
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,  
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,  
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd ;  
Studious to see the terror of the plain,  
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.  
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,  
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear ;  
These on the sacred seats of council placed,  
The king of men, Atrides, came the last :  
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.  
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun :

"O monarch ! better far had been the fate  
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,  
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,  
Rash we contended for the black-eyed maid)  
Preventing Dian had despatch'd her dart,  
And shot the shining mischief to the heart !  
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,  
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore.  
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caused bewail,  
And sad posterity repeat the tale.  
But this, no more the subject of debate,  
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate.  
Why should, alas, a mortal man, as I,  
Burn with a fury that can never die ?  
Here then my anger ends : let war succeed,



And even as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.  
Now call the hosts, and try if in our sight  
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night !  
I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows,  
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose."

He said : his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim  
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.  
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,  
In state unmoved, the king of men begun :

"Hear me, you sons of Greece ! with silence hear  
And grant your monarch an impartial ear ;  
While your loud, untimely joy suspend,  
And let your rash, injurious clamors end :  
Unruly murmurs, or ill-timed applause,  
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.  
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate :  
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,  
With fell Erinnys, urged my wrath that day  
When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey.  
What then could I against the will of heaven ?  
Not by myself, but vengeful Atè driven ;  
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest  
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.  
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,  
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads  
Of mighty men ; inflicting as she goes  
Long-festering wounds, inextricable woes !  
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes :  
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,  
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart ;  
Deceived by Juno's wiles, and female art :  
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,  
And Jove expected his immortal son,  
To gods and goddesses the unruly joy  
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy :  
'From us (he said) this day an infant springs,  
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.'  
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,  
And fix dominion on the favor'd youth.  
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,  
Pronounced those solemn words that bind a god.  
The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height,  
Swift to Achaian Argos, bent her flight :  
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife ;  
She push'd her lingering infant into life :  
Her charms Alcmena's coming labors stay,  
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.

Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind ;  
'A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind  
Is this day born ; from Sthenelus he springs,  
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'  
Grief seized the Thunderer, by his oath engaged ;  
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he raged.  
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sate,  
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,  
The dread, the irrevocable oath he swore.  
The immortal seats should ne'er behold her more ;  
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven  
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven :  
Thence on the nether world the fury fell ;  
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.  
Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,  
Cursed the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.\*  
Even thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,  
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.  
What can the errors of my rage atone ?  
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own :  
This instant from the navy shall be sent  
What'er Ulysses promised at thy tent :  
But thou ! appeased, propitious to our prayer,  
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war."

"O king of nations ! whose superior sway  
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey !  
To keep or send the presents, be thy care ;  
To us, 'tis equal : all we ask is war.  
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun  
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.  
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound  
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,  
With emulation, what I act survey,  
And learn from thence the business of the day."

The son of Peleus thus ; and thus replies  
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise ;  
"Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,  
At least our armies claim repast and rest :  
Long and laborious must the combat be,  
When by the gods inspired, and led by thee.

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\* "This legend is one of the most pregnant and characteristic in the Grecian Mythology. It explains, according to the religious ideas familiar to the old epic poets, both the distinguishing attributes and the endless toil and endurance of Héracles, the most renowned subjugator of all the semi-divine personages worshipped by the Hellenes,—a being of irresistible force, and especially beloved by Zeus, yet condemned constantly to labor for others and to obey the commands of a worthless and cowardly persecutor. His recompense is reserved to the close of his career, when his afflicting trials are brought to a close ; he is then admitted to the godhead, and receives in marriage Hébé."—Grote, vol. i. p. 128.

Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,  
And those augment by generous wine and food :  
What boastful son of war, without that stay,  
Can last a hero through a single day ?  
Courage may prompt ; but, ebbing out his strength,  
Mere unsupported man must yield at length ;  
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declined,  
The drooping body will desert the mind :  
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,  
With limbs and soul untamed, he tires a war.  
Dismiss the people, then, and give command,  
With strong repast to hearten every band ;  
But let the presents to Achilles made,  
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.  
The king of men shall rise in public sight,  
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)  
That, spotless, as she came, the maid removes,  
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,  
And the full price of injured honor paid.  
Stretch not henceforth, O prince ! thy sovereign might  
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right ;  
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,  
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd."

To him the monarch : "Just is thy decree,  
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.  
Each due atonement gladly I prepare ;  
And heaven regard me as I justly swear !  
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,  
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay.  
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,  
And Jove attesting, the firm compact made.  
A train of noble youths the charge shall bear ;  
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care :  
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,  
And the fair train of captives close the rear :  
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,  
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day."

"For this (the stern Æacides replies  
Some less important season may suffice,  
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,  
And wrath, extinguish'd, burns my breast no more.  
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,  
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie :  
Those call to war ! and might my voice incite,  
Now, now, this instant, shall commence the fight :  
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,

And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.  
Let not my palate know the taste of food,  
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood :  
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigured o'er,  
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.  
Revenge is all my soul ! no meaner care,  
Interest, or thought, has room to harbor there ;  
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,  
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds."

"O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd),  
The best and bravest of the warrior-kind !  
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,  
But old experience and calm wisdom mine.  
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,  
The bravest soon, are satiate of the field ;  
Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,  
The bloody harvest brings but little gain :  
The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,  
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies !  
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,  
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.  
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed ?  
Greece honors not with solemn fasts the dead :  
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay  
The tribute of a melancholy day.  
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,  
Our care devolves on others left behind.  
Let generous food supplies of strength produce,  
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,  
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,  
And pour new furies on the feebl' foe.  
Yet a short interval, and none shall dare  
Expect a summons to the war ;  
Who waits for that, the dire effects shall find,  
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.  
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,  
And all at once on haughty Troy descend."

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,  
To bear the presents from the royal tent :  
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,  
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,  
With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,  
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.  
Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd :  
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid ;  
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds ;  
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds :

Seven captives next a lovely line compose ;  
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,  
Closed the bright band : great Ithacus, before,  
First of the train, the golden talents bore :  
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,  
A splendid scene ! then Agamemnon rose :  
The boar Talthybius held : the Grecian lord  
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword :  
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow  
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.  
His hands uplifted to the attesting skies,  
On heaven's broad marble roof were fixed his eyes.  
The solemn words a deep attention draw,  
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

"Witness thou first ! thou greatest power above,  
All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove !  
And mother-earth, and heaven's revolving light,  
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear !  
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,  
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.  
If this be false, heaven all its vengeance shed,  
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head !"

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound ;  
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground ;  
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain  
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles : "Hear, ye Greeks ! and know  
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe ;  
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,  
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.  
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,  
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.  
Go then, ye chiefs ! indulge the genial rite ;  
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight."

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd :  
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.  
Achilles sought his tent. His train before  
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.  
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread :  
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led ;  
To their new seats the female captives move  
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,  
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey  
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.  
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,

Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;  
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes  
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries: ]

“ Ah, youth forever dear, forever kind,  
Once tender friend of my distracted mind !  
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;  
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !  
What woes my wretched race of life attend !  
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !  
The first loved consort of my virgin bed  
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled :  
My three brave brothers in one mournful day  
All trod the dark, irremeable way :  
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,  
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain ;  
Achilles' care you promised I should prove,  
The first, the dearest partner of his love ;  
That rites divine should ratify the band,  
And make me empress in his native land.  
Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow,  
For thee, that ever felt another's woe ! ”

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,  
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.  
The leaders press'd the chief on every side ;  
Unmoved he heard them, and with sighs denied.

“ If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care  
Is bent to please him, this request forbear ;  
Till yonder sun descend; ah, let me pay  
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.”

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face :  
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,  
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,  
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage :  
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control ;  
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

“ Thou too, Patroclus ! (thus his heart he vents)  
Once spread the inviting banquet in our tents :  
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,  
Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.  
But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,  
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind ?  
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,  
What more if hoary Peleus were deceased ?  
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear  
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.  
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave,  
My only offspring, sink into the grave ?

If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,  
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).  
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend ;  
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.  
I hoped Patroclus might survive, to rear  
My tender orphan with a parent's care,  
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,  
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,  
The lofty palace, and the large domain.  
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air ;  
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,  
But till the news of my sad fate invades  
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades."

Sighing he said : his grief the heroes join'd,  
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.  
Their mingled grief the sire of heaven survey'd,  
And thus with pity to his blue-eyed maid :

"Is then Achilles now no more thy care,  
And dost thou thus desert the great in war ?  
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,  
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend :  
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,  
Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast."

He spoke ; and sudden, at the word of Jove,  
Shot the descending goddess from above.  
So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs,  
The wile air floating to her ample wings,  
To great Achilles she her flight address'd,  
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,\*  
With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods !)  
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships the warrior-train,  
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.  
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,  
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow ;  
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,  
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :  
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields,  
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields ;  
Broad glittering breastplates, spears with pointed rays,  
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze ;  
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound ;  
With splendor flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

\* *Ambrosia.*

"The blue-eyed maid,  
In ev'ry breast new vigor to infuse,  
Brings nectar temper'd with ambrosial dews."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus. vi. 240.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,  
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd ;  
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
Forged on the eternal anvils of the god.  
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire  
His glowing eyeballs roll with living fire ;  
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay  
O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold ;  
Then o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold ;  
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,  
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side ;  
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,  
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,  
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,  
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky :  
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;  
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet graced ; behind  
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :  
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair  
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;  
So stream'd the golden honors from his head,  
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.  
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes ;  
His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;  
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,  
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could rear,  
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire  
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire ;  
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare  
The immortal coursers, and the radiant car  
(The silver traces sweeping at their side) ;  
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied ;  
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,  
Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.  
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,  
And swift ascended at one active bound.  
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire  
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ;  
Not brighter Phœbus in the ethereal way



Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.  
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,  
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands :

"Xanthus and Balius ! of Podarges' strain  
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain),  
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,  
And learn to make your master more your care :  
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,  
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord."

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,  
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head :  
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,  
And bow'd to dust the honors of his mane.  
When, strange to tell ! (so Juno will'd) he broke  
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

'Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear  
Thy rage in safety through the files of war :  
But come it will, the fatal time must come,  
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.  
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,  
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force ;  
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day  
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away.  
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,  
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,  
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,  
Due to a mortal and immortal hand."

Then ceased forever, by the Furies tied,  
His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied  
With unabated rage—"So let it be !  
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.  
I know my fate : to die, to see no more  
My much-loved parents, and my native shore—  
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night :  
Now perish Troy !" He said, and rush'd to fight.

## BOOK XX.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,  
Greece, sheathed in arms, beside her vessels stood;  
While near impending from a neighboring height,  
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.  
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call  
The gods to council in the starry hall:  
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,  
And summons all the senate of the skies.  
These shining on, in long procession come  
To Jove's eternal adamant dome.  
Not one was absent, not a rural power  
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower  
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,  
Each azure sister of the silver flood;  
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps  
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.  
On marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd  
(The work of Vulcan), sat the powers around.  
Even he whose trident sways the watery reign  
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,  
Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes,  
And question'd thus the sire of men and gods:  
"What moves the god who heaven and earth commands  
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,  
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?  
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?  
Already met, the louting hosts appear,  
And death stands ardent on the edge of war."

"'Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies)  
This day we call the council of the skies  
In care of human race ; even Jove's own eye  
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.  
Far on Olympus' top in secret state  
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate  
Work out our will. Celestial powers ! descend,  
And as your minds direct, your succor lend  
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,  
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone :  
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;  
What can they now, if in his rage he rise ?  
Assist them, gods ! or Ilion's sacred wall  
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall."

He said, and fired their heavenly breasts with rage.  
On adverse parts the warring gods engage :  
Heaven's awful queen ; and he whose azure round  
Girds the vast globe ; the maid in arms renown'd ;  
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire ;  
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire :  
These to the fleet repair with instant flight ;  
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.  
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,  
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,  
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,  
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.  
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,  
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,  
While great Achilles (terror of the plain),  
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.  
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host ;  
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost ;  
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,  
And trembling see another god of war.

But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,  
Then tumult rose : fierce rage and pale affright  
Varied each face : then Discord sounds alarms,  
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.  
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,  
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.  
Mars hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds  
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds :  
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours  
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers :  
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill ;  
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.  
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,

And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles  
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;  
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around;  
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,  
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods.  
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,  
 And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.  
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,\*  
 The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,  
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay  
 His dark dominions open to the day,  
 And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,  
 Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.†

Such war the immortals wage; such horrors rend  
 The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.  
 First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain  
 Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main.  
 The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,  
 Opposed to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.  
 Against Latona march'd the son of May.  
 The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day  
 (Her golden arrows sounding at her side),  
 Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.  
 With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands  
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;  
 Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,  
 But called Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league engage,  
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:  
 Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd  
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;  
 And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd  
 To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dared to stay;  
 Apollo wedged him in the warrior's way,  
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,  
 Half-forced and half-persuaded to the fight.  
 Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,  
 In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine;  
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn

\* "Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them."—Job xxvi. 6—8.

†

"Swift from his throne the infernal monarch ran,  
 All pale and trembling, lest the race of man,  
 Slain by Jove's wrath, and led by Hermes' rod,  
 Should fill (a countless throng!) his dark abode."

Merrick's Trvphiodorus, vi. 769, sqq.

In distant threats he braved the goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain :

"To meet Pelides you persuade in vain :

Already have I met, nor void of fear

Observed the fury of his flying spear ;

From Ida's woods he chased us to the field,

Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd ;

Lyrnessus, Pegasus in ashes lay ;

But (Jove assisting) I survived the day :

Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight

By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.

Where'er he moved, the goddess shone before,

And bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore.

What mortal man Achilles can sustain ?

The immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,

And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.

Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,

Though strong in battle as a brazen tower."

To whom the son of Jove : "That god implore,

And be what great Achilles was before.

From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,

And he but from a sister of the main ;

An aged sea-god father of his line ;

But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,

Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe."

This said, and spirit breathed into his breast ;

Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd :

His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,

And thus, assembling all the powers, she said :

"Behold an action, gods ! that claims your care,

Lo great Æneas rushing to the war !

Against Pelides he directs his course,

Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.

Restrain his bold career ; at least, to attend

Our favor'd hero, let some power descend.

To guard his life, and add to his renown,

We, the great armament of heaven, came down.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,

That spun so short his life's illustrious line : \*

But lest some adverse god now cross his way,

Give him to know what powers assist this day :

For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,

When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms ? " †

\* These words seem to imply the old belief, that the Fates might be delayed, but never wholly set aside.

† It was anciently believed that it was dangerous, if not fatal, to behold a deity.  
Exod. xxxiii. 20 ; Judg. xiii. 22.

Thus she ; and thus the god whose force can make  
The solid globe's eternal basis shake :  
" Against the might of man, so feeble known,  
Why should celestial powers exert their own ?  
Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,  
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.  
But if the armipotent, or god of light,  
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,  
Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend :  
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end ;  
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world."

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,  
Cœrulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.  
Advanced upon the field there stood a mound  
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around ;  
In elder times to guard Alcides made  
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid),  
What time a vengeful monster of the main  
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,  
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air :  
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,  
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.  
In circle close each heavenly party sat,  
Intent to form the future scheme of fate ;  
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high  
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground ;  
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound :  
Steeds cased in mail, and chiefs in armor bright,  
The gleaming champaign glows with brazen light.  
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,  
There great Achilles ; bold Æneas, here.  
With towering strides Æneas first advanced ;  
The nodding plumage on his helmet danced :  
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,  
And, so he moved, his javelin flamed before.  
Not so Pelides ; furious to engage,  
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,  
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,  
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,  
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride ;  
Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,  
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,  
He mumurs fury with a hollow groan :  
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around,

Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound ;  
He calls up all his rage ; he grinds his teeth,  
Resolved on vengeance, or resolved on death.  
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies ;  
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.  
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun  
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son :

“ Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far ?  
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,  
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,  
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy ?  
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,  
The partial monarch may refuse the prize ;  
Sons he has many ; those thy pride may quell :  
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.  
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,  
Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land,  
An ample forest, or a fair domain,  
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain ?  
Even this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.  
But can Achilles be so soon forgot ?  
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,  
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear :  
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,  
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.  
Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd ;  
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid :  
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast •  
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.  
Defrauded of my conquest once before,  
What then I lost, the gods this day restore.  
Go ; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ;  
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.”

To this Anchises' son : “ Such words employ  
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy ;  
Such we disdain ; the best may be defied  
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride ;  
Unworthy the high race from which we came  
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame :  
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;  
Each goddess-born ; half human, half divine.  
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,  
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes :  
For when two heroes, thus derived, contend,  
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.  
If yet thou further seek to learn my birth  
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth)

Hear how the glorious origin we prove  
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove :  
 Dardania's walls he raised ; for Ilion, then  
 (The city since of many languaged men),  
 Was not. The natives were content to till  
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.\*  
 From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,  
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;  
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,  
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.  
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,  
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,  
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,  
 And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead :  
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,  
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.  
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,  
 Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain.  
 And when along the level seas they flew †  
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.  
 Such Erichthonius was : from him there came  
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.  
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,  
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed :  
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,  
 Whom heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,  
 To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,  
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).  
 The two remaining sons the line divide :  
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;  
 From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,  
 And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and bold ;  
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honor'd pair ;  
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.  
 From great Assaracus sprang Capys, he  
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.  
 Such is our race : 'tis fortune gives us birth,  
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth :  
 He, source of power and might ! with boundless sway,  
 All human courage gives, or takes away.

" Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose,  
 In humble vales they built their soft abodes."

Dryden's Virgil, iii. 150.

† *Along the level seas.* Compare Virgil's description of Camilla, who

" Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,  
 Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain :  
 She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,  
 Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung."

Dryden, vii. 1100.



Long in the field of words we may contend,  
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,  
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;  
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;  
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,  
For every man has equal strength to rail:  
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,  
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;  
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,  
And vent their anger impotent and loud.  
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight  
Is not to question, but to prove our might.  
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,  
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear."

He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,  
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.  
Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held  
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,  
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear  
Saw, ere it fell, the immeasurable spear.  
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms  
Secured the temper of the ethereal arms.  
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,  
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.  
Five plates of various metal, various mould,  
Composed the shield; of brass each outward fold,  
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:  
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,  
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,  
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,  
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:  
Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,  
And the slight covering of expanded hides.  
Æneas his contracted body bends,  
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,  
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,  
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:  
A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;  
And swims before his eyes the many-color'd light.  
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,  
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:  
Æneas rousing as the foe came on,  
With force collected, heaves a mighty stone;  
A mass enormous! which in modern days  
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.  
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,  
Saw the distress, and moved the powers around:

"Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,  
 An instant victim to Achilles' hands;  
 By Phœbus urged; but Phœbus has bestow'd  
 His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the god.  
 And can ye see this righteous chief atone  
 With guiltless blood for vices not his own?  
 To all the gods his constant vows were paid;  
 Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.  
 Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign  
 The future father of the Dardan line: \*  
 The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,  
 And still his love descends on all the race:  
 For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,  
 At length are odious to the all-seeing mind;  
 On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,  
 And sons succeeding, sons the lasting line sustain."

The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies  
 The imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:  
 "Good as he is, to immolate or spare  
 The Dardan prince, O Neptune! be thy care;  
 Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,  
 Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;  
 Not even an instant to protract their fate,  
 Or save one member of the sinking state;  
 Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,  
 And even her crumbling ruins are no more."

The king of ocean to the fight descends,  
 Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,  
 Swift interposed between the warrior flies,  
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.†  
 From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,  
 And at his master's feet the weapon threw.  
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high  
 The Dardan prince, and bore him through the sky,  
 Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads  
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:  
 Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,  
 Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.

\* *The future father.* "Æneas and Antenor stand distinguished from the other Trojans by a dissatisfaction with Priam, and a sympathy with the Greeks, which is by Sophocles and others construed as treacherous collusion,—a suspicion indirectly glanced at, though emphatically repelled, in the Æneas of Virgil."—Grote, i. p. 427.

† Neptune thus recounts his services to Æneas:

"When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds  
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods:  
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,  
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secured his flight  
 Ever then secured him, when I sought with joy  
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy."

Dryden's Virgil, v. 1058.

The godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)  
With words like these the panting chief address'd :

“What power, O prince! with force inferior far,  
Urged thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?  
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,  
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.  
But when the day decreed (for come it must)  
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,  
Let then the furies of that arm be known,  
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own.”

With that he left him wondering as he lay,  
Then from Achilles chased the mist away :  
Sudden, returning with a stream of light,  
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.  
Then thus, amazed . “What wonders strike my mind!  
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,  
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,  
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!  
I thought alone with mortals to contend,  
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.  
Great as he is, our arms he scarce will try,  
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly.  
Now then let others bleed.” This said, aloud  
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd .  
“O Greeks ! (he cries, and every rank alarms)  
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!  
'Tis not in me, though favor'd by the sky,  
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly :  
No god can singly such a host engage,  
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.  
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,  
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire ;  
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey ;  
All, all Achilles, Greeks ! is yours to-day.  
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,  
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.”

He said : nor less elate with martial joy,  
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy :  
“Trojans, to war ! Think, Hector leads you on ;  
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son  
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en these with words  
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords :  
The weakest atheist-wretch all heaven defies,  
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.  
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,  
Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire ;  
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,

And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand."

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said ;  
A wood of lances rises round his head,  
Clamors on clamors tempest all the air,  
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.  
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun  
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son ,  
More safe to combat in the mingled band,  
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.  
He hears, obedient to the god of light,  
And, plunged within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,  
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.  
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head ;  
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led ;  
From great Otrynteus he derived his blood,  
His mother was a Naïs, of the flood ;  
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,  
From Hydè's walls he ruled the lands below  
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides :  
The parted visage falls on equal sides :  
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain ;  
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain :

" Lie there, Otryntides ! the Trojan earth  
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth ;  
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,  
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,  
Are thine no more."—The insulting hero said,  
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.  
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,  
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid  
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.  
The impatient steel with full-descending sway  
Forced through his brazen helm its furious way,  
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,  
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.  
This sees Hippodamas, and seized with fright,  
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight :  
The lance arrests him : an ignoble wound  
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.  
He groans away his soul : not louder roars,  
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,  
The victim bull ; the rocks re-bellow round,  
And ocean listens to the grateful sound.  
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,\*

\* On Polydore Euripides, Virgil, and others, relate that Polydore was sent into

The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age  
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd) :  
Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.  
To the forbidden field he takes his flight,  
In the first folly of a youthful knight,  
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,  
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain ;  
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,  
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd,  
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel ;  
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell ;  
The rushing, entrails pour'd upon the ground,  
His hands collect ; and darkness wraps him round.  
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,  
Thus sadly slain the unhappy Polydore,  
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,  
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight :  
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,  
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.  
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,  
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast.  
" And, lo ! the man on whom black fates attend ;  
The man, that slew Achilles, is his friend !  
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear  
Turn from each other in the walks of war "—  
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er :  
" Come, and receive thy fate ! " He spake no more.  
Hector, undaunted, thus : " Such words employ  
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy :  
Such we could give, defying and defied,  
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride !  
I know thy force to mine superior far ;  
But heaven alone confers success in war ;  
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,  
And give it entrance in a braver heart."  
Then parts the lance : but Pallas' heavenly breath  
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death :  
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,  
And at the feet of its great master lies.  
Achilles closes with his hated foe,  
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :  
But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds  
The favor'd hero in a veil of clouds.  
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,

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Thrace, to the house of Polymestor, for protection, being the youngest of Priam's sons, and that he was treacherously murdered by his host for the sake of the treasure sent with him.

Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart;  
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,  
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud :

“ Wretch ! thou hast ’scaped again ; once more thy flight  
Has saved thee, and the partial god of light  
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,  
If any power assist Achilles’ hand.  
Fly then inglorious ! but thy flight this day  
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.”

With that, he gluts his rage with numbers slain :  
Then Dryops tumbled to the ensanguined plain,  
Pierced through the neck : he left him panting there,  
And stopp’d Demuchus, great Philetor’s heir.  
Gigantic chief ! deep gash’d the enormous blade,  
And for the soul an ample passage made.  
Laoganus and Dardanus expire,  
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire ;  
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl’d,  
Sunk in one instant to the nether world :  
This difference only their sad fates afford  
That one the spear destroy’d, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds ;  
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads ;  
In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant’s moan,  
To spare a form, an age so like thy own !  
Unhappy boy ! no prayer, no moving art,  
E’er bent that fierce, inexorable heart !  
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,  
The ruthless falchion oped his tender side ;  
The panting liver pours a flood of gore  
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Through Mulius’ head then drove the impetuous spear ;  
The warrior falls, transfix’d from ear to ear.  
Thy life, Echeclus ! next the sword bereaves,  
Deep though the front the ponderous falchion cleaves :  
Warm’d in the brain the smoking weapon lies,  
The purple death comes floating o’er his eyes.  
Then brave Deucalion died : the dart was flung  
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung ;  
He dropp’d his arm, an unassisting weight,  
And stood all impotent, expecting fate :  
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,  
From his broad shoulders hew’d his crested head :  
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,  
And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies.  
Rhigmas, whose race from fruitful Thracia came  
(The son of Pierus, an illustrious name),

Succeeds to fate : the spear his belly rends ;  
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends.  
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground  
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around ;  
His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gored,  
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.  
As when a flame the winding valley fills,  
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills ;  
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,  
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,  
This way and that, the spreading torrent roars ;  
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores ;  
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,  
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers  
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,  
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor ;  
When round and round, with never-wearied pain,  
The trampling steers beat out the unnumber'd grain :  
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,  
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls  
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,  
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye  
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore ;  
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore  
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,  
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood :  
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;  
Such is the lust of never-dying fame !

## BOOK XXI.

## ARGUMENT

## THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.\*

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter: takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves: Neptune and Pallas assist the hero: Simois joins Scamander: at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy. Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,  
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.  
The river here divides the flying train,  
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,  
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,  
Now chased, and trembling in ignoble flight  
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,  
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds):  
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,  
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:  
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,  
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,  
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.  
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,  
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;

\* "Perhaps the boldest excursion of Homer into this region of poetical fancy is the collision into which, in the twenty-first of the Iliad, he has brought the river god Scamander, first with Achilles, and afterwards with Vulcan, when summoned by Juno to the hero's aid. The overwhelming fury of the stream finds the natural interpretation in the character of the mountain torrents of Greece and Asia Minor. Their wide, shingly beds are in summer comparatively dry, so as to be easily forded by the foot passenger. But a thunder-shower in the mountains, unobserved by the traveller on the plain, may suddenly immerse him in the flood of a mighty river. The rescue of Achilles by the fiery arms of Vulcan scarcely admits of the same ready explanation from physical causes. Yet the subsiding of the flood at the critical moment when the hero's destruction appeared imminent, might, by a slight extension of the figurative parallel, be ascribed to a god symbolic of the influences opposed to all atmospheric moisture."—Mure, vol. i. p. 480, sq.



Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,  
The clustering legions rush into the flood :  
So, plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force,  
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.  
His bloody lance the hero casts aside  
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide),  
Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,  
Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves :  
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,  
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound ;  
Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed,  
And the warm purple circled on the tide.  
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,  
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie :  
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,  
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,  
Confusedly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,  
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.  
Now, tired with slaughter, from the Trojan band  
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land ;  
With their rich belts their captive arms restrains  
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).  
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,  
Sad victims destined to Patroclus' shade ;  
Then, as once more he plunged amid the flood,  
The young Lycaon in his passage stood ;  
The son of Priam ; whom the hero's hand  
But late made captive in his father's land  
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel  
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel)  
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,  
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave ;  
But kind Eëtion, touching on the shore,  
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbè bore.  
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign  
He felt the sweets of liberty again ;  
The next, that god whom men in vain withstand  
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand :  
Now never to return ! and doom'd to go  
A sadder journey to the shades below.  
His well-known face when great Achilles eyed  
(The helm and visor he had cast aside  
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field  
His useless lance and unavailing shield),  
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,  
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said :  
" Ye mighty gods ! what wonders strike my view !

Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?  
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd  
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:  
As now the captive, whom so late I bound  
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!  
Not him the sea's unmeasured deeps detain,  
That bar such numbers from their native plain:  
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!  
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;  
If earth, at length, this active prince can seize,  
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules."

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears  
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears,  
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,  
And his soul shivering at the approach of death.  
Achilles raised the spear, prepared to wound;  
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:  
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,  
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,  
One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd the dart,  
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:

"Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,  
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.  
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,  
Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board;  
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,  
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;  
A hundred oxen were his price that day,  
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.  
Scarce respite from woes I yet appear,  
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;  
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,  
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!  
I sprang from Priam, and Laothœe fair  
(Old Altes' daughter, and Lelegia's heir;  
Who held in Pegasus his famed abode,  
And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd),  
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;  
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore  
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.  
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?  
Some demon urges! 'tis my doom to die!  
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,  
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!  
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,  
With his, who wrought thy loved Patroclus' death."

These words, attended with a shower of tears,

The youth address'd to unrelenting ears :  
" Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies) :  
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :  
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace ;  
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.  
Die then, my friend ! what boots it to deplore ?  
The great, the good Patroclus is no more !  
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,  
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?  
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,  
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born ?  
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)  
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,  
By night, or day, by force, or by design,  
Impending death and certain fate are mine !  
Die then,"—He said ; and as the word he spoke,  
The fainting stripling sank before the stroke :  
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear,  
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear :  
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,  
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.  
Prone fell the youth ; and panting on the land,  
The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand.  
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,  
And thus insults him, floating on the wave :  
" Lie there, Lycaon ! let the fish surround  
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound :  
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,  
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,  
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,  
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.  
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line !  
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.  
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,  
His earthly honors, and immortal name ?  
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,  
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain !  
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate ;  
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete :  
Thus is atoned Patroclus' honored shade,  
And the short absence of Achilles paid."

These boastful words provoked the raging god ;  
With fury swells the violated flood.  
What means divine may yet the power employ  
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy ?  
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare  
The great Asteropeus to mortal war ;

The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line  
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!  
(Fair Peribæa's love the god had crown'd,  
With all his reflux waters circled round):  
On him Achilles rush'd; he fearless stood,  
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;  
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head  
To avenge his waters choked with heaps of dead.  
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire  
Whose son encounters our resistless ire."

"O son of Peleus! what avails to trace  
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race?  
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,  
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;  
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came  
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:  
Axius, who swells with all the neighboring rills,  
And wide around the floated region fills,  
Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won:  
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!"

Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;  
At once Asteropeus discharged each lance  
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield),  
One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield;  
One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood  
Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.  
Like lightning next the Pelean javelin flies:  
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;  
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,  
Even to the middle earth; and quiver'd there.  
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,  
And on his foe with double fury flew.  
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;  
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:  
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;  
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;  
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,  
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.  
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,  
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies;  
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,  
His radiant armor tearing from the dead:

"So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,  
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove!  
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?"

But great Saturnius is the source of mine.  
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?  
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I.  
The race of these superior far to those,  
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.  
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;  
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.  
Even Achelöus might contend in vain,  
And all the roaring billows of the main.  
The eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow  
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,  
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,  
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear."

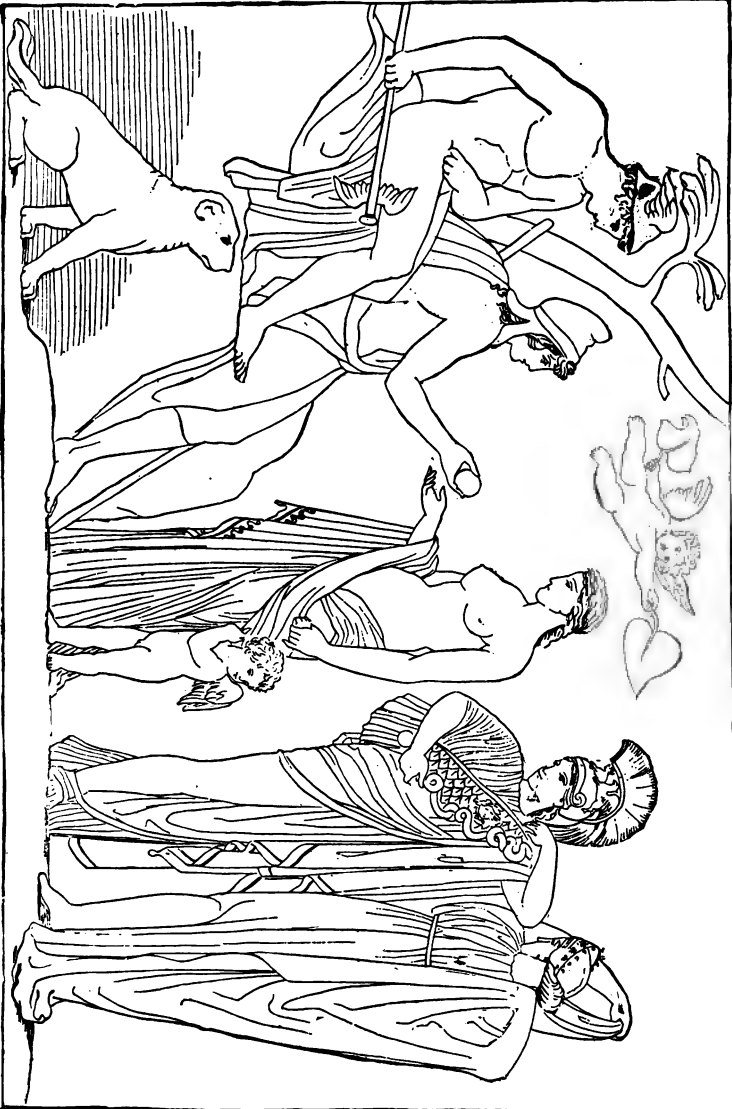
He said: then from the bank his javelin tore,  
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.  
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,  
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;  
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food  
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.  
All scattered round the stream (their mightiest slain)  
The amazed Pæonians scour along the plain;  
He vents his fury on the flying crew,  
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesus slew;  
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius, fell;  
And numbers more his lance had plunged to hell,  
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound  
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound.

"O first of mortals! (for the gods are thine)  
In valor matchless, and in force divine!  
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,  
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.  
See! my choked streams no more their course can keep,  
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.  
Turn then, impetuous! from our injured flood;  
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god."

In human form, confess'd before his eyes,  
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:  
"O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;  
But not till Troy the destined vengeance pay,  
Not till within her towers the perjured train  
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;  
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,  
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall."

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.  
Then to the godhead of the silver bow  
The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove!  
Was not the mandate of the sire above

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.





Full and express, that Phœbus should employ  
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,  
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall  
In awful darkness hide the face of all ? ”

He spoke in vain—The chief without dismay  
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.  
Then rising in his rage above the shores,  
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,  
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,  
And round the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd.  
While all before, the billows ranged on high  
(A watery bulwark), screen the bands who fly.  
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,  
The falling deluge whelms the hero round :  
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide ;  
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,  
Sliddering, and staggering. On the border stood  
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood ;  
He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay ;  
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way.\*  
Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;  
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall  
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd  
Bridged the rough flood across : the hero stay'd  
On this his weight, and raised upon his hand,  
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.  
Then blacken'd the wild waves : the murmur rose :  
The god pursues, a huger billow throws,  
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy  
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.  
He like the warlike eagle speeds his pace  
(Swiftest and strongest of the ærial race) ;  
Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs ;  
At every bound his clanging armor rings :  
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,  
And winds his course before the following tide ;  
The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,  
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.  
So when a peasant to his garden brings  
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,  
And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,  
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers :  
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage stay'd,  
And marks the future current with his spade,

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\* Wood has observed, that “ the circumstance of a falling tree, which is described as reaching from one of its banks to the other, affords a very just idea of the breadth of the Scamander.”



Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,  
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;  
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,  
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes  
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:  
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;  
The first of men, but not a match for gods.  
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,  
And bravely try if all the powers were foes;  
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,  
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.  
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
And still indignant bounds above the waves.  
Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil;  
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;  
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion thrown)  
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:

"Is there no god Achilles to befriend,  
No power to avert his miserable end?  
Prevent, O Jove! this ignominious date,\*  
And make my future life the sport of fate.  
Of all heaven's oracles believed in vain,  
The most of Thetis must her son complain;  
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,  
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.  
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,  
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!  
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,  
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend.  
Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,  
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!  
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,  
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,  
An unregarded carcase to the sea."

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,  
And thus in human form address'd the chief:  
The power of ocean first: "Forbear thy fear,  
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy gods appear!  
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,  
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed maid.  
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave,  
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.  
But thou, the counsel heaven suggests, attend!  
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,

---

\* *Ignominious*. Drowning, as compared with a death in the field of battle, was considered utterly disgraceful.

Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all  
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:  
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,  
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.  
Thine is the glory doom'd." Thus spake the gods  
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardor, thus by heaven impell'd,  
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:  
O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread;  
Heaved on the bounding billows danced the dead,  
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold  
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.  
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,  
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.  
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,  
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.  
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,  
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simoïs: "Haste, my brother flood;  
And check this mortal that controls a god;  
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,  
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.  
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,  
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,  
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,  
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.  
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,  
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes!  
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,  
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:  
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,  
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;  
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,  
Immersed remain this terror of the world.  
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,  
No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,  
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;  
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb."

He said; and on the chief descends amain,  
Increased with gore, and swelling with the slain.  
Then, murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,  
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:  
At every step, before Achilles stood  
The crimson surge, and deluged him with blood.  
Fear touch'd the queen of heaven: she saw dismay'd,  
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

"Rise to the war! the insulting flood requires

Thy wasteful arm ! assemble all thy fires !  
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,  
 Rush the swift eastern and the western wind :  
 These from old ocean at my word shall blow,  
 Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,  
 Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,  
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.  
 Go, mighty in thy rage ! display thy power,  
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.  
 Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice reclaim)  
 Exert the unwearied furies of the flame !”

The power ignipotent her word obeys :  
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze ;  
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil  
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.  
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,  
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry :  
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,  
 While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around.  
 Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys ;  
 Along the margin winds the running blaze :  
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,  
 The flowering lotos and the tamarisk burn,  
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire ;  
 The watery willows hiss before the fire.  
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,  
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :  
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,  
 Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.  
 At length the river rear'd his languid head,  
 And thus, short-panting, to the god he said :

“ Oh Vulcan ! oh ! what power resists thy might ?  
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——  
 I yield——Let Ilion fall ; if fate dercee——  
 Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me !”

He ceased ; wide conflagration blazing round ;  
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.  
 As when the flames beneath a cauldron rise,\*  
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,  
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires  
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires :

---

\* *Beneath a caldron.*

“ So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,  
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise.  
 Above the brims they force their fiery way :  
 Black vapors climb aloft, and cloud the day.”

Dryden's Virgil, vii. 644.

So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,  
And choked with vapors feels his bottom glow.

To Juno then, imperial queen of air,  
The burning river sends his earnest prayer :

“ Ah why, Saturnia ; must thy son engage  
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage ?

On other gods his dreadful arm employ,  
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.

Submissive I desist, if thou command ;

But ah ! withdraw this all-destroying hand.

Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate

Unaided Ilion, and her destined state,

Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame

And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.”

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear :

She bade the ignipotent his rage forbear,

Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause

Infest a god : the obedient flame withdraws :

Again the branching streams begin to spread,

And soft remurmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,

The warring gods in fierce contention join :

Rekindling rage each heavenly breast alarms :

With horrid clangor shock the ethereal arms :

Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;

And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,

And views contending gods with careless eyes.

The power of battles lifts his brazen spear,

And first assaults the radiant queen of war :

“ What moved thy madness, thus to disunite

Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight ?

What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood

Thou drovest a mortal to insult a god ?

Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,

And madly bathed it in celestial gore.”

He spoke, and smote the long-resounding shield,

Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field :

The adamantine ægis of her sire,

That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.

Then heaved the goddess in her mighty hand

A stone, the limit of the neighboring land,

There fix'd from eldest times ; black, craggy, vast ;

This at the heavenly homicide she cast.

Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size :

And seven broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound :

Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound :  
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,  
And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles :

"Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury ! known  
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own ?  
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,  
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand ;  
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,  
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race."

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,  
That, beaming round, diffused celestial day.  
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,  
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand :  
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,  
And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.  
This the bright empress of the heavens survey'd,  
And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid :

"Lo ! what an aid on Mars's side is seen !  
The smiles' and loves' unconquerable queen !  
Mark with what insolence, in open view,  
She moves : let Pallas, if she dares, pursue."

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,  
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :  
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled) ;  
On earth together lay the lovers spread.  
"And like these heroes be the fate of all  
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall !  
To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,  
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me ;  
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be moved."  
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approved.

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,  
The god of ocean dares the god of light.  
"What sloth has seized us, when the fields around  
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound  
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,  
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire ?  
Come, prove thy arm ! for first the war to wage,  
Suits not my greatness, or superior age :  
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne  
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own),  
And guard the race of proud Laomedon !  
Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer,  
We shared the lengthen'd labors of a year ?  
Troy walls I raised (for such were Jove's commands),  
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands :  
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves

Along fair Ida's vales and pendant groves.  
But when the circling seasons in their train  
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,  
With menace stern the fraudulent king defied  
Our latent godhead, and the prize denied :  
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,  
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.\*  
Incensed, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,  
And destined vengeance on the perjured king.  
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,  
And not, like us, infest the faithless race ;  
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,  
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy ? ”

Apollo thus : “ To combat for mankind  
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind ;  
For what is man ? Calamitous by birth,  
They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;  
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,  
Smile on the sun ; now, wither on the ground.  
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,  
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.”

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,  
And from the senior power submiss retires :  
Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,  
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades :  
“ And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,  
And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize ?  
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show  
Of pointed arrows and the silver bow !  
Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,  
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power.”

Silent he heard the queen of woods upbraid :  
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid ;  
But furious thus : “ What insolence has driven  
Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven ?  
What though by Jove the female plague design'd,  
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,  
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart ;  
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart ?  
What though tremendous in the woodland chase  
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race ?  
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine  
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine ?

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\* “ This tale of the temporary servitude of particular gods, by order of Jove, as a punishment for misbehavior, recurs not unfrequently among the incidents of the Mythical world.”—Grote, vol. i. p. 156.

Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—"  
She said, and seized her wrists with eager rage;  
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied  
The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.  
About her temples flies the busy bow;  
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;  
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,  
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.  
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,  
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:  
So, when the falcon wings her way above,  
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove  
(Not fated yet to die), there safe retreats,  
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her Latona hastes with tender care;  
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:  
"How shall I face the dame, who gives delight  
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?  
Go, matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,  
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize."

He spoke; and pass'd: Latona, stooping low,  
Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow,  
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there  
Dishonor'd relics of Diana's war:  
Then swift pursued her to her blest abode,  
Where, all confused, she sought the sovereign god;  
Weeping, she grasp'd his knees: the ambrosial vest  
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The sire superior smiled, and bade her show  
What heavenly hand had caused his daughter's woe?  
Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;  
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while, swiftly gliding down,  
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town;  
The guardian-god now trembled for her wall,  
And fear'd the Greeks, though fate forbade her fall.  
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,  
Return the shining bands of gods in arms;  
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;  
And take their thrones around the ethereal fire.

Through blood, through death, Achilles still proceeds,  
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.  
As when avenging flames with fury driven  
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heaven;  
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;  
And the red vapors purple all the sky:  
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire dismay,

And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,  
And marks the waste of his destructive hands ;  
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,  
And the near hero rising on his sight !  
No stop, no check, no aid ! With feeble pace,  
And settled sorrow on his aged face,  
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls ;  
And thus descending, on the guards he calls :

“ You to whose care our city-gates belong,  
Set wide your portals to the flying throng :  
For lo ! he comes, with unresisted sway ;  
He comes, and desolation marks his way !  
But when within the walls our troops take breath,  
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.”  
Thus charged the reverend monarch : wide were flung  
The opening folds ; the sounding hinges rung.  
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet ;  
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat,  
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,  
And gladsome see their last escape from fate.  
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,  
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain :  
And gasping, panting, fainting, labor on  
With heavier strides, that lengthen toward the town.  
Enraged Achilles follows with his spear ;  
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquired,  
And Troy inglorious to her walls retired ;  
But he, the god who darts ethereal flame,  
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame :  
To young Agenor force divine he gave  
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave) ;  
In aid of him, beside the beech he sate,  
And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.  
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,  
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.  
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll.)  
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul ;

“ What, shall I fly this terror of the plain !  
Like others fly, and be like others slain ?  
Vain hope ! to shun him by the self-same road  
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.  
No : with the common heap I scorn to fall—  
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,  
While I decline to yonder path, that leads  
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades ?



So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,  
From my tired body wash the dirt and blood,  
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,  
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.  
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?  
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?  
Even now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,  
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:  
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,  
And such his valor, that who stands must die.  
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,  
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.  
Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel  
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel.  
One only soul informs that dreadful frame:  
And Jove's sole favor gives him all his fame."

He said, and stood, collected, in his might;  
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.  
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,  
Roused from his thicket by a storm of darts:  
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds  
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;  
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the pain;  
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:  
On their whole war, untamed, the savage flies;  
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.  
Not less resolved, Antenor's valiant heir  
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,  
Disdainful of retreat: high held before,  
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;  
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw  
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

"How proud Achilles glories in his fame!  
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name  
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;  
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.  
Parents and children our just arms employ,  
And strong and many are the sons of Troy.  
Great as thou art, even thou may'st stain with gore  
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore."

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung  
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung  
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms  
He stands impassive in the ethereal arms.  
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,  
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:  
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds

The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds,  
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,  
Dismiss'd with ~~fame~~, the favor'd youth withdrew.  
Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,  
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape,  
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;  
The furious chief still follows where he flies.  
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,  
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides :  
The god, now distant scarce a stride before,  
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore ;  
While all the flying troops their speed employ,  
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy :  
No stop, no stay ; no thought to ask, or tell,  
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell.  
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight ;  
And sudden joy confused, and mix'd affright.  
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate :  
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

## BOOK XXII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take ; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies. Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector ; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus ; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace : she mounts up to the walls and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,  
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer :  
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,  
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.  
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields  
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,  
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,  
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.  
Great Hector singly stay'd : chain'd down by fate,  
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate ;  
Still his bold arms determined to employ,  
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tired Achilles turns  
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns):  
"And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,  
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue ?  
For not to thee to know the gods is given,  
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.  
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain ?  
Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain :  
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,  
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incensed—"Too partial god of day !  
To check my conquests in the middle way :  
How few in Ilion else had refuge found !

What gasping numbers now had bit the ground !  
 Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,  
 Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine :  
 Mean fame, alas ! for one of heavenly strain,  
 'To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."

Then to the city, terrible and strong,  
 With high and haughty steps he tower'd along,  
 So the proud courser, victor of the prize,  
 To the near goal with double ardor flies.  
 Him, as he blazing shot across the field,  
 The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.  
 Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,\*  
 Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
 Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),  
 And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays ;  
 Terrific glory ! for his burning breath  
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.  
 So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage :  
 He strikes his reverend head, now white with age ;  
 He lifts his wither'd arms ; obtests the skies ;  
 He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries :  
 The son, resolved Achilles' force to dare,  
 Full at the Scæan gates expects the war ;  
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,  
 And thus adjures him with extended hands :

" Ah stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;  
 Hector ! my loved, my dearest, bravest son !  
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,  
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.  
 Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be  
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !  
 Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,  
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.  
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,  
 Valiant in vain ! by thy cursed arm destroy'd :  
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles  
 To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.  
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,  
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,  
 And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !  
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,

---

\* *Not half so dreadful.*

" On the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war."—" *Paradise Lost*," xi. 708.

What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give !  
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,  
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne) ·  
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,  
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast ;  
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,  
What anguish I ? unutterable woe !  
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,  
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.  
Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;  
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !  
Save thy dear life ; or, if a soul so brave  
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.  
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ;  
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,  
Yet cursed with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage  
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)  
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain !  
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :  
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,  
And number all his days by miseries !  
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,  
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,  
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor ;  
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !  
Perhaps even I, reserved by angry fate,  
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,  
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness !) must fall,  
And stain the pavement of my regal hall ;  
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,  
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.  
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods ! 'tis well ;  
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.  
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,  
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.  
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,  
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,  
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,  
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm :  
This, this is misery ! the last, the worse,  
That man can feel ! man, fated to be cursed !”  
He said, and acting what no words could say,  
Rent from his head the silver locks away.  
With him the mournful mother bears a dart ;  
Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart.  
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd ;  
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :

"Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere  
The words of age ; attend a parent's prayer !  
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,  
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast ;  
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,  
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.  
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,  
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it !) should'st thou bleed,  
Nor must thy corse lie honored on the bier,  
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear !  
Far from our pious rites those dear remains  
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll ;  
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ;  
Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance  
Expects the hero's terrible advance.  
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake  
Beholds the traveller approach the brake ;  
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins  
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;  
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.  
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,  
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind : \*

"Where lies my way ? to enter in the wall ?  
Honor and shame the ungenerous thought recal :  
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate  
Proclaim, his counsels are obeyed too late,  
Which timely follow'd but the former night,  
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight ?  
That wise advice rejected with disdain,  
I feel my folly in my people slain.  
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,  
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,  
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.  
No—if I e'er return, return I must  
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :  
Or if I perish, let her see me fall  
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.  
And yet suppose these measures I forego,  
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,  
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down.  
And treat on terms of peace to save the town :  
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd  
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)

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\* "And thus his own undaunted mind explores."—"Paradise Lost," vi. 113.

With honorable justice to restore :  
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,  
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injured Greece  
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.  
 But why this thought ? Unarm'd if I should go,  
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,  
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?  
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,  
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;  
 No season now for calm familiar talk,  
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk :  
 War is our business, but to whom is given  
 To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven !”

Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh ;  
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;  
 The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,  
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;  
 And on his breast the beamy splendor shone,  
 Like Jove's own lightning, o'er the rising sun.  
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise  
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.  
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind :  
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.  
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),  
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,  
 Obliquely wheeling through the ærial way,  
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,  
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :  
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,  
 One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd :  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain ;  
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,  
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.  
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,  
 Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground ;  
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations streaming to the skies ;  
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows :  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.\*

\* The example of Nausicaæ, in the *Odyssey*, proves that the duties of the laundry were not thought derogatory, even from the dignity of a princess, in the heroic times.

By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight  
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might):  
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,  
No vulgar victim must reward the day:  
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife):  
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed  
In grateful honor of the mighty dead;  
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame  
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)  
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,  
And with them turns the raised spectator's soul:  
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.  
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky;  
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,  
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

"Unworthy sight! the man beloved of heaven,  
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!  
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;  
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,  
Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy,  
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:  
Now see him flying; to his fears resign'd,  
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.  
Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate)  
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,  
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain  
(Good as he is), the lot imposed on man."

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms  
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,  
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?  
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!  
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?  
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"

"Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,  
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.  
Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies,  
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,  
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,  
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,  
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;  
Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,  
The certain hound his various maze pursues.  
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,  
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.  
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,



And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,  
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,  
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),  
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain :

He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.  
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,  
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,  
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,  
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake ;  
No less the laboring heroes pant and strain :  
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force  
With fate itself so long to hold the course ?  
Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour,  
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power .  
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance  
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,  
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,  
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show  
The fates of mortal men, and things below :  
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,  
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.  
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate :  
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies  
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries :  
" O loved of Jove ! this day our labors cease,  
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.  
Great Hector falls ; that Hector famed so far,  
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,  
Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force, nor flight,  
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.  
See, where in vain he supplicates above,  
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove ;  
Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,  
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind  
Obey'd ; and rested, on his lance reclined.  
While like Deïphobus the martial dame  
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),  
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side  
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied :

" Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the sight  
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight :  
It fits us now a noble stand to make,  
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."

Then he : " O prince ! allied in blood and fame,  
Dearer than all that own a brother's name ;  
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,  
Long tried, long loved : much loved, but honor'd more !  
Since you, of all our numerous race alone  
Defend my life, regardless of your own."

Again the goddess : " Much my father's prayer,  
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear :  
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,  
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.  
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,  
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly ;  
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,  
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

Fraudful she said ; then swiftly march'd before :  
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.

Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke :  
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke :

" Enough, O son of Peleus ! Troy has view'd  
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.  
But now some god within me bids me try  
Thine, or my fate : I kill thee, or I die.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,  
And for a moment's space suspend the day ;  
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate  
The just conditions of this stern debate  
(Eternal witnesses of all below,

And faithful guardians of the treasured vow) !  
To them I swear ; if, victor in the strife,  
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,  
No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue ;  
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)  
The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore :  
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."

" Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,  
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),  
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,  
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee :  
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,  
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,  
To such I call the gods ! one constant state  
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate :  
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife  
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.  
Rouse then my forces this important hour,  
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.  
No further subterfuge, no further chance ;

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.  
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,  
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;  
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:  
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear  
Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.  
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,  
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' ha  
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,  
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that javelin given,  
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.  
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,  
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.  
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,  
And with false terrors sink another's mind.  
But know, whatever fate I am to try,  
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.  
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,  
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.  
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart  
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,  
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd  
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound  
From off the ringing orb it struck the ground.  
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,  
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;  
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear—  
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.  
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh:  
"'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!  
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,  
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.  
A god deceived me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,  
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.  
No refuge now, no succor from above,  
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,  
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!  
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:  
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,  
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,  
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.  
So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,  
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares :  
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears  
Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone  
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame ! ) :  
And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame.  
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,\*  
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,  
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :  
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.  
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,  
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;  
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore  
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.  
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,  
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate  
Gave entrance : through that penetrable part  
Furious he drove the well-directed dart :  
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power  
Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.  
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,  
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries :  
    " At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,  
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain :  
Then, prince ! you should have fear'd what now you feel ;  
Achilles absent was Achilles still :  
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,  
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.  
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,  
Forever honor'd, and forever mourn'd :  
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,  
Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."  
Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death :  
" By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !  
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer ;  
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !  
The common rites of sepulture bestow,  
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe :  
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,  
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."  
" No, wretch accursed ! relentless he replies  
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes) ;  
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,

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\* *Hesper shines with keener light.*

" Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn."

" Paradise Lost," v. 166.

Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.  
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!  
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.  
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store  
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;  
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,  
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:  
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,  
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.”

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:  
“Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:  
The Furies that relentless breast have steel’d,  
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.  
Yet think, a day will come, when fate’s decree  
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;  
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,  
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate.”\*

He ceased. The Fates suppress’d his laboring breath,  
And his eyes stiffen’d at the hand of death;  
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way  
(The manly body left a load of clay),  
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,  
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll’d his eyes  
O’er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies.  
“Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven  
I follow thee.”—He said, and stripp’d the slain.  
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound  
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.  
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes  
His manly beauty and superior size;  
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface  
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.

“How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late  
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter’d fate!”

High o’er the slain the great Achilles stands,  
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;  
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:  
“Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!  
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven  
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,

---

\* Such was his fate. After chasing the Trojans into the town, he was slain by an arrow from the quiver of Paris, directed under the unerring auspices of Apollo. The greatest efforts were made by the Trojans to possess themselves of the body, which was however rescued and borne off to the Grecian camp by the valor of Ajax and Ulysses. Thetis stole away the body, just as the Greeks were about to burn it with funeral honours, and conveyed it away to a renewed life of immortality in the isle of Leuké in the Euxine.

Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!  
See, if already their deserted towers  
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain  
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.  
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?  
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,  
Divine Patroclus! Death hath seal'd his eyes;  
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!  
Can his dear image from my soul depart,  
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?  
If in the melancholy shades below,  
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,  
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,  
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.  
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring,  
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.  
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,  
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred  
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);  
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound  
With thongs inserted through the double wound;  
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,  
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.  
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.  
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;  
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
Now lost is all that formidable air;  
The face divine, and long-descending hair,  
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;  
Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land,  
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,  
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;  
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,  
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.  
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,  
While the sad father answers groans with groans.  
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,  
And the whole city wears one face of woe:  
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,  
From her foundations curling to her spires,  
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,  
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.  
The wretched monarch of the falling state,  
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.

Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,  
While strong affliction gives the feeble force :  
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro.  
In all the raging impotence of woe.  
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,  
Imploring all, and naming one by one :  
" Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ;  
I, only I, will issue from your walls  
(Guide or companion, friends ! I ask ye none),  
And bow before the murderer of my son.  
My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;  
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.  
He has a father too ; a man like me ;  
One, not exempt from age and misery  
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace  
Begot this pest of me, and all my race).  
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,  
Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the tomb !  
Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave)  
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.  
O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,  
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,  
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,  
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower !  
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,  
To melt in full satiety of grief ! "

Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the ground,  
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears  
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears) ;  
" Ah why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,  
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?  
O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,  
The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !  
To whom her safety and her fame she owed ;  
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !  
O fatal change ! become in one sad day  
A senseless corse ! inanimated clay ! "

But not as yet the fatal news had spread  
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;  
As yet no messenger had told his fate,  
Not e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.  
Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;  
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,  
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.  
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,  
The bath preparing for her lord's return

In vain, alas! her lord returns no more;  
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!  
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,  
And all her members shake with sudden fear:  
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,  
And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:

"Ah follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise  
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.  
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,  
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;  
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate  
(Ye gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state.  
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!  
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast  
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,  
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!  
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,  
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:  
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,  
Now quench'd forever in the arms of death."

She spoke: and furious, with distracted pace,  
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,  
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),  
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.  
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,  
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.  
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:  
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color flies.  
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,  
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,  
The veil and diadem flew far away  
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).  
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,  
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.  
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again  
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!  
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!  
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd  
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.  
From different parents, different climes we came,  
At different periods, yet our fate the same!  
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed,  
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?  
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost  
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!  
Thou to the dismal realms forever gone!  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!



An only child, once comfort of my pains,  
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
No more to smile upon his sire ; no friend  
To help him now ! no father to defend !  
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,  
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !  
Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,  
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.

The day, that to the shades the father sends,  
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :  
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears  
Forever sad, forever bathed in tears ;  
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he  
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,  
While those his father's former bounty fed  
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :  
The kindest but his present wants allay,  
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.  
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast  
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,  
Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not here : '  
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.  
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,  
o my sad soul Astyanax appears !

Forced by repeated insults to return,  
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn :  
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,  
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,  
And when still evening gave him up to rest,  
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,  
Must—ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls  
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,\*  
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !  
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.  
But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,  
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care ;  
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,  
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.  
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,  
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !  
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,  
An honor to the living, not the dead ! "

So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,  
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

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\* *Astyanax*, i. e. the city-king or guardian. It is amusing that Plato, who often finds fault with Homer without reason, should have copied this twaddling etymology into his *Cratylus*.

## BOOK XXIII.

## ARGUMENT.

## FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF PATROCLUS.\*

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honors to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the Winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the *cæstus*, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile: the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train  
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.  
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,  
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore.  
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,  
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:  
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,  
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:

"Not yet, my brave companions of the war,  
Release your smoking coursers from the car;  
But, with his chariot each in order led,  
Perform due honors to Patroclus dead.  
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,  
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief."

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led †  
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;  
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;  
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.  
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,

\* This book has been closely imitated by Virgil in his fifth book, but it is almost useless to attempt a selection of passages for comparison.

† *Thrice in order led*. This was a frequent rite at funerals. The Romans had the same custom, which they called *d'curso*. Plutarch states that Alexander, in after times, renewed these same honors to the memory of Achilles himself.

Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.  
 But chief, Pelides : thick-succeeding sighs  
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes :  
 His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid  
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said :

" All hail, Patroclus ! let thy honor'd ghost  
 Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast ;  
 Behold ! Achilles' promise is complete ;  
 The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.  
 Lo ! to the dogs his carcase I resign ;  
 And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,  
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire ;  
 Their lives effused around thy funeral pyre."

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)  
 Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,  
 Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around  
 Unbraced their armor, and the steeds unbound.  
 All to Achilles' sable ship repair,  
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.  
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,  
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire :  
 The huge ox bellowing falls ; with feebler cries  
 Expires the goat ; the sheep in silence dies.  
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,  
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.  
 And now a band of Argive monarchs brings  
 The glorious victor to the king of kings.  
 From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,  
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.  
 The attending heralds, as by office bound,  
 With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround :  
 To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,  
 They urged in vain ; the chief refused, and swore : \*

" No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove !  
 The first and greatest of the gods above !  
 Till on the pyre I place thee ; till I rear  
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.  
 Some ease at least those pious rites may give,  
 And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.  
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay  
 And share your feast ; but with the dawn of day,  
 (O king of men !) it claims thy royal care,  
 That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,  
 And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid  
 To heroes slumbering in eternal shade) :

\* *And swore.* Literally, and called *Orcus*, the god of oaths, to witness. See Buttman, *Lexilog.*, p. 436.

Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,  
Let the leagued squadrons to their posts retire."

He spoke : they hear him, and the word obey ;  
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,  
Then ease in sleep the labors of the day.  
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,  
Where dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar,  
Lies inly groaning ; while on either hand  
The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand.  
Along the grass his languid members fall,  
Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall ;  
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep,  
When lo ! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise :  
In the same robe he living wore, he came :  
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,  
" And sleeps Achilles ? (thus the phantom said):  
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead ?  
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,  
But now forgot, I wander in the air.  
Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
And give me entrance in the realms below :  
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,  
But here and there the unbodied spectres chase  
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.  
Now give thy hand ; for to the farther shore  
When once we pass, the soul returns no more :  
When once the last funereal flames ascend,  
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend ;  
No more our thoughts to those we loved make known ;  
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.  
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,  
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth :  
Thee too it waits ; before the Trojan wall  
Even great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.  
Hear then ; and as in fate and love we join,  
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !  
Together have we lived ; together bred,  
One house received us, and one table fed ;  
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,  
May mix our ashes in one common grave."

" And is it thou ? (he answers) To my sight \*

• " O, long expected by thy friends ! from whence  
Art thou so late return'd for our defence ?

Once more return'st thou from the realms of night ?  
 O more than brother ! Think each office paid,  
 What'er can rest a discontented shade ;  
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !  
 Afford at least that melancholy joy."

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd  
 In vain to grasp the visionary shade !  
 Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,\*  
 And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.  
 Confused he wakes ; amazement breaks the bands  
 Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,  
 Pensive he muses with uplifted hands :

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain ; man, though dead, retains  
 Part of himself ; the immortal mind remains :  
 The form subsists without the body's aid,  
 Aërial semblance, and an empty shade !  
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,  
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost :  
 Even now familiar, as in life, he came :  
 Alas ! how different ! yet how like the same ! "

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears :  
 And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,  
 Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,  
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.  
 But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,  
 With mules and wagons sends a chosen band  
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear ;  
 A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.  
 With proper instruments they take the road,  
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.  
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow,  
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go : †

Do we behold thee, wearied as we are  
 With length of labors, and with toils of war ?  
 After so many funerals of thy own,  
 Art thou restored to thy declining town ?  
 But say, what wounds are these ? what new disgrace  
 Deforms the manly features of thy face ? "

Dryden, xi. 369

\* *Like a thin smoke.* Virgil, Georg. iv. 72.

" In vain I reach my feeble hands to join  
 In sweet embraces—ah ! no longer thine !  
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair  
 Retired, like subtle smoke dissolved in air."

Dryden.

† So Milton.—

" So engerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, o'er steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

" Paradise Lost," ii. 948.

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,  
 Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axes bound.  
 But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods,\*  
 (Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods),  
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;  
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks  
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;  
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.  
 The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn;  
 And the slow mules the same rough road return.  
 The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore  
 (Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;  
 There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,  
 They eased their shoulders, and disposed the load;  
 Circling around the place, where times to come  
 Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.  
 The hero bids his martial troops appear  
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;  
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,  
 All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.  
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;  
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;  
 Next these the melancholy band appear;  
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier;  
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw;  
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,  
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head,  
 Bends o'er the extended body of the dead.  
 Patroclus decent on the appointed ground  
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.  
 But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,  
 And from his head divides the yellow hair;  
 Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,†  
 And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honor'd flood:  
 Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast,  
 And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:  
 "Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost  
 Delightful roll along my native coast!  
 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,

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\* An ancient forest, for the work design'd  
 (The shady covert of the savage kind),  
 The Trojans found: the sounding axe is placed:  
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride  
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,  
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.  
 High trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown  
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down."

Dryden's Virgil, vi. 262.

† *He vowed.* This was a very ancient custom.

These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn :  
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,  
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,  
 And where in shade of consecrated bowers  
 Thy altars stand, perfumed with native flowers !  
 So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain ;  
 No more Achilles sees his native plain ;  
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,  
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below."

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,  
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.  
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow :  
 And now the sun had set upon their woe ;  
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief :  
 " Enough, Atrides ! give the troops relief :  
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,  
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre ;  
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——"  
 He said : the people to their ships return :  
 While those deputed to inter the slain  
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.\*  
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,  
 The growing structure spreads on every side ;  
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,  
 And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay :  
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,  
 And the piled victims round the body spread ;  
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,  
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.  
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan  
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.  
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,  
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord,  
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,  
 Sad sacrifice ! twelve Trojan captives fell.†  
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,  
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze.  
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,  
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry : ‡

\* The height of the tomb or pile was a great proof of the dignity of the deceased, and the honor in which he was held.

† On the prevalence of this cruel custom amongst the northern nations, see Mallet, p. 213.

‡ And calls the spirit. Such was the custom anciently, even at the Roman funerals.

" Hail, O ye holy names ! hail again,  
 Paternal ashes, now revived in vain."

Dryden's Virgil, v. 106.

"All hail, Patroclus ! let thy vengeful ghost  
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.  
Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,  
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;  
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,  
Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend."

So spake he, threatening : but the gods made vain  
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain :  
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,  
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance ! shed :  
She watch'd him all the night and all the day,  
And drove the bloodhounds from their destined prey.  
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care ;  
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,  
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,  
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,  
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise ;  
But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,  
Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air,  
And victims promised, and libations cast,  
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast :  
He call'd the ærial powers, along the skies  
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.  
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,  
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,  
Where in old Zephyr's open courts on high,  
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.  
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow ;  
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.  
All from the banquet rise, and each invites  
The various goddess to partake the rites.  
"Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go  
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below :  
Even now our solemn hecatombs attend,  
And heaven is feasting on the world's green end,  
With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train) !  
Far on the extremest limits of the main.  
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,  
The western spirit, and the north, to rise !  
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,  
And bear the blazing honors high to heaven."

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view ;  
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew ;  
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,  
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd before.  
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,



The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise :  
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,  
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.  
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,  
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.  
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,  
With large libations from the golden bowl.  
As a poor father, helpless and undone,  
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,  
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,  
And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn :  
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,  
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.  
'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,  
The morning planet told the approach of light :  
And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray  
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :  
Then sank the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,  
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd :  
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore ;  
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceased to weep,  
And sank to quiet in the embrace of sleep,  
Exhausted with his grief : meanwhile the crowd  
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood ;  
The tumult waked him : from his eyes he shook  
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke :

" Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name !  
First let us quench the yet remaining flame  
With sable wine ; then, as the rites direct,  
The hero's bones with careful view select  
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie  
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye :  
The rest around the margin will be seen  
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men) :  
These wrapp'd in double cauls of fat, prepare ;  
And in the golden vase dispose with care ;  
There let them rest with decent honor laid,  
Till I shall follow to the infernal shade.  
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,  
A common structure on the humble sands :  
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,  
And late posterity record our praise ! "

The Greeks obey ; where yet the embers glow,  
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,  
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.  
Next the white bones his sad companions place,

With tears collected, in the golden vase.  
The sacred relics to the tent they bore ;  
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.  
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,  
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre ;  
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed  
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,  
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains ;  
There placed them round : then from the ships proceeds  
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,  
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games),  
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.  
First stood the prizes to reward the force  
Of rapid racers in the dusty course :  
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,  
Skill'd in the needle, and the laboring loom ;  
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,  
Of twenty measures its capacious size.  
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,  
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke :  
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame :  
Four ample measures held the shining frame :  
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed :  
An ample double bowl contents the last.  
These in fair order ranged upon the plain,  
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train :

"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks ! decree  
To the brave rulers of the racing steed :  
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,  
Should our immortal coursers take the plain  
(A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's god  
Peleus received, and on his son bestow'd).  
But this no time our vigor to display ;  
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day .  
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck  
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.  
Sad, as they shared in human grief, they stand,  
And trail those graceful honors on the sand !  
Let others for the noble task prepare,  
Who trust the courser and the flying car."

Fired at his word the rival racers rise ;  
But far the first Eumelus hopes the prize,  
Famed though Pieria for the fleetest breed,  
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.  
With equal ardor bold Tydies swell'd,  
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd

(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,  
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).  
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,  
And the famed courser of the king of kings :  
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),  
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,  
(Æthè her name) at home to end his days ;  
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.  
Next him Antilochus demands the course  
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.  
Experienced Nestor gives his son the reins,  
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains ;  
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears  
The prudent son with unattending ears.

“ My son ! though youthful ardor fire thy breast,  
The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd ;  
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill  
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.  
To guide thy conduct little precept needs ;  
But slow, and past their vigor, are my steeds.  
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known ;  
Compare those rivals' judgment and thy own :  
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,  
And to be swift is less than to be wise.  
'Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes  
The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks ;  
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep  
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship ;  
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course ;  
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.  
In vain, unskilful to the goal they strive,  
And short, or wide, the ungovern'd courser drive :  
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,  
The knowing racer to his end proceeds ;  
Fix'd on the goal his eye foreruns the course,  
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,  
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,  
Observing still the foremost on the plain.  
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found ;  
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground ;  
Of some once stately oak the last remains,  
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains :  
Inclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar ;  
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.  
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace ;  
Or then, as now, the limit of a race.)  
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,

A little bending to the left hand steed ;  
But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;  
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,  
And turns him short ; till, doubling as they roll,  
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.  
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)  
Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;  
Lest through incaution failing, thou mayest be  
A joy to others, a reproach to me.  
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,  
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind :  
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed  
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed ;  
Or the famed race, through all the regions known,  
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon."

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage  
Concludes ; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.  
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,  
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.  
They mount their seats ; the lots their place dispose  
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws).  
Young Nestor leads the race : Eumelus then ;  
And next the brother of the king of men :  
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast ;  
And, far the bravest, Diomed, was last.  
They stand in order, an impatient train :  
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,  
And sends before old Phœnix to the place,  
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.  
At once the coursers from the barrier bound ;  
The lifted scourges all at once resound ;  
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before  
And up the champaign thunder from the shore :  
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,  
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies ;  
Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclined,  
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind :  
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,  
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.  
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care  
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air),  
Erect with ardor, poised upon the rein,  
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.  
Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)  
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,  
Each burns with double hope, with double pain  
Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.

First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds ;  
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds :  
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,  
And seem just mounting on his car behind ;  
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,  
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadows sees.  
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize ;  
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,  
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain  
His matchless horses' labor on the plain.  
Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey  
Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.  
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,  
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,  
And fills his steeds with vigor. 'At a stroke  
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke :  
No more their way the startled horses held ;  
The car reversed came rattling on the field ;  
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,  
Prone on the dust the unhappy master fell :  
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground ;  
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound :  
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes :  
Before him far the glad Tydides flies :  
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,  
And crowns him victor of the labor'd race.

The next, though distant, Menelaüs succeeds ;  
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds :  
" Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force :  
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,  
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,  
And gives their lord the honors of the day :  
But reach Atrides ! shall his mare outgo  
Your swiftness ? vanquish'd by a female foe ?  
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain  
The last ignoble gift be all we gain,  
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,  
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.  
Haste then : yon narrow road, before our sight,  
Presents the occasion, could we use it right."

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat  
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.  
And now Antilochus with nice survey  
Observes the compass of the hollow way.  
'Twas where, by force of wintry torrents torn,  
Fast by the road a precipice was worn :  
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng

The Spartan hero's chariot smoked along.  
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,  
Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep.  
Atrides trembling, casts his eye below,  
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.  
"Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride  
This narrow way! take larger field (he cried),  
Or both must fall."—Atrides cried in vain;  
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.  
Far as an able arm the disk can send,  
When youthful rivals their full force extend,  
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew  
Before the king: he, cautious, backwards drew  
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears  
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,  
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,  
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain.  
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:  
"Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!  
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;  
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—"  
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,  
"Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!  
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,  
With fainting knees shall labor in the course,  
And yield the glory yours."—The steeds obey;  
Already at their heels they wing their way,  
And seem already to retrieve the day.  
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld  
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.  
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;  
High on a rising ground, above the ring,  
The monarch sat: from whence with sure survey  
He well observed the chief who led the way,  
And heard from far his animating cries,  
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;  
On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,  
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.  
He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun:  
"Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?  
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,  
And other steeds than lately led the way?  
Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,  
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:  
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain  
I search to find them, but I search in vain.  
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,

And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,  
Shot from the chariot ; while his coursers stray  
With frantic fury from the destined way.  
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,  
For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right ;  
Yet sure he seems, to judge by shape and air,  
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war."

"Old man ! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)  
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize ;  
Of those who view the course, nor sharpest eyed,  
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.  
Eumelus' steeds, high bounding in the chase,  
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race :  
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,  
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain."

Thus he. Idomeneus, incensed, rejoin'd :  
"Barbarous of words ! and arrogant of mind !  
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside  
The last in merit, as the first in pride !  
To vile reproach what answer can we make ?  
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,  
And be the king the judge. The most unwise  
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price."

He said : and Ajax, by mad passion borne,  
Stern had replied ; fierce scorn enhancing scorn  
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son  
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun :

"Forbear, ye chiefs ! reproachful to contend ;  
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend :  
And lo ! the approaching steeds your contest end."  
No sooner had he spoke, but thundering near,  
Drives, through a stream of dust, the charioteer.  
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields :  
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields :  
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,  
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,  
Refulgent through the cloud : no eye could find  
The track his flying wheels had left behind :  
And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace  
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.  
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,  
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands ;  
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream ;  
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam :  
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,  
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes :  
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,

The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,  
O'erpass'd Atrides) second in the course.

Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near  
Than to the courser in his swift career

The following car, just touching with his heel  
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:

Such, and so narrow now the space between

The rivals, late so distant on the green;

So soon swift *Æthè* her lost ground regain'd,

One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,

With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.

Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;

Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on;

Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:

"Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass'd

The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay

(Since great Tydides bears the first away)

To him the second honors of the day."

The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries,

And then Eumelus had received the prize,

But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,

The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

"Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,

O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.

What if the gods, the skilful to confound,

Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice,

And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,

And please a soul desirous to bestow)

Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store

Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;

An ample present let him thence receive,

And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.

But this my prize I never shall forego;

This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe."

Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;

Pleased with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,

Achilles smiled: "The gift proposed (he cried),

Antilochus! we shall ourselves provide.

With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er,

(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore).

Whose glittering margins raised with silver shine,

(No vulgar gift), Eumelus! shall be thine."



He said : Automedon at his command  
The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand.  
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows  
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose ;  
The herald placed the sceptre in his hands,  
And still'd the clamor of the shouting bands.  
Not without cause incensed at Nestor's son,  
And only grieving, thus the king begun :

" The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,  
An act so rash, Antilochus ! has stain'd.  
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,  
To you, O Grecians ! be my wrong declared :  
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,  
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame,  
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain ?  
What needs appealing in a fact so plain ?  
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,  
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize ?  
Rise if thou darest, before thy chariot stand,  
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand ;  
And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent  
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.  
Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround  
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground !"

The prudent chief with calm attention heard ;  
Then mildly thus : " Excuse, if youth have err'd ;  
Superior as thou art, forgive the offence,  
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.  
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,  
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.  
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign ;  
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine  
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)  
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn."

So spoke Antilochus ; and at the word  
The mare contested to the king restored.  
Joy swells his soul : as when the vernal grain  
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,  
The fields their vegetable life renew,  
And laugh, and glitter with the morning dew ;  
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,  
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said :

" Still may our souls, O generous youth ! agree,  
'Tis now Atreides' turn to yield to thee.  
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,  
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.  
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way

To waive contention with superior sway ;  
For ah ! how few, who should like thee offend,  
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend !  
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,  
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own :  
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son  
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.  
I yield ; that all may know, my soul can bend,  
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend."

He said ; and pleased his passion to command,  
Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand,  
Friend of the youthful chief : himself content,  
The shining charger to his vessel sent.  
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd ;  
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.  
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,  
And thus the purpose of his gift declares :  
" Accept thou this, O sacred sire ! (he said)  
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead ;  
Dead and for ever lost Patroclus lies,  
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes !  
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,  
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,  
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,  
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field :  
Thy pristine vigor age has overthrown,  
But left the glory of the past thy own."

He said, and placed the goblet at his side ;  
With joy the venerable king replied :  
" Wisely and well, my son, thy words have proved  
A senior honor'd, and a friend beloved !  
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,  
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.  
Oh ! had I now that force I felt of yore,  
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore !  
Victorious then in every solemn game,  
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name ;  
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,  
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.  
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,  
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,  
Surpass'd Iphycus in the swift career,  
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.  
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,  
But won by numbers, not by art or force :  
For the famed twins, impatient to survey  
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,

Sprung to their car ; and with united pains  
 One lash'd the coursers, while one ruled the reins.  
 Such once I was ! Now to these tasks succeeds  
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds :  
 I yield, alas ! (to age who must not yield ?)  
 Though once the foremost hero of the field.  
 Go thou, my son ! by generous friendship led,  
 With martial honors decorate the dead :  
 While pleased I take the gift thy hands present  
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent),  
 Rejoiced, of all the numerous Greeks, to see  
 Not one but honors sacred age and me :  
 Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,  
 May the just gods return another day ! ”

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days :  
 Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,  
 For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.  
 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,  
 Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,  
 Is to the circus led, and firmly bound ;  
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.  
 Achilles rising, thus : “ Let Greece excite  
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight ;  
 Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,  
 And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.  
 On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,  
 And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,  
 This mule his dauntless labors shall repay,  
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.”

This dreadful combat great Epëus chose ; \*  
 High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk ! he rose,

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\* Virgil, by making the boaster vanquished, has drawn a better moral from this episode than Homer. The following lines deserve comparison :—

“ The haughty Dares in the lists appears :  
 Walking he strides, his head erected bears :  
 His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield  
 And loud applauses echo through the field.  
 \* \* \*

Such Dares was, and such he strode along,  
 And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.  
 His brawny breast and ample chest he shows ;  
 His lifted arms around his head he throws,  
 And deals in whistling air his empty blows.  
 His match is sought ; but, through the trembling band,  
 No one dares answer to the proud demand.  
 Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,  
 Already he devours the promised prize.  
 \* \* \*

If none my matchless valor dares oppose,  
 How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes ? ”

Dryden's Virgil, v. 486, seq.

And seized the beast, and thus began to say :  
" Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away !  
(Price of his ruin) : for who dares deny  
This mule my right ; the undoubted victor I ?  
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,  
But the first honors of this fight are mine ;  
For who excels in all ? Then let my foe  
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know ;  
Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,  
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound :  
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,  
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain."

The giant spoke ; and in a stupid gaze  
The host beheld him, silent with amaze !  
'Twas thou, Euryalus ! who durst aspire  
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,  
The great Mecistheus ; who in days of yore  
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore  
(The games ordain'd dead (Edipus to grace),  
And singly vanquish the Cadmean race.  
Him great Tydides urges to contend,  
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend ;  
Officious with the cincture girds him round ;  
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.  
Amid the circle now each champion stands,  
And poises high in air his iron hands ;  
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,  
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,  
And painful sweat from all their members flows.  
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow  
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe ;  
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway  
Down dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended lay.  
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,  
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,  
Lies panting ; not less batter'd with his wound,  
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.  
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,  
Scornful, his hand ; and gives him to his friends ;  
Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng,  
And dragging his disabled legs along ;  
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er ;  
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore ; \*

\* " The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore  
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore :  
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,  
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood."

Dryden's Virgil, v. 623.

Wrapp'd round in mists he lies, and lost to thought ;  
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands  
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands :  
A massy tripod for the victor lies,  
Of twice six oxen its reputed price ;  
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
A female captive, valued but at four.  
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose  
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.  
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,  
Embracing rigid with implicit hands.  
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd ;  
Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd ;  
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,  
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,  
Their tops connected, but at wider space  
Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base.  
Now to the grasp each manly body bends ;  
The humid sweat from every pore descends ;  
Their bones resound with blows : sides, shoulders, thighs,  
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.  
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,  
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground ;  
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow  
The watchful caution of his artful foe.  
While the long strife even tired the lookers on,  
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon :  
" Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me :  
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree."

He said ; and, straining, heaved him off the ground  
With matchless strength ; that time Ulysses found  
The strength to evade, and where the nerves combine  
His ankle struck : the giant fell supine ;  
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies ;  
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.  
Ajax to lift Ulysses next essays ;  
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise :  
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied ;  
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.  
Defiled with honorable dust they roll,  
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul :  
Again they rage, again to combat rise ;  
When great Achilles thus divides the prize :  
" Your noble vigor, O my friends, restrain ;  
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.  
Ye both have won ; let others who excel,

Now prove that prowess you have proved so well."

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,  
From their tired bodies wipe the dust away,  
And clothed anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace  
The youths contending in the rapid race :

A silver urn that full six measures held,  
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd :  
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,  
Elaborate, with artifice divine ;

Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,  
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port :

From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd  
The glorious gift ; and, for Lycaon spared,  
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward :

Now, the same here's funeral rites to grace,  
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.

A well-fed ox was for the second placed ;

And half a talent must content the last.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train :

" Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,  
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain."

The hero said, and starting from his place,

Oilean Ajax rises to the race ;

Ulysses next ; and he whose speed surpass'd

His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

Ranged in a line the ready racers stand ;

Pelides points the barrier with his hand ;

All start at once ; Oileus led the race ;

The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace ;

Behind him, diligently close, he sped,

As closely following as the running thread

The spindle follows, and displays the charms

Of the fair spinster's breast and moving arms :

Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,

And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise ;

His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays :

The admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise :

To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,

And send their souls before him as he flies.

Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal

The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul :

" Assist, O goddess ! " thus in thought he pray'd !

And present at his thought descends the maid.

Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,

Unhapppp Ajax stumbles on the plain  
(O'erturn'd by Pallas), where the slippery shore  
Was clogg'd with slimy dung and mingled gore.  
(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,  
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire).  
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,  
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay ;  
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shared,  
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.  
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,  
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd :

" Accursed fate ! the conquest I forego ;  
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe ;  
She urged her favorite on the rapid way,  
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore ;  
A burst of laughter echoed through the shore.  
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,  
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest :

" Why with our wiser elders should we strive ?  
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.  
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize :  
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise ;  
(A green old age unconscious of decays,  
That proves the hero born in better days) !  
Behold his vigor in this active race !  
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace :  
For who can match Achilles ? He who can,  
Must yet be more than hero, more than man."

The effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,  
" Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.  
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd  
Receive a talent of the purest gold."  
The youth departs content. The host admire  
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings ;  
Cast on the plain, the brazen burden rings :  
Arms which of late divine Sarpedon wore,  
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.  
" Stand forth the bravest of our host ! (he cries)  
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,  
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,  
And sheathed in steel, provoke his foe to fight.  
Who first the jointed armor shall explore,  
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore,  
The sword Asteropæus possess'd of old  
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold),

Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side :  
These arms in common let the chiefs divide :  
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,  
A sumptuous banquet at our tents attends."

Fierce at the word uprose great Tydeus' son,  
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.  
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,  
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand ;  
Louring they meet, tremendous to the sight ;  
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.  
Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,  
But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew'd.  
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made  
Through the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd.  
Not thus the foe : his javelin aim'd above  
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.  
But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,  
Bade share the honors, and surcease the strife.  
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,  
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground,  
A mass of iron (an enormous round),  
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,  
Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire.  
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,  
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air :  
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd  
Among his spoils this memorable load.  
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,  
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.  
" Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise  
Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize ;  
If he be one enrich'd with large domain  
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,  
Small stock of iron needs that man provide ;  
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied  
From hence ; nor ask the neighboring city's aid  
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade."

Stern Polypoetes stepp'd before the throng,  
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong ;  
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,  
Uprose great Ajax ; up Epëus rose.  
Each stood in order : first Epëus threw ;  
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle flew.  
Leonteus next a little space surpass'd ;  
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.  
O'er both their marks it flew ; till fiercely flung



From Polypoetes' arm the discus sung :  
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,  
That distant falls among the grazing cows,  
So past them all the rapid circle flies :  
His friends, while loud applauses shake the skies,  
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

Those, who in skilful archery contend,  
He next invites the twanging bow to bend ;  
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,  
Ten double-edged, and ten that singly wound  
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,  
The hero fixes in the sandy shore ;  
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,  
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

" Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear  
These two-edged axes, terrible in war ;  
The single, he whose shaft divides the cord."  
He said : experienced Merion took the word ;  
And skilful Teucer : in the helm they threw  
Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew.  
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies ;  
But flies unblest ! No grateful sacrifice,  
No firstling lambs, unheeding ! didst thou vow  
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.  
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside,  
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied :  
Adown the mainmast fell the parted string,  
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing :  
Sea, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,  
And Merion eager meditates the wound :  
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,  
And following with his eye the soaring dove,  
Implores the god to speed it through the skies,  
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.  
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,  
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels ;  
Quite through and through the point its passage found,  
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.  
The wounded bird, ere yet she breathed her last,  
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,  
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,  
Then sudden dropp'd, and left her life in air.  
From the pleased crowd new peals of thunder rise,  
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the funeral games, Achilles last  
A massy spear amid the circle placed,  
And ample charger of unsullied frame,

With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.  
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,  
Whose dexterous skill directs the flying dart.  
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;  
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.  
With joy Pelides saw the honor paid,  
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said :

“Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,  
O king of nations ! all thy Greeks proclaim;  
In every martial game thy worth attest,  
And know thee both their greatest and their best.  
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear  
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.”

Pleased from the hero's lips his praise to hear,  
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear :  
But, set apart for sacred use, commands  
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

## BOOK XXIV.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles; and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band  
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand,  
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,  
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.  
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,  
His friend's dear image present to his mind,  
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep;  
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.  
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,  
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:  
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,  
That youthful vigor, and that manly mind,  
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,  
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought;  
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,  
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.  
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,  
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day!  
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes  
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.  
There as the solitary mourner raves,  
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd !  
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.  
And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument  
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.  
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;  
While foul in dust the unhonor'd carcase lies,  
But not deserted by the pitying skies :  
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,  
Preserved from gaping wounds and tainting air  
And, ignominious as it swept the field,  
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.  
All heaven was moved, and Hermes will'd to go  
By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe :  
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,  
And th' unrelenting empress of the skies,  
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,  
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,  
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene),  
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.  
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,  
To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke :  
    " Unpitying powers ! how oft each holy fane  
Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain ?  
And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?  
Still grudge his body to the Trojan's view ?  
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,  
The last sad honors of a funeral fire ?  
Is then the dire Achilles all your care ?  
That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;  
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,  
In strength of rage, and impotence of pride ;  
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,  
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy !  
Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood,  
The greatest evil and the greatest good.  
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,  
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;  
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,  
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done :  
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;  
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.  
But this insatiate, the commission given  
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heaven :  
Lo, how his rage dishonest drags along  
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong  
Brave though he be, yet by no reason awed,  
He violates the laws of man and god."

"If equal honors by the partial skies  
Are doom'd both heroes (Juno thus replies),  
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,  
Then hear, ye gods ! the patron of the bow.  
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,  
His birth deriving from a mortal dame :  
Achilles, of your own ethereal race,  
Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace  
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,  
A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven)  
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode  
Yourselves were present ; where this minstrel-god,  
Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire  
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame :  
"Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame ;  
Their merits, nor their honors, are the same.  
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace  
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race :  
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay  
(The only honors men to gods can pay),  
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceased  
The pure libation, and the holy feast :  
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,  
We will not : Thetis guards it night and day.  
But haste, and summon to our courts above  
The azure queen ; let her persuasion move  
Her furious son from Priam to receive  
The proffered ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not : and Iris from the skies,  
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,  
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,  
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.  
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,  
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,  
Down plunged the maid (the parted waves resound) ;  
She plunged and instant shot the dark profound.  
As bearing death in the fallacious bait,  
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;  
So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,  
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave :  
There placed amidst her melancholy train  
(The blue-haired sisters of the sacred main)  
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,  
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.  
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow :  
"Arise, O Thetis ! from thy seats below.

"Tis Jove that calls."—"And why (the dame replies)  
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?  
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight!  
Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light!  
Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd—"  
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,  
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;  
And forth she paced, majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair  
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,  
And touch with momentary flight the skies.  
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,  
And all the gods in shining synod round.  
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face  
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place),  
Even Juno sought her sorrows to console,  
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:  
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began  
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:

"Thou comest, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;  
Maternal sorrows; long, ah, long to last!  
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;  
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares  
Nine days are past since all the courts above  
In Hector's cause have moved the ear to Jove;  
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe  
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:  
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,  
And to his conquest add this glory more.  
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;  
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far;  
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)  
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead;  
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer;  
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare  
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands  
Whate'er his honor asks, or heart demands."

His word the silver-footed queen attends,  
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.  
Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,  
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent:  
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose  
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;  
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,  
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,

And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe :  
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign  
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain ?  
O snatch the moments yet within thy power ;  
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour !  
Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)  
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far.  
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)  
Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;  
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,  
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."

To whom Achilles : "Be the ransom given,  
And we submit, since such the will of heaven."

While thus they communed, from the Olympian bowers  
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers :

"Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town,  
And urge her monarch to redeem his son.  
Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,  
And bear what stern Achilles may receive :  
Alone, for so we will ; no Trojan near  
Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald who with gentle hand  
May the slow mules and funeral car command.  
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,  
Safe through the foe by our protection led :  
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,  
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.  
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
His age, nor touch one venerable hair :  
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,  
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives :  
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne  
Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.  
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,  
(Sad scene of woe !) his face his wrapp'd attire  
Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread  
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.  
From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;  
Whose shrieks and clamors fill the vaulted dome ;  
Mindful of those, who late their pride and joy,  
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !  
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,  
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears :

"Fear not, O father ! no ill news I bear ;  
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care ;

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,  
And bear what stern Achilles may receive ;  
Alone, for so he wills ; no Trojan near,  
Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand  
May the slow mules and funeral car command.  
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread :  
Safe through the foe by his protection led :  
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.  
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair ;  
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare  
His gentle mules and harness to the car ;  
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay :  
His pious sons the king's command obey.  
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,  
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,  
And where the treasures of his empire lay ;  
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say :

" Unhappy consort of a king distress'd !  
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast :  
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,  
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move ;  
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain  
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.  
Tell me thy thought : my heart impels to go  
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries  
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies :  
" Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ?  
And where the prudence now that awed mankind ?  
Through Phrygia once and foreign regions known ;  
Now all confused, distracted, overthrown !  
Singly to pass through hosts of foes ! to face  
(O heart of steel !) the murderer of thy race !  
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er  
Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore !  
Alas ! my lord ! he knows not how to spare,  
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare ;  
So brave ! so many fallen ! To claim his rage  
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.  
No——pent in this sad palace, let us give  
To grief the wretched days we have to live.  
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,



Born to his own, and to his parents' woe !  
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,  
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son !  
Oh ! in his dearest blood might I allay  
My rage, and these barbarities repay !  
For ah ! could Hector merit thus, whose breath  
Expired not meanly, in unactive death ?  
He poured his latest blood in manly fight,  
And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright  
With words of omen, like a bird of night  
(Replied unmoved the venerable man) ;  
'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.  
Had any mortal voice the injunction laid,  
Nor augur, priest, nor seer, had been obey'd.  
A present goddess brought the high command,  
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.  
I go, ye gods ! obedient to your call :  
If in your camp your powers have doom'd my fall,  
Content—By the same hand let me expire !  
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire !  
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,  
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood !"

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew  
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,  
As many vests, as many mantles told,  
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold,  
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,  
With ten pure talents from the richest mine ;  
And last a large well-labor'd bowl had place  
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace):  
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,  
For one last look to buy him back to Troy !

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,  
Around him furious drives his menial train :  
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,  
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.  
"What make ye here, officious crowd ! (he cries):  
Hence ! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.  
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there :  
Am I the only object of despair ?  
Am I become my people's common show,  
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ?  
No, you must feel him too ; yourselves must fall ;  
The same stern god to ruin gives you all :  
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone ;  
Your sole defence, your guardian power is gone !

I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,  
I see the ruins of your smoking town!  
O send me, gods! ere that sad day shall come,  
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:  
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.  
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,  
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;  
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,  
Hippochoüs, Pammon, Helenes the seer,  
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine  
Survived, sad relics of his numerous line.

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!  
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?  
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,  
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!  
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,  
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,\*  
And last great Hector, more than man divine,  
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!  
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,  
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,  
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,  
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!  
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,  
And speed my journey to redeem my son?"

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.  
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:  
The new-made car with solid beauty shined;  
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,  
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;  
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground:  
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,  
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,  
And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied.  
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)  
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:  
Last to the yoke the well-matched mules they bring  
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).  
But the fair horses, long his darling care,  
Himself received, and harness'd to his car:  
Grieved as he was, he not this task denied;  
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.

\* Troilus is only once named in the Iliad: he was mentioned also in the Cypriad, but his youth, beauty and untimely end made him an object of great interest with the subsequent poets."—Grote, i. p. 399.

While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,  
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ;  
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine  
(Libation destined to the power divine),  
Held in her right, before the steed she stands,  
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :

"Take this, and pour to Jove ; that safe from harms  
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.  
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,  
Heaven, or thy soul, inspires this bold design ;  
Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow  
Surveys thy desolated realms below,  
His winged messenger to send from high,  
And lead thy way with heavenly augury :  
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.  
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,  
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove :  
But if the god his augury denies,  
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."

"'Tis just (said Priam) to the sire above  
To raise our hands ; for who so good as Jove ?"  
He spoke, and bade the attendant handmaid bring  
The purest water of the living spring  
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held) :  
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;  
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,  
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine :

"O first and greatest ! heaven's imperial lord !  
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,  
And teach him mercy when a father prays.  
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky  
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !  
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space ;  
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,  
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high,  
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury  
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,  
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.  
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,  
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,  
As stooping dexter with resounding wings  
The imperial bird descends in airy rings.  
A dawn of joy in every face appears :

The mourning matron dries her timorous tears :  
 Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung ;  
 The brazen portal in his passage rung ;  
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,  
 Charged with the gifts : Idæus holds the rein :  
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,  
 And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.  
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,  
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ;  
 With hands uplifted eye him as he pass'd,  
 And gaze upon him as they gazed their last.  
 Now forward fares the father on his way,  
 Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.  
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,  
 And felt the woes of miserable man.  
 Then thus to Hermes : "Thou whose constant cares  
 Still succor mortals, and attend their prayers ;  
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd :  
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,  
 Go, guard the sire : the observing foe prevent,  
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,\*  
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,  
 That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main ;  
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye :

\* Milton has rivalled this passage describing the descent of Gabriel, "Paradise Lost," bk. v. 266, seq.

"Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air."

At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd.

Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide."

Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 350 :—

"Hermes obeys ; with golden pinions binds  
 His flying feet and mounts the western winds.  
 And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,  
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.  
 But first he grasps within his awful hand  
 The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand ;  
 With this he draws the ghost from hollow graves ;  
 With this he drives them from the Stygian waves :

Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,  
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space."

Dryden.

A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,

And joyful thus the royal sire replied :

"Blest is the man who pays the gods above

The constant tribute of respect and love !

Those who inhabit the Olympian bower

My son forgot not, in exalted power ;

And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,

Even to the ashes of the just is kind.

But thou, O generous youth ! this goblet take,

A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;

And while the favoring gods our steps survey,

Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god : "O king, forbear

To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :

But can I, absent from my prince's sight,

Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?

What from our master's interest thus we draw,

Is but a licensed theft that 'scapes the law.

Respecting him, my soul abjures the offence ;

And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Thee, far as Argos, pleased I could convey ;

Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :

On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,

O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,

And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around :

Before the inspiring god that urged them on,

The coursers fly with spirit not their own.

And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found

The guards repasting, while the bows go round ;

On these the virtue of his wand he tries,

And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes :

Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars,

And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,

And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

On firs the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er

With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;

And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state

(The work of soldiers), where the heroes sat.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength

A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length :

Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,

But great Achilles singly closed the gate.

This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide :

Then swift alighted the celestial guide.

And thus reveal'd—"Hear, prince! and understand  
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:  
 Hermes I am, descended from above,  
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.  
 Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;  
 Uncommon are such favors of the sky,  
 Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.  
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;  
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,  
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow  
 Whate'er pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,  
 And in a moment shot into the skies:  
 The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,  
 And left his aged herald on the car,  
 With solemn pace through various rooms he went,  
 And found Achilles in his inner tent:  
 There sat the hero: Alcimus the brave,  
 And great Automedon, attendance gave:  
 These served his person at the royal feast;  
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made:  
 And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,  
 Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;  
 Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears;  
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued  
 Even with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,  
 Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)  
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed,  
 All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed:  
 Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise:  
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:  
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,  
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

"Ah think, thou favor'd of the powers divine! \*

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\* In reference to the whole scene that follows, the remarks of Coleridge are well worth reading:—

"By a close study of life, and by a true and natural mode of expressing everything, Homer was enabled to venture upon the most peculiar and difficult situations, and to extricate himself from them with the completest success. The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly skilful, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the *Iliad*. Quintilian has taken notice of the following speech of Priam, the rhetorical artifice of which is so transcendent, that if genius did not often, especially in oratory, unconsciously fulfil the most subtle precepts of criticism, we might be induced, on this account alone, to consider the last book of the *Iliad* as what is called spurious, in other words, of later date than the rest of the poem. Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father; in gradually introducing the parallel of

Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !  
 In me that father's reverend image trace,  
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;  
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !  
 Is all my equal, but in misery !  
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;  
 Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,  
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.  
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;  
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,  
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day  
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.  
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
 The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain !  
 Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilior came,  
 The pledge of many a loved and loving dame :  
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead !  
 How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !  
 Still one was left their loss to recompense ;  
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.  
 Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel,  
 Unhappy in his country's cause he fell !

“ For him through hostile camps I bent my way,  
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;  
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear ;  
 O hear the wretched, and the gods revere !

“ Think of thy father, and this face behold !  
 See him in me, as helpless and as old !  
 Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,  
 The first of men in sovereign misery !  
 Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace  
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;  
 Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,  
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore ! ”

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,  
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.  
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.  
 Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe ;

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his own situation ; and, lastly, mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror. The *ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ*, and the *ἀνύστατο ἤχα γέροντα*, are not exactly like the tone of the earlier parts of the *Iliad*. They are almost too fine and pathetic. The whole passage defies translation, for there is that about the Greek which has no name, but which is of so fine and ethereal a subtlety that it can only be felt in the original, and is lost in an attempt to transfuse it into another language.”—Coleridge, p. 195.

And now the mingled tides together flow :  
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er ;  
A father one, and one a son deplore :  
But great Achilles different passions rend.  
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.  
The infectious softness through the heroes ran  
One universal solemn shower began ;  
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,  
From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;  
The reverend monarch by the hand he raised ;  
On his white beard and form majestic gazed,  
Not unrelenting ; then serene began  
With words to soothe the miserable man :

“ Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known,  
Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone  
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face  
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race !  
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,  
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.  
Rise, then : let reason mitigate your care :  
To mourn avails not : man is born to bear.  
Such is, alas ! the gods' severe decree :  
They, only they are blest, and only free.  
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,  
The source of evil one, and one of good ;  
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,  
Blessings to these, to those distributes ill ;  
To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed  
To taste the bad unmix'd, is cursed indeed ;  
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,  
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.  
The happiest taste not happiness sincere ;  
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.  
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power  
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour !  
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given ;  
Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven.  
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day :  
No race succeeding to imperial sway ;  
An only son ; and he, alas ! ordain'd  
To fall untimely in a foreign land.  
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline  
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !  
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;  
In riches once, in children once excell'd ;  
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,



And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,  
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.  
But since the god his hand has pleased to turn,  
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?  
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!  
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed  
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;  
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,  
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"

To whom the king: "O favor'd of the skies!  
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies  
On the bare beach deprived of obsequies.  
O give me Hector! to my eyes restore  
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.  
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;  
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy:  
So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
A weak old man to see the light and live!"

"Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,  
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),  
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend:  
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:  
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came  
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame),  
Nor comest thou but by heaven; nor comest alone,  
Some god impels with courage not thy own:  
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,  
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared  
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.  
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,  
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;  
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,  
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.  
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad.  
Automedon and Alcimius attend  
(Whom most he honor'd, since he lost his friend),  
These to yoke the mules and horses went,  
And led the hoary herald to the tent;  
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear  
(Great Hector's ransom), from the polish'd car.  
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
They leave; to cover and enwrap the dead.  
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil  
To wash the body and anoint with oil,  
Apart from Priam: lest the unhappy sire,

Provoked to passion, once more rouse to ire  
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,  
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.  
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;  
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:

Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
He groans, and calls on loved Patroclus' shade:

"If, in that gloom which never light must know,  
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,  
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil  
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.  
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,  
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine." \*

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state;  
Where full before him reverend Priam sate;  
To whom, composed, the godlike chief begun:  
"Lo! to thy prayer restored, thy breathless son;  
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;  
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,  
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes;  
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
Demand reflection, and to rest invite:

Nor thou, O father! thus consumed with woe,  
The common cares that nourish life forego.  
Not thus did Niobè, of form divine,  
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:  
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;  
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,  
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:  
So was her pride chastised by wrath divine,  
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;  
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;  
Those boasted twelve, the avenging two destroy'd.  
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,

---

\* "Achilles' ferocious treatment of the corpse of Hector cannot but offend as referred to the modern standard of humanity. The heroic age, however, must be judged by its own moral laws. Retributive vengeance on the dead, as well as the living, was a duty inculcated by the religion of those barbarous times, which not only taught that evil inflicted on the author of evil was a solace to the injured man; but made the welfare of the soul after death dependent on the fate of the body from which it had separated. Hence a denial of the rites essential to the soul's admission into the more favored regions of the lower world was a cruel punishment to the wanderer on the dreary shores of the infernal river. The complaint of the ghost of Patroclus to Achilles, of but a brief postponement of his own obsequies, shows how efficacious their refusal to the remains of his destroyer must have been in satiating the thirst of revenge, which, even after death, was supposed to torment the dwellers in Hades. Hence before yielding up the body of Hector to Priam, Achilles asks pardon of Patroclus for even this partial cession of his just rights of retribution."—Mure, vol. i. 289.

Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead ;  
None by to weep them, to inhume them none  
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone).  
The gods themselves, at length relenting gave  
The unhappy race the honors of a grave.  
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)  
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;  
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,  
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings ;  
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,  
She stands, her own sad monument of woe ;  
The rock forever lasts, the tears forever flow.

"Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known ;  
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.  
The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd,  
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ;  
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe  
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.  
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :  
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,  
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.  
With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd.  
The chief himself to each his portion placed,  
And each indulging shared in sweet repast.  
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest.  
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,  
His godlike aspect and majestic size ;  
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage ;  
And there, the mild benevolence of age.  
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke  
(A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke :

"Permit me now, beloved of Jove ! to steep  
My careful temples in the dew of sleep :  
For, since the day that number'd with the dead  
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;  
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;  
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !  
Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,  
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,  
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread ;  
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,

And place the couches and the coverings lay.  
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;  
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,  
Lest any Argive at this hour awake,  
To ask our counsel, or our orders take,  
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,  
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.  
Should such report thy honor'd person here,  
The king of men the ransom might defer:  
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire  
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require  
To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay  
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."

"If then thy will permit (the monarch said)  
To finish all due honors to the dead,  
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known  
The fears of Ilion, closed within her town;  
And at what distance from our walls aspire  
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.  
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,  
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;  
The next, to raise his monument be given;  
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heaven!"

"This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy:  
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent  
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;  
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,  
Expects her hero with desiring arms.  
But in the porch the king and herald rest;  
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.  
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;  
Industrious Hermes only was awake,  
The king's return revolving in his mind,  
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.  
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:  
"And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said):  
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?  
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?  
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,  
Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee;  
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,  
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."

Waked with the word the trembling sire arose,  
And raised his friend: the god before him goes:  
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,  
And moves in silence through the hostile land.

When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove  
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),  
The winged deity forsook their view,  
And in a moment to Olympus flew.  
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,  
Sprang through the gates of light, and gave the day:  
Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go  
The sage and king, majestically slow.  
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,  
The sad procession of a hoary sire;  
Then as the pensive pomp advanced more near  
(Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier),  
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,  
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!  
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,  
To hail your hero, glorious from the fight,  
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow;  
Your common triumph, and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;  
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;  
In every face the self-same grief is shown;  
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.  
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,  
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.  
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:  
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;  
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;  
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:  
"Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes;  
First to the palace let the car proceed,  
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."

The waves of people at his word divide,  
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;  
Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait:  
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
A melancholy choir attend around,  
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:  
Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.  
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;  
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,  
"And oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord! (she cries)

Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !  
 Thou to the distant realms forever gone !  
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !  
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes :  
 For Ilion now (her great defender slain)  
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.  
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?  
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?  
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er  
 (Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore :  
 Thou too, my son, to barbarous climes shalt go,  
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;  
 Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword  
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord :  
 Or else some Greek whose father press'd the plain,  
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,  
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
 And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.\*  
 For thy stern father never spared a foe :  
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !  
 Thence many evils his sad parents bore,  
 His parents many, but his consort more.  
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?  
 And why received not I thy last command ?  
 Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which, sadly dear,  
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;  
 Which never, never could be lost in air,  
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there ! "

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,  
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part :

"O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !  
 Of all my race thou most by heaven approved,  
 And by the immortals even in death beloved !  
 While all my other sons in barbarous bands  
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,  
 Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.  
 Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,  
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb :

\* Such was the fate of Astyanax, when Troy was taken.

"Here, from the tow'r by stern Ulysses thrown,  
 Andromache bewail'd her infant son."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, v. 875.

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);  
 Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!  
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;  
 No mark of pain, or violence of face:  
 Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow  
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.  
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears;  
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd \*  
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;  
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er  
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;  
 (O had I perish'd, ere that form divine  
 Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)  
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:  
 When others cursed the authoress of their woe,  
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:  
 If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,  
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.  
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,  
 The wretched source of all this misery:  
 The fate I caused, forever I bemoan;  
 Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!  
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam  
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:  
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by:  
 On all around the infectious sorrow grows  
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:  
 "Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,  
 And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;  
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;  
 Achilles grants these honors to the dead."†

---

\* The following observations of Coleridge furnish a most gallant and interesting view of Helen's character.—

"Few things are more interesting than to observe how the same hand that has given us the fury and inconsistency of Achilles, gives us also the consummate elegance and tenderness of Helen. She is through the *Iliad* a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet graceful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had committed her. I have always thought the following speech, in which Helen laments Hector, and hints at her own invidious and unprotected situation in Troy, as almost the sweetest passage in the poem. It is another striking instance of that refinement of feeling and softness of tone which so generally distinguish the last book of the *Iliad* from the rest."—*Classic Poets*, p. 198, seq.

† "And here we part with Achilles, at the moment best calculated to exalt and

He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train  
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
Pour through the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,  
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.  
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
And placed aloft; while all, with streaming eyes,  
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,  
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.  
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;  
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,  
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.  
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done  
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun).  
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:  
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.  
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.\*

---

purify our impression of his character. We had accompanied him through the effervescence, undulations, and final subsidence of his stormy passions. We now leave him in repose, and under the full influence of the more amiable affections; while our admiration of his great qualities is chastened by the reflection that, within a few short days, the mighty being in whom they were united was himself to be cut off suddenly in the full vigor of their exercise. . . . The frequent and touching allusions, interspersed throughout the *Iliad*, to the speedy termination of its hero's course, and the moral on the vanity of human life which they indicate, are among the finest evidences of the spirit of ethnic unity by which the whole framework of the poem is united."—Mure, vol. i. p. 297.

\* Cowper says,—“I cannot take my leave of this noble poem without expressing how much I am struck with the plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company, whom he has entertained magnificently: neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony.” Coleridge, p. 227, considers the termination of “*Paradise Lost*” somewhat similar.



## CONCLUDING NOTE.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end : as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it perhaps may be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneid*.

Achilles fell before Troy by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armor of Vulcan ; but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her again into favor.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by *Ægysthus*, at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonored his bed with *Ægysthus*.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with his life from his adulterous wife *Ægiale* : but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom : it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work ; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavoring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity), let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country : one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer : and one whom (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labors. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it : and to have the honor and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

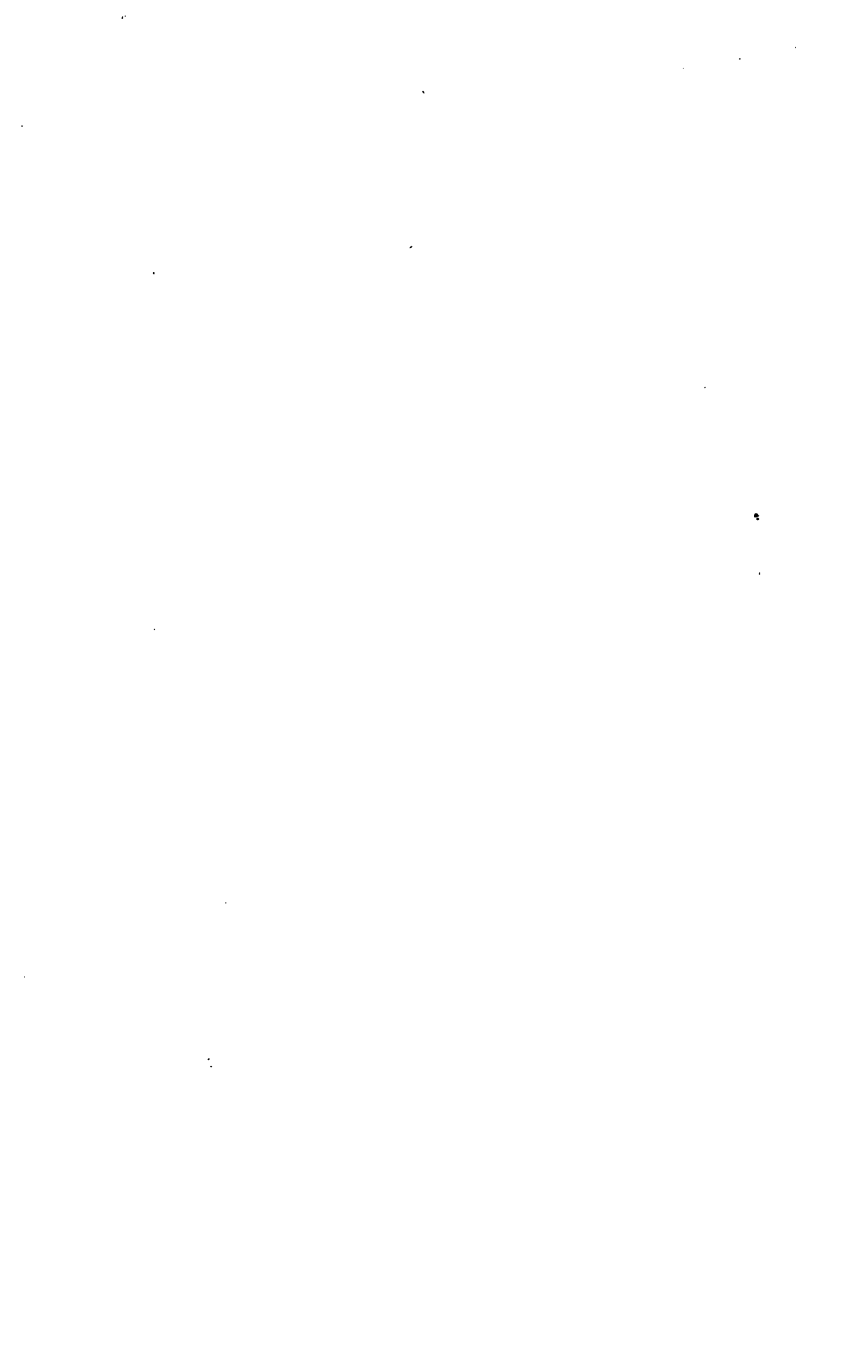
March 25, 1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐπορία—τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην, εἰ ἡσθόμεν ἑμαυτὸν εὐδώς προϊόντα.

M. AUREL. ANTON. *de Scripto*, lib. i. § 17.

END OF THE ILIAD.











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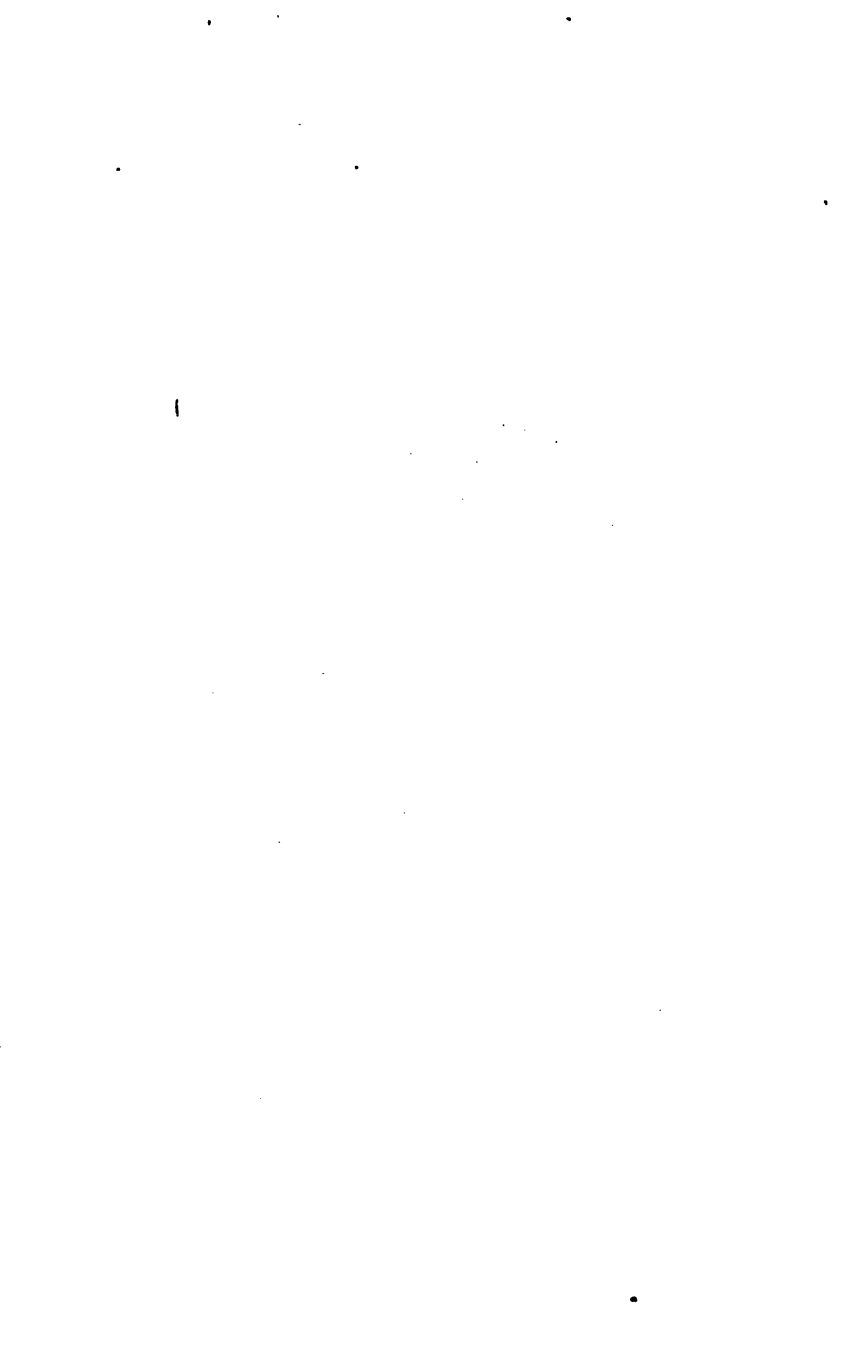
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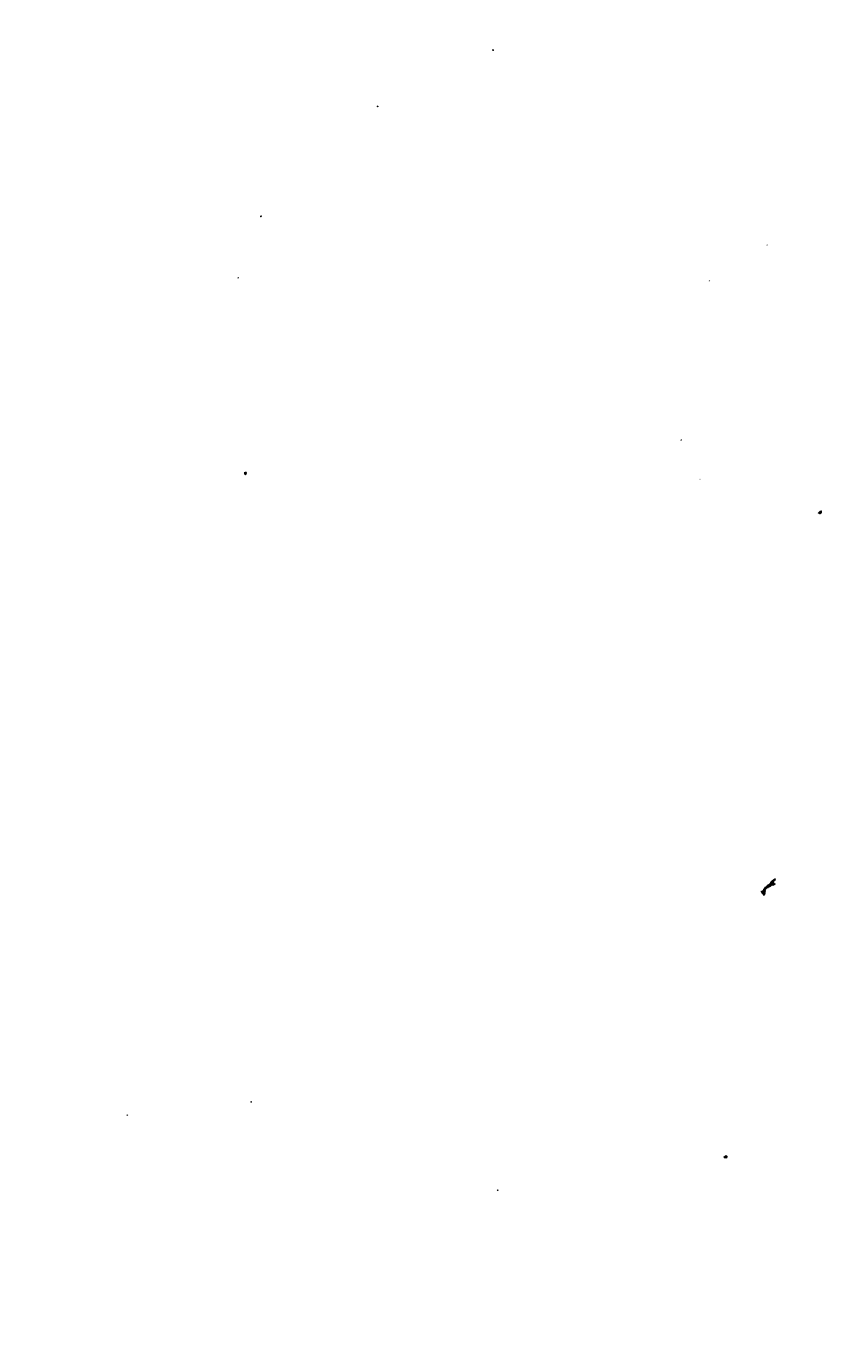












# **THE BUSINESS OF LIVING**



The Crane Classics

# The Business *of* Living

*By*  
DR. FRANK CRANE

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## IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE

The voyager entering a new country will listen with attention to the traveler who is just returning from its exploration; and the young warrior buckling on his armor may be benefited by the experiences of the old warrior who is laying his armor off.

I have climbed the Hill of Life, and am past the summit, *I suppose*, and perhaps it may help those just venturing the first incline to know what I think I would do if I had it to do over.

I have lived an average life. I have had the same kind of follies, fears, and fires my twenty-one-year-old reader has. I have failed often and bitterly. I have loved and hated, lost and won, done some good deeds and many bad ones. I have had some measure of success, and I have made about every kind of mistake there is to make. In other words, I have lived a full, active, human life, and have got thus far safely along.

I am on the shady side of fifty. As people grow old they accumulate two kinds of spiritual supplies: one, a pile of doubts, questionings, and mysteries; and the other, a much smaller pile of posi-

tive conclusions. There is a great temptation to expatiate upon the former subjects, for negative and critical statements have a seductive appearance of depth and much more of a flavor of wisdom than clear and succinct declarations. But I will endeavor to resist this temptation, and will set down, as concisely as I can, some of the positive convictions I have gained.

For the sake of orderly thought, I will make Ten Points. They might of course just as well be six points or forty, but ten seems to be the number most easily remembered, since we have ten fingers, first and "handiest" of counters.

*I. If I Were Twenty-One I Would "Do the Next Thing"*

The first duty of a human being in this world is to take himself off other people's backs. I would go to work at something for which my fellow-men would be willing to pay. I would not wait for an Ideal Job. The only ideal job I ever heard of was the one some other fellow had.

It is quite important to find the best thing to do. It is much more important to find something to do. If I were a young artist, I would paint soap advertisements, if that were all opportunity offered, until I got ahead enough to indulge in the painting of madonnas and landscapes. If I were a young musician, I would rather play in a street band than not at all. If I were a young writer, I

would do hack work, if necessary, until I became able to write the Great American Novel.

I would go to work. Nothing in all this world I have found is so good as work.

I believe in the wage system as the best and most practical means of co-ordinating human effort. What spoils it is the large indigestible lumps of unearned money that, because of laws that originated in special privilege, are injected into the body politic, by inheritance and other legal artificialities.

If I were twenty-one I would resolve to take no dollar for which I had not contributed something in the world's work. If a philanthropist gave me a million dollars I would decline it. If a rich father or uncle left me a fortune, I would hand it over to the city treasury. All great wealth units come, directly or indirectly, from the people and should go to them. All inheritance should be limited to, say, \$100,000. If Government would do that, there would be no trouble with the wage system.

If I were twenty-one I would keep clean of endowed money. The happiest people I have known have been those whose bread and butter depended upon their daily exertion.

## *II. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Adjust Myself*

More people I have known have suffered be-

cause they did not know how to adjust themselves than for any other reason. And the happiest-hearted people I have met have been those that have the knack of adapting themselves to whatever happens.

I would begin with my relatives. While I might easily conceive a better set of uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, and so on, yet Destiny gave me precisely the relatives I need. I may not want them, but I need them. So of my friends and acquaintances and fellow-workmen. Every man's life is a plan of God. Fate brings to me the very souls out of the unknown that I ought to know. If I cannot get along with them, be happy and appreciated, I could not get along with another set of my own picking. A man who is looking for ideal human beings to make up his circle of acquaintances might as well go at once and jump into the river.

The God of Things as They Ought to Be is a humbug. There is but one God, and He is the God of Things as They Are.

Half of my problem is Me; the other half is Circumstances. My task is to bring results out of the combination of the two.

Life is not a science, to be learned; it is an art, to be practised. Ability comes by doing. Wisdom comes not from others; it is a secretion of experience.

Life is not like a problem in arithmetic, to be

solved by learning the rule; it is more like a puzzle of blocks, or wire rings—you just keep trying one way after another, until finally you succeed, maybe.

I think it was Josh Billings who said that in the Game of Life, as in a game of cards, we have to play the cards dealt to us; and the good player is not the one who always wins, but the one who plays a poor hand well.

## *II. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Take Care of My Body*

The comfort and efficiency of my days depend fundamentally upon the condition of this physical machine I am housed in. I would look out for it as carefully as I attend to my automobile, so that it might perform its functions smoothly and with the minimum of trouble.

To this end I would note the four X's. They are Examination, Excretion, Exercise, Excess.

*Examination:* I would have my body thoroughly inspected by intelligent scientists once a year. I do not believe in thinking too much about one's health, but I believe in finding out the facts, and particularly the weaknesses, of one's mechanism, before one proceeds to forget it.

*Excretion:* By far the most important item to attend to in regard to the body is the waste-pipes, including the colon, the bladder, and the pores. Most diseases have their origin in the colon. I would see to it that it was thoroughly cleaned



every day. In addition, I would drink plenty of water, and would take some form of exercise every day that would induce perspiration. Most of my sicknesses have come from self-poisoning, and I would make it my main care to eliminate the waste.

*Exercise:* I would, if I were twenty-one, take up some daily system of exercise that would bring into play all the voluntary muscles of the body, and especially those which from my occupation tend to disuse. I would devote half an hour to an hour daily to this purpose.

*Excess:* I would take no stimulant of any kind whatsoever. Whatever whips the body up to excess destroys the efficiency of the organism. Hence I would not touch alcoholic drinks in any form.

I would drink no tea or coffee, as these are stimulants and not foods. Neither would I use tobacco. The healthy human body will furnish more of the joy of life, if it is not abused, than can be given by any of the artificial tonics which the ignorance and weakness of men have discovered.

If I were twenty-one, all this!

#### *IV. I Would Train My Mind*

I would realize that my eventual success depends mostly upon the quality and power of my brain. Hence I would train it so as to get the best out of it.

Most of the failures I have seen, especially in professional life, have been due to mental laziness. I was a preacher for years, and found out that the greatest curse of the ministry was laziness. It is probably the same among lawyers and physicians. It certainly is so among actors and writers. Hence, I would let no day pass without its period of hard, keen mental exertion, so that my mind would be always as a steel spring, or like a well-oiled engine, ready, resilient, and powerful.

And in this connection I would recognize that repetition is better than effort. Mastery, perfection, the doing of difficult things with ease and precision, depend more upon doing things over and over than upon putting forth great effort.

I would especially purge myself as far as possible of intellectual cowardice and intellectual dishonesty. By intellectual dishonesty I mean what is called expediency; that is, forming, or adhering to, an opinion, not because we are convinced of its truth, but because of the effect it will have. A mind should, at twenty-one, marry Truth, and "cleave only unto her, till death do them part, for better, for worse."

By intellectual cowardice I mean all superstitions, premonitions, and other forms of mental paralysis or panic caused by what is vague. To heed signs, omens, cryptic sayings, and all talk of fate and luck, is nothing but mental dirt. I have

seen many bright minds sullied by it. It is worthy only of the mind of an ignorant savage.

*V. If I Were Twenty-One I Would be Happy*

By this I imply that anyone can be happy if he will. Happiness does not depend on circumstances, but upon Me.

This is perhaps the greatest truth in the world, and the one most persistently disbelieved.

Happiness, said Carlyle, is as the value of a common fraction, which results from dividing the numerator by the denominator. The numerator, in life, is What We Have. The denominator is What We Think We Ought to Have. Mankind may be divided into two classes: Fools and Wise. The fools are eternally trying to get happiness by multiplying the numerator, the wise divide the denominator. They both come to the same—only one you can do and the other is impossible.

If you have only one thousand dollars and think you ought to have two thousand dollars, the answer is one thousand divided by two thousand, which is one half. Go and get another thousand and you have two thousand divided by two thousand, which is one; you have doubled your contentment. But the trouble is that in human affairs as you multiply your numerator you unconsciously multiply your denominator at the same time, and you get nowhere. By the time your supply

reaches two thousand dollars your wants have risen to twenty-five hundred dollars.

How much easier simply to reduce your Notion of What You Ought to Have. Get your idea down to one thousand, which you can easily do if you know the art of self-mastery, and you have one thousand divided by one thousand, which is one, and a much simpler and more sensible process than that of trying to get another one thousand dollars.

This is the most valuable secret of life. Nothing is of more worth to the youth than to awake to the truth that he can change his wants.

Not only all happiness, but all culture, all spiritual growth, all real, inward success, is a process of changing one's wants.

So if I were twenty-one I would make up my mind to be happy. You get about what is coming to you, in any event, in this world, and happiness and misery depend on how you take it; why not be happy?

## *VI. I Would Get Married*

I would not wait until I became able to support a wife. I would marry while poor, and marry a poor girl. I have seen all kinds of wives, and by far the greatest number of successful ones were those that married poor.

Any man of twenty-one has a better chance for

happiness, moral stature, and earthly success, if married than if unmarried.

I married young, and poor as Job's turkey. I have been in some hard places, seen poverty and trial, and I have had more than my share of success, but in not one instance, either of failure or of triumph, would I have been better off single. My partner in this task of living has doubled every joy and halved every defeat.

There's a deal of discussion over sex problems. There is but one wholesome, normal, practical, and God-blessed solution to the sex question, and that is the loyal love of one man and one woman.

Many young people play the fool and marry the wrong person, but my observation has been that "there's no fool like the old fool," that the longer marriage is postponed the greater are the chances of mistake, and that those couples are the most successful in matrimony who begin in youth and grow old together.

In choosing a wife I would insist on three qualifications:

1. She should be healthy. It is all well enough to admire an invalid, respect and adore her, but a healthy, live man needs a healthy woman for his companion, if he would save himself a thousand ills.

2. She should have good common sense. No matter how pretty and charming a fool may be, and some of them are wonderfully winning, it does

not pay to marry her. Someone has said that pretty women with no sense are like a certain cheap automobile: they are all right to run around with, but you don't want to own one.

And 3. She should be cheerful. A sunny, brave, bright disposition is a wife's best dowry.

As to money, or station in life, or cleverness, or good looks, they should not enter at all into the matter. If I could find a girl, healthy, sensible and cheerful, and if I loved her, I'd marry her, if I were twenty-one.

### *VII. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Save Money*

Money has a deal to do with contentment in this workaday world, and I'll have some of my own. There isn't a human being but could save a little. Every man, in America at least, could live on nine-tenths of what he does live on, and save the other tenth. And the man who regularly saves no money is a fool, just a plain fool, whether he be an actor getting one thousand dollars a week or a ditch-digger getting one dollar a day.

And I would get my life insured. Life-insurance is the most practical way for a young man, especially if he be a professional man, or anyone not gifted with the knack of making money, to achieve financial comfort. The life-insurance companies are as safe as any money institution can be.

You are compelled to save in order to pay your premiums, and you probably need that sort of whip. And those dependent upon you are protected against the financial distress that would be caused by your death. I believe life-insurance to be the best way to save money, at least for one who knows little about money.

### *VIII. I Would Study the Art of Pleasing*

Much of the content from life is due to having pleasant people around you. Hence I would form habits and cultivate manners that would please them.

For instance, I would make my personal appearance as attractive as possible. I would look clean, well-dressed, and altogether as engaging as the material I had to work with would allow.

I would be punctual. To keep people waiting is simply insolent egotism.

I would, if my voice were unpleasant, have it cultivated until it became agreeable in tone. I would speak low. I would not mumble, but learn the art of clear, distinct speech. It is very trying to associate with persons who talk so that it is a constant effort to understand their words.

I would learn the art of conversation, of small talk. I would equip myself to be able to entertain the grouchiest, most blasé people. For there is hardly a business in the world in which it is not

a great advantage to be able to converse entertainingly.

The secret of being a good conversationalist is probably a genuine unselfish interest in others. That and practice. It consists more in making the other person talk than in talking yourself.

I would learn how to write so that it would not burden people to read it. In this matter, one hint: The English language is composed of separate letters, hence, when you have written one letter, if you will move your pen along before you write the next we shall be able, probably, to discover what you intend, no matter how imperfectly you compose your separate letters.

I would not argue. I never knew one person in my life that was convinced by argument. Discuss, yes; but not argue. The difference is this: in discussion you are searching for the truth, and in argument you want to prove that you are right. In discussion, therefore, you are anxious to know your neighbor's views, and you listen to him. In argument, you don't care anything about his opinions, you want him to hear yours; hence, while he's talking you are simply thinking over what you are going to say as soon as you get a chance.

Altogether, I would try to make my personality pleasing, so that people would in turn endeavor to be pleasing to me.



*IX. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Determine,  
Even if I Could Never be Anything Else in the  
World, That I Would be a Thoroughbred*

Thoroughbred, as it is correctly used, is a word rather difficult to define, perhaps entirely non-definable. Yet we all know what it means—it is like Love.

But it implies being several things: One, being a good sport, by which I mean the kind of man that does not whine when he fails, but gets up smiling and tackles it again; the kind of a man whose fund of cheer and courage does not depend upon success, but keeps brave and sweet even in failure.

Of all human qualities that have lit up the somberness of this tragic earth, I count this, of being a thoroughbred, the happiest.

It has saved more souls than penance and punishment, it has rescued more business enterprises than shrewdness, it has won more battles and more games, and altogether felicitously loosed more hard knots in the tangled skein of destiny than any other virtue.

Most people are quitters. They reach the limit. They are familiar with the last straw.

But the hundredth man is a thoroughbred. You cannot corner him. He will not give up. He cannot find "fail" in his lexicon. He has never learned to whine.

X. *If I Were Twenty-One I Would Make Some  
Permanent, Amicable Arrangement with  
My Conscience*

God, Duty, Death, and Moral Responsibility are huge facts which no life can escape. They are the eternal sphinxes by the road of every man's existence. He must frame some sort of an answer to them.

It may please the reader to know how I have answered them. It is very simple.

I am familiar, to some extent, with most of the religions, cults and creeds of mankind. There are certain points common to every decent religion, for in every kind of church you are taught to be honest, pure-minded, unselfish, reverent, brave, loyal, and the like.

These elements of religion may be called the Great Common Divisor of all faiths.

This G. C. D. is my religion. It is what over fifty years of thought and experience has winnowed out for me. It is my religion. And I think I glimpse what Emerson meant when he wrote that "all good men are of one religion."

And the matter can be reduced to yet plainer terms. There is but "one thing needful," and there's no use being "careful and troubled about many things." That one thing is to *do right*.

To do Right and not Wrong will save any man's

soul, and if he believes any doctrine that implies doing wrong he is lost.

So, let a man of twenty-one resolve, and keep his purpose, that, no matter what comes, no matter how mixed his theology may be, no matter what may be the rewards of wrong-doing, or the perils and losses of right-doing, he will do right; then, if there is any just God, He simply has to save that man's soul, and if there is any moral law in the universe, that man must sometime, somewhere, arrive at his inward triumph, his spiritual victory and peace.

And the corollary of this is that if I have done wrong the best and only way to cure it is to quit doing wrong and begin to do right. If any man will stick to this, make it his anchor in times of storms, his pole-star in nights of uncertainty, he will cast out of his life that which is life's greatest enemy—Fear. He need not fear man nor woman, nor governments nor mischief-makers, nor the devil nor God. He will be able to say with the accent of sincerity that word of William Ernest Henley, to me the greatest spiritual declaration in any language:

“Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

**"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.**

**"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."**

Let me repeat that I have not been telling what I did with the implication that the youth of twenty-one would do well to follow me. I did not do all these things. Far from it! I wish I had. I only say that if I were twenty-one, as I now see life, I would do as I have here suggested. But perhaps I would not. I might go about barking my shins and burning my fingers, making idiotic experiments in the endeavor to prove that I was an exception to all the rules, and knew a little more than all the ancients. So let not the young man be discouraged if he has committed follies; for there seems to emerge a peculiar and vivid wisdom from error, from making an ass of one's self, and all that, more useful to one's own life than any wisdom he can get from sages or copy-books.

In what I have written I have not tried to indicate the art of "getting on," or of acquiring riches or position. These usually are what is meant by success. But success is of two kinds,

outward and inward, or apparent and real. Outward success may depend some upon what is in you, but it depends more upon luck. It is a gambling game. And it is hardly worth a strong man's while. Inward and real success, on the contrary, is not an affair of chance at all, but is as certain as any natural law. Any human being that will observe the laws of life as carefully as successful businessmen observe the laws of business will come to that inward poise and triumph which is life's happiest crown, as certainly as the stars move in their courses.

I would, therefore, if I were twenty-one, study the art of life. It is good to know arithmetic and geography and bookkeeping and all practical matters, but it is better to know how to live, how to spend your day so that at the end of it you shall be content, how to spend your life so that you feel it has been worth while.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SUCCESS

It is the purpose of this piece of writing to give a glimpse of the fundamentals of success. I would indicate, not all the elements, but what kind of elements they are that enter into a triumphant existence.

I do not have in mind success in your particular calling. I have nothing to say concerning some things in which you are much interested, to wit: how you can sell more goods in your grocery, how you can acquire prominence as an actor, how you can be elected to office, or get rich or play the fiddle, or write a best seller. But I shall speak of things that will result in such goods as your own self-respect, the love and esteem of those who know you, a settled feeling of courage toward destiny, of hope in the future and of satisfaction with the past—in other words, life success instead of vocational success.

Vocational training is necessary. But life training is more necessary. You ought to serve a thorough apprenticeship to become an expert mechanic, baker, or lawyer, and receive a business training to become a good secretary, but all that is not the prime business of school. For the first

goal of education should be to make you a wholesome, efficient, and cheerful man.

There are two kinds of success: success of distinction and success of satisfaction.

Success of distinction means getting rich, or famous, or in some way marked out among your fellows.

Such is the success of Marshall Field, John D. Rockefeller, Rudyard Kipling, General Foch, Geraldine Farrar, and Charlie Chaplin.

There is no doubt that this kind of success tastes good and appeals to us all. We love the spotlight, like to see our names in the newspaper and our pictures in the magazine. We should be properly proud to have our names go down in history listed with Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson.

But this point should not be overlooked: that in this sort of success Chance plays a great part. Distinction is always mixed with luck. Napoleon, Grant, Roosevelt, and Dickens undoubtedly were men of sound qualifications, yet there have been many with abilities quite as great who never got such prominence. Good fortune has not *all* to do with making a prominent person, but it always has *something* to do with it.

On the contrary with the success of satisfaction *opportunity has nothing whatever to do*. You can be happy, strong, efficient, lovable, not ashamed to look at your face in the glass, to draw

your wages and to stand before the judgment seat; you can make your life a glad and not a sad affair, and you can do this despite all the gods on Olympus, despite all ill luck, sickness, and calamity, and in face of all the imps of perdition.

You can have the success of satisfaction as certainly as two and two make four. All you have to do is to find the cosmic laws of the spirit and keep them. They are just as accurate as the laws of mathematics.

You cannot fail, if you know how to live. There can be no defeat to them that know the art of life. Enemies and events could not cheat Jesus of his triumph, nor Socrates, nor Edith Cavell. The souls of them that understand always find a way of escape.

To teach children to be ambitious for distinction is vicious. For the simple reason that all cannot be distinguished any more than all houses in town can be the largest nor all women in a crowd the handsomest. If all are encouraged in the striving to be rich, famous, and gifted, then certainly nine-tenths of them will be disappointed. If happiness means the spotlight the generality of mankind is doomed to wretchedness.

But every son of woman on earth can win the success of satisfaction, can make his life a glad, triumphant, and worth-while matter.

We shall therefore set down some hints toward success, and call them Ten Commandments. For



they are very old, very obvious, and for all that very essential.

For success is not some novel thing, to be come at by a trick or new discovery, but by the well-worn path of wisdom, the road of sages from Moses to Maeterlinck, and our children's children must perforce study the same map and observe the same landmarks that were known of our fathers' fathers.

And the first and great commandment is:

### *Control Your Thoughts*

First of all you must believe this, or there can possibly be no hope for you, and sometime, somewhere, failure and tragedy will claim you. You must believe this: that you can control your thoughts, and that your thoughts do not of necessity control you.

Thoughts seem to come and go without your volition. This or that thing pops into your head, you know not how. You say you cannot help what you think. So when black thoughts come you are gloomy, and when sunny thoughts come you are happy. Thus you are an autumn leaf blown about by the fitful winds, you are the football of fate, the plaything of unseen forces over which you have no rule.

Now the first secret of strength is to realize that this notion is false. You can control your thought, not always directly, but always indirectly. You

can do this by your power of turning your attention to other things.

Therefore, refuse to entertain all destructive, enervating, and depressing thoughts.

Resist and flee every thought of Fear, for Fear is the arch-enemy of Success.

Never harbor a Premonition, a Superstition, nor allow yourself to be afraid of what is mysterious or unknown. By such bugaboos are the weak and ignorant driven.

A depressing thought may come to you without your invitation, but it cannot stay with you if you do not wish. It may knock at your mind's door, but you do not have to invite it in to sit and sup.

The first commandment to the soul of man is not, "Thou shalt speak right," nor, "Thou shalt do right," but, "Thou shalt think right."

The most fundamental thought in every one's mind is the thought of God. I care not what your religion may be, only whatever it is, if your thought of God is that He is an enemy, it is false and wrong. You must believe that the great Power that rules all things is your Friend, well-disposed toward you, and helpful.

I know of no great soul in history who conceived of God as unfriendly.

The second commandment is:

*Be Courageous*

Courage is the fundamental virtue.

There never has been any tribe of savages discovered that did not look up to a brave man. Many of the other virtues they do not value, some of them they never heard of, but always and everywhere men and women have esteemed courage.

Do not fear the dark, the night, the future, nor the unknown. To fear goblins is to create them.

Do not fear yourself. Whatever you ought to do you can do. Duty is not measured by ability, but ability is measured by duty. You will get strength as you go on to your task.

Do not fear others. No man can ruin you but yourself. No man can take from you what destiny has marked with your name. Your own will come to you. Be calmly confident, be not afraid, for God Almighty's finger is on you, and eventually He will move you to the place that is yours.

I never knew of a great soul that was cowardly.  
Third:

### *Make a Program*

And follow it.

Isn't it as important to have a prosperous Life as it is to keep a prosperous Grocery? And how long would his store be a money-maker if the grocer kept no books, had no record of how much he takes in and how much he pays out?

Could you be a successful physician and have no list of the calls you must make, but go just

any time you feel like it and visit anybody you please?

Could you travel without ever looking at a time-table, explore a strange country without a map, sail the sea without a chart or compass, manage a school and have no discipline, no hours for work and hours for play, or could you be a general and lead your army to victory if your troops were a disorderly mob and you knew nothing of the territory you invade? Then how much less can you expect to make a success of Life without a Plan!

Mark out your year. Arrange your interests in the order of their importance. Put first things first. Don't fritter, and drift and float.

Arrange your day. Get the twenty-four hours that are yours into companies and classes. It is amazing what you can accomplish in a day if you order your time, it is three hundred and sixty-five times as amazing what you can get done in a year.

Plan your play as well as your work. You have all the more fun when you know you have the time for it. And your hour of recreation is spoiled if you are tormented by the suspicion that you ought to be at work.

Of course, you do not need to adhere rigidly to your schedule. You make a program to use, not be a slave to it. Depart from the routine if necessary. But be sure you have a routine to depart from.

For a foreplanned program is a great saver of worry. It is something to do when you don't know what to do. You don't need to be precise and machine-like; just be sensible.

Fourth:

### *Find Out What You Want*

I have talked with a good many discouraged souls, helplessly struggling in the slough of despond like flies caught in sticky flypaper, slaves of habits and victims of circumstances, bad luck and "unjust economic conditions"; and most of them did not want too much, nor want wrong things, but were suffering and impotent simply because they did not know what they wanted.

Take a day off, a few hours at least, examine yourself, look carefully over all the objects which you think would make you happy if you gained them, and select the thing most worth while.

There must be some one goal which, more than all others, you desire to reach. Find out what it is, what the one thing is which is worth sacrificing all else for, and go after it.

Only so can you give unity, purpose, and consistency to your existence. The wretched are the aimless.

And don't just say you "want to be happy." Select the thing you think would make you happy, plan for it, prepare for it, set your will toward it;

and even if you don't get it you will get what after all is better—a consistent Life.

For, as Robert Louis Stevenson says, the true pleasure of mortals is not to Arrive but to Travel.

That is, provided they are going somewhere, and not running around like ants.

Fifth:

### *Settle the Sex Problem Intelligently*

Man is a bundle of instincts, and the strongest by far is the sex instinct. It is quite certain that those who do not understand how to keep it in its place, how to make it minister to the beauty and richness of life, and not soil and spoil, will never arrive at any kind of success that means contentment.

The sex drive is not wicked. It is natural. The Creator put it in us, and we may be sure He made nothing unclean.

The first thing therefore is to find out its meaning. Those who allow their children to grow up in ignorance of this whole matter do them a grievous wrong. And indeed most of the sex tragedies are due to ignorance rather than viciousness.

Sex feeling has its place, and a very wholesome and beautiful place. It means the family life, the dear relationships of wife and husband and children, and without it all the charming field of romantic affection would disappear.

The one part to watch, if we would make it fine, and keep it from being degrading, is to Idealize it. We are part Brute and part Angel. To idealize is simply to put the Angel in charge, to govern and compel the Brute.

Love, true and loyal love, is the best Idealizer. The young man's soul is never purer and cleaner than when he honestly falls in love.

It is not repression, self-mortification, religious ecstasy, nor sackcloth and ashes and asceticism that keeps the race as decent as it is; it is True Love. Dante expressed it when he wrote of his Beatrice that there was something in her very presence that seemed to kill all evil and quench all base desire.

Sixth:

### *Pay Attention to Your Money*

To say that money is evil, that you have a soul above money, and that to work for money is low, to save money is sordid, and to keep track of your expenses is petty, is merely confused thinking.

Money is simply the gauge by which the common sense of mankind measures your usefulness. In a few instances this measure cannot be properly applied, but these instances are very few.

The very first duty of every human being is to find some part of the world's work to do for which the world is willing to pay him money. For that

means that mankind believes he has an acceptable excuse for being alive, and a right to claim his share of food and clothes.

About seven-eighths of the common or garden misery of men and women is caused by money.

Money is not everything, and there are occasions when we should scorn it, but money means a deal, it means sufficient food, shelter, and physical comfort, it means opportunity for education, advantages of culture and agencies of self-improvement.

The person who does not earn money, whether a common hobo and loafer or an endowed idler, is a nuisance and an enemy to the social order.

It is every man's duty therefore to earn money honestly, to save money determinedly, and to spend money intelligently.

This fits in with Kant's Categorical Imperative, to act as we would wish all men to act; for if every person observed these three rules there would be no poverty and starvation, no over-swollen wealth units, no labor-capital war, no need of charity doling and no false classes in society.

Save! Every human being can live on a little less than he does live on. And if we all saved our surplus most of our tragic economic fevers and passions would disappear, for every tub would stand on its own bottom.

The world may be all wrong. Bolshevism and Socialism may be right, the currency system may



need reforming, single-tax might abolish poverty, the capitalists may be oppressing us all—I don't know—these are debatable points—but one thing you and I both know, for it is clear as the sun, and that is that whatever comes, you and I will be better off, better prepared to discuss these problems, and fitter persons to have any opinion at all, if we both go to work, take ourselves off other people's backs, save a bit of every money we get, and spend with judgment and self-control. Taking hold of this crooked world by the State end, or the Society end, we may or may not be able to straighten it out, but taking hold of it at our personal end, at that presentment of the problem that lies right in our hand, we certainly can help along.

Seventh:

### *Adjust Yourself*

The secret of efficiency is adjustment.

Those who do things are they that know how to adjust.

The sailor makes his boat go by adjusting the sails to the wind.

The mechanic makes a locomotive or an automobile, a steamboat or an airplane go, by adjusting steel and gases.

The horse is stronger than the man, but the man rides the horse and makes him go or stop

at his pleasure, because the man knows enough to put a bit in the horse's mouth, and the horse does not know enough—or at least is not able—to spit it out.

All your way you will be meeting insuperable obstacles, facing stone walls, finding forces bigger than you. You are surrounded by inevitables. The inevitable sun rises every morning and sets every night. Events happen entirely beyond your control. You encounter opinions and prejudices in people that you cannot move.

This is life. Accept it, and adjust yourself and your efforts to it. Don't butt your head against the door; unlock it.

If a thing can be helped, help it. If not, turn to something else. If you haven't an ax, why bruise your fists against the tree?

It is not work that kills, it is worry. And worry is no more nor less than lack of adjustment.

Find the great cosmic forces and work with them. And when you have done your part, leave the issue to them. Don't scream, and shriek and be tragic. Do your part, and be calm.

"He that believeth shall not make haste," says the Bible.

Look at Jesus of Nazareth. He had only about three years in which to do his vast work, yet he never was in a hurry, never petulant. He "did not strive nor cry." The most amazing thing about him was his leisureliness. That was be-

cause he adjusted himself. He did quietly what he had to do, and left the rest to the cosmic accuracies.

Eighth:

### *Be a Good Sport*

I use this Americanism because it expresses precisely what I mean.

To be a good sport means to be a good loser.

The art of arts is the art of losing. The secret of success is how to manage failure.

Walking they say is a succession of falls, and life is a succession of mistakes.

I have made mistakes many a time, says Ed Howe, and how otherwise could I have acquired any common sense?

So, whether you shall score a success with your life does not depend upon your ability to win, and your luck in winning, but upon your ability to pick yourself up after you have been knocked down, and to go at the fight again smiling and confident.

Don't complain, and whine, and be sorry for yourself; your time is too short; get busy.

And don't try to make other people sorry for you. Did the pity of men ever get you anything?

Ninth:

### *Go On*

Very frequently some young person writes me, and sends me a story or a poem, and asks whether

**I think he can become a successful writer, whether he has genius.**

I never know. For the simple reason that the quality of an author's first effusions are no test of his powers. Sometimes the cruder they are the more originally his talents may develop.

The nearest I can come to defining genius is that it is some force within a man that makes him Go On. The successful writers are those that cannot help writing, that no discouragement can prevent from writing. Of course one may persist and yet never be anything but mediocre, yet it is certain that nobody can write unless he Will write, in spite of all critics and cynics.

And the same is true in any other field of activity.

Tenth, also last and greatest:

### *Obey Your Conscience*

I speak not now of your getting to Heaven, or saving your soul, but only of Success, any kind of worldly and worth-while Success.

Because Conscience is, simply, the Rules of the General Game. It is adjustment to the universe. It means you are working in harmony with those great laws, often hidden and seemingly inoperative, yet always in the long run prevailing.

A man who does what he thinks is right may be despised by the world, but he will never despise himself. You can imprison, torture, and kill him,

but you cannot take away his inner sense of triumph.

All history moves behind him. The stars in their courses fight for him. He is linked with the sun.

The nine rules I have given are Man's cleverness; Conscience is God Almighty's cleverness.

The man who does not obey his Conscience may seem to succeed. Everybody may think so. Everybody but one may be fooled. But he cannot fool himself. At the last he will know he has failed.

And it is not a pleasant thing to rise from the feast of life with the taste of ashes in the mouth.

## HOW TO THINK STRAIGHT

It all depends. If you want to get something, look to your acts. If you want to be something, look to your thoughts.

What do you want? If you want the things to which the desires of most human beings run, that is, money, reputation, place, power, and to be called a successful man, you can get all that, it is possible, "and be a villain still," be common, cheap, coarse, treacherous, and brutal. It has been done. But if you want real success, the full development of all that is in you, your own self-esteem, the consciousness that you have done good work, look to your thoughts.

For "as a man thinketh, so is he." If you want to be "called great," there are many and devious ways, short cuts and nasty; but if you want to "be great," there is but one way; it lies right through your own mind.

What you are depends upon your creed. A creed is merely what you think. Every one who thinks at all has a creed, for that is but the name of the body of his thought. Perhaps those who claim they have no creed at all may be right, mea-

sured by Doctor Johnson's epigram: "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel, but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."

A good deal, I should say at least nine-tenths, of what we call "sin," our moral obliquities, our ethical confusion, is nothing but unclear thinking. We do more wrong and cause more hurt because we do not understand, than because of bad intention. We stumble more because we cannot see the path, than because our legs are weak.

Our very first concern, therefore, should be to think straight. It would "from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion." To be able to form sound judgments, to get clear ideas, to perceive the gist of a matter, to distinguish skillfully between essentials and non-essentials, in fine, to be able to rely upon our mental processes and feel that their conclusions are dependable, would spare us not only the unpleasantness of indecision and uncertainty, but also many a regrettable mistake and bitter heartache.

As a guide to straight thinking it may help us to note these ten points:

1. Begin with a definition.
2. Get the habit of meditation.
3. Write it down.
4. Talk it over.
5. Read with a purpose.

6. Learn to weigh probabilities.
7. Beware of expediency.
8. Be teachable.
9. Recognize the function of faith.
10. And of love.

You might call these the Ten Commandments of Straight Thinking.

### 1. *Begin with a Definition*

Always. You cannot differ intelligently from any person unless you first agree upon the definition of what you are talking about. Most of the endless and fruitless quarrels are due simply to the fact that the parties have not first defined their terms.

For instance. There used to be a catch to this effect: A hunter went out to shoot a squirrel. The squirrel saw him and scrambled to the opposite side of the tree. He was on the trunk some ten feet up. The hunter moved around the tree to get a shot at his game. As the hunter walked around, the squirrel also crawled around, always keeping the body of the tree trunk between himself and the hunter. When the hunter had got entirely around, and back to the point from which he started, and the squirrel also had got back to his starting-point, had the hunter *gone around the squirrel?*

I remember, in my school days, hearing this furiously debated. The company would divide in



opinion, hurl at each other arguments, cite illustrations and draw diagrams, until at last the contention ceased from sheer weariness, with nobody convinced.

If they had begun with defining their terms there could have been no disagreement whatever. Some bright youth finally thought to look in the dictionary. There he found that "to go around" meant two separate and distinct things: (1) "to go on all sides of," and (2) "to describe a circle about." The hunter *did* go around the squirrel, if to go around means "to describe a circle about"; he did *not*, if it means "to go on all sides of."

And there is many an age-long dispute that has rent the church, split political parties, or divided neighbors, which might all have been avoided had the contestants began with agreeing as to what the words meant that they were using.

To define means to put a fence around. That is, you arrive at what a thing means by shutting out all that it does not mean. It is always easier to determine what you do not know than what you do know. You have not succeeded in your definition until you have excluded from it everything except the thing in question.

Plato—relates Diogenes Laertius—having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the

definition—"with broad, flat nails." His definition was lame. His fence was down in places. If he had said that man is an animal that uses words or uses tools, he would have had a better fence, with nothing but a man in his pen—except a stray poll parrot or a trained monkey.

In this connection three books are to be recommended to those who wish to think accurately. They are: the dictionary, the encyclopædia, and a book of synonyms. Acquire the dictionary habit. Put down on your memorandum any word whose meaning is obscure, and at your first leisure look it up. You will save yourself some embarrassing mistakes. We get to taking meanings for granted.

I remember once, when young, I used the word "meretricious" in the sense of "meritorious" in a public speech; I had assumed it had something to do with "merit" because of its sound; and was quite dumbfounded to discover its real meaning when a friendly critic showed it to me in the dictionary.

The encyclopædia is an enlarged dictionary, where you can find the meaning of subjects as well as of words. And "Roget's Thesaurus," the old reliable book of synonyms, is probably on the desk of every writer of English who is careful of his reputation.

## 2. *Get the habit of Meditation*

Meditation is a word that has rather fallen into

disuse among us. It sounds like the Bible, suggests Hindus, hermits, and philosophers. But it is an eminently practical and necessary art for any one who values the quality of his thought.

In meditation we recognize the value of time in all dependable conclusions. We acknowledge this in such sayings as "Think twice before you speak," and "The night brings counsel." For an idea when it enters the mind has no value in itself, but only as it assimilates with the other ideas already there, makes itself at home, and becomes one of the family, so to speak. And this takes time. It is like a drop of ink, and is of use only as it colors all of our previous stock of notions.

We handle an idea with sureness and efficiency only as we are familiar with it. And it takes time to get acquainted with a new thought, as it does with a new person. The mind, too, is awkward with strangers.

What we call "common sense" is merely the skill of adjusting a new proposal to our general scheme of things. People of common sense are they that take time to reflect, who do not adopt an idea until they have lived with it a bit, gone about with it, and learned something of its relations.

Perhaps this is what Goldsmith meant when he said that he had discovered that "what is new is false." That is, until it is tested by time it is so dangerous that it had as well not be true.

Every human being would be better off if he would spend at least thirty minutes a day utterly alone, without friend or book or paper or game—alone with his thoughts. “The world is too much with us,” wrote Wordsworth; and Emerson: “Few men find themselves before they die.” Carlyle declared that an hour of silence would clean our souls of a vast deal of rubbish.

For in this silent hour we become surer of ourselves, we detect our hidden weakness, we sift the chaff out of our enthusiasms, our unrest has time to settle, our fogs to blow away.

There is hardly any decision you are called on to make that would not be more satisfactory if you preceded it by an hour of stillness.

The silent hour is most indispensable to mothers. Of all people in the world they most need this recuperative interval. For theirs is the task that most drains the vital forces, of body, of mind, and of soul.

### 3. *Write it down*

Practise every day setting down with pencil and paper some one or two thoughts that are obscure to you. If you will examine yourself you will see that you “have a sort of notion” or “a general idea” of most subjects. You have heard of them, are more or less familiar with them, but your conceptions are vague. And one of the best ways to get rid of this indistinctness and find out

exactly what you think, or at least what you do not think, is to write.

I do not mean compose literature. "Take literature and wring its neck," advised a great author. Do not strive for fine writing, nor beautiful nor unusual words, but in the simplest terms at your command try to express your thought.

The result will probably be negative, at first. You will realize that you think nothing definite at all. But this, the awakening to your own ignorance, is the beginning of wisdom. You are now prepared to learn something. Your egotism, your pride of opinion, is out of the way.

The writing habit will teach you to choose your words and you will be a better talker. It will protect your mind from its greatest deceivers, catch-phrases. It will get you rid of the bad habit of second-hand thinking, that is, just repeating what you have heard. In short, it will help you toward accuracy in thinking, and toward thinking in a straight line and not round and round. "Writing," said Bacon, "maketh an exact man."

#### 4. *Talk it over*

You are fortunate if you have some one you can talk to. A friend, to whom you can give free expression to all that is in your mind, without embarrassment, and without fear of being misunderstood, is beyond price.

For the advantage in talk is to yourself. You

discover your own thought. Half-formed convictions take shape. What was hazy becomes solid. The "airy nothings" of your fancy acquire "a local habitation and a name."

Talk, do not preach or lecture or argue. Converse. And in conversation the best part is listening. Pay attention to what your friend says. Give it weight. It is valuable to get the reaction of any subject upon another mind than your own. His angle and viewpoint may be better than yours.

In my literary work I have found that for some of the best ideas that have come to me I have been indebted to discussion. In the give-and-take of talk I have thought of things that by myself I should never have uncovered.

Most of us are familiar with the fact that the best way to learn a thing is to teach it. When I was a schoolboy I studied algebra, and could never understand it in the slightest degree. Afterward I took a position as teacher in a country school. I had to teach algebra. And in teaching it I learned it. Those children certainly contributed to my education, whether I did to theirs or not.

If you are not clear upon a subject, try to explain it to some one else. You may make it plain to yourself, if not to him.

### 5. *Read with a Purpose*

Of course you read. We are a nation of readers. And you *will* read what you like. But you

*ought to read what you ought to like.* It is the latter alone that has any cultural value.

No one has any possibilities of improvement who does not recognize that he can change his tastes, that he can get over what he now likes and in time be able to like something else. Some one has said that all advancement in culture is by a series of disgusts. That means that we can, by dissatisfaction with our present tastes, arrive at satisfaction with better ones.

This improvement is only attained by finding out what the better things are, by pursuing them and by familiarizing ourselves with them, until we like them. And once we have arrived at the higher plane we are no longer content with the lower.

You will read newspapers, magazines, and novels, and these have their place. Those other things you ought to read have been standing a long time on your bookshelves and disturbing you with their mute appeal. Suppose you take one of them down tonight and spend a half-hour in its companionship. Do this whether you like it or not. Do it again tomorrow and for thirty consecutive days and see what happens.

You will find developing within yourself a certain sense of maturity, a consciousness of mental strength, the self-satisfaction of knowing that you have commanded yourself instead of yielding to yourself, and, best of all, you will begin to like it.

For instance, let us take four of the immortals—the Bible, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Emerson. You have a right to most of your own likes and dislikes, but you have no right to say that you do not like any one of these. Time and the human race have passed upon them. If you have no taste for them, there is but one thing for you to do, and that is to read them until such a taste is formed within you. If that is impossible, if you can never learn to love these books, then culture is not for you. But do not form this conclusion too hastily. It is a rare man or woman who cannot with time, patience, and determination force his way into the royal chamber where these books rule. For the kingdom of culture, even as the kingdom of heaven, "suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

And books of this kind are not recommended merely as an accomplishment. They are the great models of human expression, of high and luminous thinking. Just to associate with them cannot fail to make us at last love them, and when we love them something of their strength and beauty will surely descend upon us.

## 6. *Learn to weigh Probabilities*

Most of the statements we are called upon to consider are neither wholly true nor wholly untrue. They are a little of both. Most of our dilemmas



arise not from having to decide between right and wrong, but between two things both of which are right. The mind needs a pair of balances quite as much as it needs a foot rule.

We cannot know what is best; all we can know is what is probably best.

"The Arabs have a proverb," says Goethe, "that the opposite of every truth is also true." Do not give up any plan or opinion therefore because there are objections to it, for there are objections to every plan and opinion in the world.

If you wait to decide until you find something against which nothing can be said you will go to your grave undecided. Learn to weigh. And to decide quickly upon what way is *probably* the best.

Those who decide quickly know no more than the rest of us. But they have the advantage of positivity, of having done *something*, which saves them no end of worry.

People who are forever halting, doubting, questioning whether they have done the right thing or not, refusing to adopt any opinion so long as one can be found to dispute it, keep themselves, and those who wait on them, in a perpetual stew.

Act promptly, judge at once, and go ahead. Don't look back, you may be wrong, but not more so than if you had hemmed and hawed and side-stepped a week; besides, you have more self-respect and peace of mind.

## 7. *Beware of Expediency*

By expediency I mean adopting an opinion, not because you are convinced it is true, but because you think you ought. There should be no ought in thought.

Judgment, to be honest, should be absolutely automatic. Reasons for should be put in one side of the scales and reasons against in the other, and the verdict should be in favor of the side which weighs the most, regardless of consequences.

Some very pious people are moral everywhere else but in their thought. They have no ethics of the intellect. They say they believe a certain thing, not because they are convinced it is true—indeed they make boast that they do not understand it, and have no idea whether it is true or not, and that one ought not to use logic and reason in such matters—but because the effect of believing it will be beneficial.

It is as if a judge should say, "I find for the plaintiff, not because the evidence is in his favor, but because this decision will have good results in the community."

Thus very earnest and godly men have prostituted their intelligence. Having accepted a certain dogma, they are afraid to admit anything that is inconsistent with it.

They call themselves champions of the truth. But the truth needs no champions, no defence.

The truth can take care of itself, and of us, too. Nothing is dangerous that is the truth. And a lie is always septic.

Let us stick to the truth, "as God gives us to see the right," and confidently follow whithersoever it leads.

This is real faith in the truth. That sort of faith that asks what effect will my belief have, will it harm young people, or disturb the faithful, or cause trouble—that is not faith in the truth, it is half doubt. For it does not believe that always, anywhere, the truth is safest and wisest.

## 8. *Be Teachable*

The greatest thinking that has been done in this world has been done by modest people. Socrates had perhaps the greatest brain ever housed in a human skull, and he was fond of saying, "I know nothing." He was always asking questions.

If you are teachable there is not a person in all the world from whom you cannot learn something. You are in a continuous and crowded university, and the humblest chance acquaintance can add to your valuable store of thought.

The greatest foe to clear thinking is egotism. It shuts the door upon development. A thought has no added weight because it is your thought.

For this reason consistency is not something we should seek after. We should seek after the truth,

even if what we learn today is inconsistent with what we thought yesterday.

### 9. *Recognize the Function of Faith*

That is, recognize that all the higher, most important, and most vital truths are to be apprehended, not by the intellect, but by faith.

This does not mean that we should believe what the intelligence condemns, but that we are to believe when the matter lies entirely beyond the reach of the intelligence.

The best things in life are not knowable. They are believable.

For instance, love is "the greatest thing in the world." But you can never *know* that your beloved loves you, you *believe* it. And that faith is just as sure as any knowledge, as that two and two make four. In fact we live by it. We do not live by mathematics.

We do not know that our dead live on. We believe it. It is not a knowable fact. But because we live our lives in the presence of eternity, because the consciousness of immortality penetrates all we think and do, we are made noble, heroic, great. And if, by faith, we do not grasp this truth, we become pessimistic, brutal, sensual, and spend our days on the plane of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

We do not know there is a God. Yet the idea

of God has always been present in the race. It got there, it stays there, by faith. And it is the chief source of all morals, decency, and grandeur of soul. Without it the world would be a wretched place.

So all that makes of man a spirit and not an animal, a great creature dominated by high principles, and not a despicable creature dominated by his lusts, comes to him by faith.

Faith then is a necessary function in thought, not to make us accept absurdities or untruths, and construct "a cosmos without facts," but to lay hold of those facts of the spirit—much more valuable to life than the facts of the body—that can never possibly be proven or disproven, that lie entirely beyond the range of the kind of knowledge we use in the kitchen or laboratory.

So long as we are something more than kitchen and laboratory animals we shall need faith.

### 10. *Recognize the Function of Love*

I speak of love, as I spoke of faith, not in its sentimental aspect, but to call attention to its effect upon the intellectual processes.

It is commonly said that love is blind. There never was a greater error. For love is the only thing that can see. It is hate that is blind, and coldness.

You cannot understand anything unless you love it, neither a book nor a child.

This mortal frame is so complex, soul and body are so inblent, intellect and passion so interwoven, that each affects the other. We are not constructed in "water-tight compartments." Our ideas alter our emotions, our passions influence our thoughts.

We have an example, in the action of the "intellectuals" of Germany, when they rushed to the defence of the frightfulness of the German army, of how hate distorts and destroys the power to think straight.

The devil, they say, is very wise and cunning, and may know as much as God, perhaps, but God not only knows. He loves. Wisdom becomes omniscience only when love is added to it.

Love is the light of the mind.

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Let us follow these hints, in so far as they commend themselves to us. Let us add to them from our own stock of experience.

For we can think straight even if we act crooked, but we can never act straight if we think crooked.

## TEN WAYS TO TEST THE FINENESS OF A MAN

When it comes to superiority—most of us are mixed. Someone once asked Peter Cartwright if he was “entirely sanctified”; after a moment’s reflection the old pioneer preacher replied, “I think I am—in streaks.”

Most of us are Superior in streaks, and doubtless find ourselves Inferior and Common in many respects. But at least it may help us to know what real superiority is, to know the goal, to know some sort of yardstick by which to measure ourselves.

Some people are better than others. All men are not equal. Some are finer, higher, better bred, nobler than others.

The world has always believed it. And what mankind has believed for a thousand years, what it keeps on believing, generation after generation, must have some truth in it. Pure lies cannot live long; they must be well salted with truth to persist.

We have always had our aristocracies. Caste is ingrained in human thought. The superiority

of the few is an ineradicable instinct. Even Jesus said, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way . . . and few there be that find it."

The Jews had their Levites, the Japanese their Samurai, the Romans their Patricians, the Egyptians their Hierarchy, feudal Europe its Lords and Dukes, the English their Nobility, the Germans their Junkers, India her strict Castes, all nations their Royal Families and Highborn Magnificences, and every savage tribe its Chieftains.

Of course, many of these splendid ones were frauds. They were great in name and place only. Really they were common as mud. Coarse and bestial natures have often borne the ermine and sat upon thrones.

But where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. There could not be so much seeming without a modicum of reality. Counterfeiting cannot go on perpetually unless there exist good money to counterfeit.

So there is a difference in folks, as in cattle. Some are thoroughbred and some are scrubs. In the forest of humanity some trees are tallest. In art some are masters and some imitators. In business some are leaders and some followers. In every war a few become pre-eminent. In society there is an upper ten. In your village there are prominent citizens. In your club, lodge, church, group, circle of acquaintances, workshop or counting-house, there are Superior People.



They are marked. They stand out from the common mass.

What is real superiority?

It consists not in the place you occupy (your official status or your family), the money you have, the clothes you wear, nor any such thing. This is so self-evident it need not be argued.

Neither does it consist in your genius, nor talents. A person may be a famous singer, yet a cheap scoundrel; or a world-famous painter or sculptor, yet a cad; a renowned actress, yet no better than a common street-walker; a senator or governor or king or nabob, yet of the same fabric and weave as the pothouse loafer.

Neither does it depend on what you say or do. For there are those who talk or write as an angel and perform dazzling deeds, and yet are thoroughly vulgar.

What is the gist of the matter, then? Whether you are Superior or not depends on just one thing. It can be tested by just one question:

*"What do you like?"*

Whether one man or woman is superior to another or not is wholly a matter of tastes. If you like certain things, as A, B, and C, you are one of the Elect; if you like certain other things, as X, Y, and Z, you are Common.

It's quite usual for us to regard our likes and dislikes as things over which we have no control. We suppose them to be as the color of our hair.

If that is your creed, if you look upon your likes as inalterable, why, make up your mind to remain common, go back to your kennel, and be as comfortable as you can. Superiority is not for you. And perhaps it is just as well.

But if in you is the unquenchable ambition, the undeniable urge, that drives the hundredth man up to distinction, then listen, and I will show you the Path. That path is—

1. You must realize the need of Changing your Tastes,
2. You must want to change them, and
3. You must go about it intelligently and with determined will.

And now let us see the goal toward which we strive. Wherein consists superiority? Who are the genuine Upper Ten? What kind of a person is the Hundredth Man?

You may know the Superior One by these marks:

I. He is *Spiritual*. I use the word carefully. I do not mean he is saintly or poetic or disdains to work with his hands.

What I mean is that his pleasures are more of the mind or spirit than of the body. Joubert says something to the effect that the end of all art and culture is to transfer one's pleasures over from the body to the mind.

The art of living consists in the wise choice of satisfactions. If we choose the fleshly, they do

not last; we are eventually bored and wretched. If we choose the higher, they reveal themselves as more permanent, growing by what they feed on. So it is a question of whether you want to be happy a little while or all the time.

The mind and conscience are the latest products of evolution. The body runs back to the beasts. If your joys are in the mind, you can say, in the language of a modern philosopher, "We have a degree of existence at least ten times larger than others; in other words, we exist ten times as much."

Test yourself, then. What do you like best? Beer and beef and sleep, and slippered ease and dancing and the chase? Does it most irritate you to be deprived of these things? Do you get petulant when you cannot have luxury, fine clothes, prominence, and all such? Well, all the world is like that. Not necessarily wicked—but just Common. The hope is that you are dissatisfied with yourself.

But do you like—*like*, mark you, not say you like—do you like Mona Lisa or Chopin's Ballade or Walter Pater's writing or prayer or a new idea or a beautiful woodland, so much that you would miss a meal or forego being introduced to an ambassador, for the sake of enjoying them? Then rejoice! For you tread a narrow way, and few there be that find it. You may be many things reprehensible, but you are not Common.

II. *Simplicity.* The Superior Ones like simplicity. The vulgar crowd likes finery. Which makes you happier—to look at a clean, naked Greek pillar or at the gilded gingerbread carving in a New York theatre or a Paris hotel?

Do you love fine clothes, new and expensive hats, shoes that cost twenty-five dollars, jewelry and perfumery? These tastes may not be evil, I do not say they are; but every harlot has them.

A great soul could not possibly live in a marble palace, and have more cooks, butlers, chauffeurs, and serving-maids than fingers and toes. It would suffocate him.

The more real culture a woman has, the less she fancies fine feathers. She abhors any hat or gown that renders her conspicuous.

The Superior use simple words. They have simple habits. They eat simple food. They find pleasure in simple forms of play.

If you take to loud neckties and long words and affected manners and expensive dinners, and luxury of all kinds, you are not alone—every servant-girl and stable-boy in Christendom shares your tastes, though perhaps not your ability to gratify them, and you are Common.

Socrates, Buddha, and Jesus are, by the common consent of mankind, Superior. We cannot all be of so great grandeur of spirit. But we can *like what they liked*—simplicity of life, of

thought, and of desire. And if not, why, we are of the *ignobile vulgus*.

III. *Service*. The Superior ones like to serve. The common crowd love to be served. It's the cheap soul that loves to be waited on. The lady who must ring for her maid to cross the room and bring her her wrap, the gentleman whose soul swells when the man-servant hands him his hat and cane, are not singular, the common herd all like that, they are ordinary, you might say "or'nary."

Just any common boor enjoys having his feet washed; the Son of God washed His disciples' feet.

It is this instinct of service, this innate joy of doing something to make other people happy, that is the core of politeness, of what we call good breeding. It is evidenced in little things, such as yielding your seat to a lady in the street car, picking up and comforting the child that has stumbled, listening courteously while another is speaking, and the whole air of deference and respect that marks the gentleman.

Grabbing all you can, looking out for Number One, "gittin' aplenty while you're gittin' it," blowing your own horn, pushing yourself forward, shoving yourself into the best seat—all such things may be commendable enough, if you like them, only they are of the broad and wide way, and many there be that go therein.

IV. The Superior Person is *Above His Pleasures*: He has pleasures, as everyone has. He loves to eat, and distinguishes between a well-cooked steak and a sloppy stew; he loves to drink, and appreciates the fine flavors of good milk and excellent coffee; he enjoys playing tennis, and motoring, and the theatre and music and art. But the point is that, no matter how keen his delight in any of these human joys, *none of them is bigger than he is*.

He uses them. They do not lead him by the nose. If the love of money, the passion of love, the zest of gaming, or the fun of any sort of diversion, sweeps you away and controls you, instead of your controlling it, that is the way of the herd—they all do it—and you are Common.

Can you put by a strong desire, forego a cherished ambition, sternly deny yourself position, fame, money, love, yes, even life itself, for the sake of a high principle? There are just a few such. You are Superior. You belong to the Nobility.

V. The Superior people are never *Bitter*. If you feel you are a failure, that the world is going to the dogs, that all men are liars and that there are no good women, it is all quite human, that is the tendency—it is the general slump of the cheap and ordinary mind.

Pessimism is the philosophy of vulgarity. It

amounts to dressing up in fine phrases the cowardice of the spirit.

Maeterlinck says that to the hero there is no tragedy. No matter how the world and events conspire against him, he rises above them. Friends may betray, and authorities may tyrannize, and the wicked may triumph, but it all cannot touch him.

Take, for instance, the death of Socrates. As we read the story of how he was poisoned, like a rat in a hole, of his conversation with his friends as his hour approached, and catch the spirit of the old hero, we are surprised to find we are not sorry for him; we envy him; we are sorry for the villains who did him to death.

So we do not pity Jesus on Calvary. We admire and wonder. The more the ferocity and ingratitude and injustice of men beat upon him, the higher burns the flame of his imperial spirit. We do not look down upon him in compassion, we look up and adore.

Neither do we pity them at Marathon, nor those others at Balaklava, nor the marines in the Wood of Belleau. Deep in our hearts we wish we had been there, or had been great enough to want to be there.

Do you, in your little trials, despair and complain? Do you pity yourself, want to go out in the garden and eat worms, and talk theatrically of wondering why you were born, and wish you

were dead? Such sentiments are as common as dust in the road, ragweeds in the cow-pasture, and empty tin cans in the alley. Then you are just plain Common. And you'd better begin a course of discipline.

But when all things combine to crush and humiliate you, when failure leers at you, and betrayal besmirches you, do you smile and say:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody—but unbowed."

Then cheer up, friend. You belong. You're a thoroughbred. You have a seat in the real House of Lords of this humanity.

VI. The Superior Person is *Clean*. He may be dirty, but he does not like dirt. He may have to grime his hands in the mine and grease his clothes at the engine, but at his first leisure he cleans up.

He loves cleanliness, of mind as of body. Dirt does not stick to him. He does not remember slanders, for they offend him. He avoids lying, deceit, profanity, and obscenity, as a healthy nose avoids putridity. He cleans his mind of pettiness, pride, duplicity, and cruelty, as one washes his hands after handling garbage.

His thoughts smell of sunshine. His passions are honest and unashamed. His words are whole-



some. And his fellowship is as refreshing as the waters of an untroubled spring.

He is not only Clean, but it makes you feel clean to be with him.

VII. The real Aristocrat does not like to *Show Off*. He does not want anyone to think him wiser, better, or more capable than he really is.

Do you like to put your best foot forward, make a good impression, be flattered, have people hold you to be wittier and more clever than you are? You have plenty of company. That is what the multitude want who throng the broad way. I don't say you are bad. Only, you're Common.

The Hundredth Man wants no such thing. It pains him when he is overpraised. Obsequious flattery does not tickle him; it humiliates him.

He instinctively conceals his virtues, as his nudity. If he is discovered in piety, he blushes. When he is elected to high place, it sobers him. If he attains to riches, it pains him with a keen sense of responsibility. If he wins fame as an artist, a soldier, an engineer, or a writer, it is hard for him to believe it is not due largely to luck. He escapes your praise, even as your blame cannot swerve him.

VIII. The Superior Man is *Gentle*. Gentleness is not the attribute of weakness but of strength. It is the baby that screams. It is conscious feebleness that threatens. It is the man

with a defective vocabulary that swears. Always, everywhere, harshness, brutality, a domineering tone, abuse, violence, and austerity are the mask of a certain impotency. "The half-faith lights the fagot."

All noise is waste. The silent sun is mightier than the whirlwind. The roaring looms are so feeble you can stop the shuttle with your finger; but in the basement of the factory the huge engine, that plies its arms silently as a cat, would crush you as an eggshell were you to get in its way.

That is a pregnant and truthful story of God, the Omnipotent, wherein He is described as revealing Himself to Elijah in the mountain-cave:

"And behold, a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a *still small voice*."

The genuine lady speaks low. No gentleman blusters.

The most striking characteristic, perhaps, of the Superior Ones is their quiet, their poise. They have about them a sense of stars.

IX. The Superior Ones are *Humble-Minded*. Much may be said in praise of pride. I do not deny it has its uses. I say here only one thing

of it: it is Common. The Ninety-nine all have it.

The swaggering Kaiser had it, and most potentates. The workhouse idiot has it. All the ignorant and uncouth have it. Every man when he gets drunk has it, enormously.

The less one has to be proud of, the more pride he has. We speak of pride of achievement. It is not those who actually achieve that swell with pride; it is the little soul that comes by accident into the rewards of achievement that preens and struts.

In a little graveyard at Ecclefechan is the last resting-place of Thomas Carlyle, a mighty man of letters, and on the stone there is inscribed one word, "*Humiliate.*" Beneath this lofty protest of humility lie the housings of one of earth's greatest souls.

Humility is teachable, and learns from every passer-by. Pride learns nothing, being estopped by its own image. Pride is a beggar at every man's door, seeking its alms of praise. Humility is royal, and walks free of fear and favor.

So if you have about you any real childlikeness of heart, you have at least some of the makings of Superiority.

X. The Superior Man is one with whom *Familiarity Does Not Breed Contempt*. This is most uncommon. Count over your friends and acquaintances. What proportion of them will stand the test of intimacy? How many of them

are there with whom you would want to spend thirty consecutive days on a summer vacation? With how many would you want to take a trip to Europe?

You tire of most people. As your intimacy increases, their pettiness appears. But there are a few—you may possibly count them on the fingers of one hand—of whom you think more highly the more closely you associate with them. These are the Superior Ones. At least they have one mark of superiority.

It is as with the works of Masters. A Master differs from the Commons in that his work grows upon you. You can hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony a thousand times, and the thousandth time you love it more. But you weary of "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," when you hear it a half-dozen times. The lurid picture on a billboard—once or twice is enough to see it; while you see new beauties in Abbey's pictures on the walls of the Boston Library every day. The Parthenon or the Cologne Cathedral becomes more fascinating with the centuries, while the flamboyant house of Mr. Newrich on Fifth Avenue speedily degenerates into an eyesore.

The central element of Superiority, either in Man or the Works of Man, is the lasting quality.

Do you last? Do you wear?

## **THE AVERAGE MAN**

The Average Man is the happiest. The Average Man has the best chance for success.

If you are an Average Man, if you have no striking talents, are not a genius, and have not an inheritance of a million dollars, you ought to be glad of it. For you belong to the class that is best equipped to get the most out of life.

The Average Man is also the most moral and religious.

These are the propositions to which I herewith subscribe.

The mother who says, sadly shaking her head, that her child seems to be "just average," and not any kind of a genius, ought to get down on her knees and thank God. For the condition she laments is really the best insurance that the child will grow up normally, not make a fool of himself, get the maximum of contentment out of his career, and die in his bed.

To begin with the last point given above, the Average Man is the best man. He comes nearest to being what we call a good man.

By that I do not mean goody-good. He probably will not become a religious fanatic, a soured

Puritan, an intolerant member of some cult, but he probably will be decent, honest, upright, honorable, human, and generally beloved.

For the great mass of humanity has always been better than any little superior group that has withdrawn from it.

Every church, at some time, in some way or other, has manifested a tendency to swing away from the humanities, and it is the solid, innate goodness of the general mass that has corrected this tendency.

The generality of men is better than any *one* man.

Men are fair.

I should like to print that in letters seven feet high and post it on the walls of every room where Capital and Labor meet to quarrel.

Men are good.

I should like to plaster that all over the walls of every ecclesiastical edifice in the world.

Men are honest.

I should like to placard that conspicuously in every court of justice.

If you don't believe this, then you don't believe in democracy. For this is democracy, the gospel and core of democracy: that the people, the masses, the Average Man, do not want to cheat, lie, or be cruel. They are honest and kind —at least, when some slick-tongued leader is not deceiving them.

Herein lay the greatness of the greatest man America ever produced, Abraham Lincoln; in that he trusted the people, he knew the people, he believed in them, he tried to find out what the Average Man wanted, he obeyed and loved the people.

And he was an Average Man himself. That was why he was so great. He could not sing, nor dance, nor play the fiddle; he knew no Greek and less Latin; he was not high-born, nor rich; he had none of what the colleges call culture; he was common.

But he was common as the sun is common, that feeds life and force to all this earth; as the air is common, without which no life could endure; as water is common, which brew of the Almighty is better than man has ever distilled from grapes; as love is common, and courage and hope. He was just the incarnation of the everlasting bigness and strength and tenderness and beauty of the Average Man.

He had no gifts, such as had Chopin, and Michael Angelo, and Napoleon, and Shakespeare, and Keats. These were great, and not to be condemned. But Lincoln towers above them all. Because he was just *a man*.

I tell you that humanity is wonderful. It is beautiful. It is good. It is divinely lovable. Don't you suppose God Almighty knows? He made it. Or, rather, He is in the process of mak-

ing it now. It isn't done yet, and some day He is going to take it up in His two hands, His People, His Human Race, and look at it, and see His face reflected in it.

**Believe! Believe! Believe!**

Not believe in some statement about the future life, nor the nature of the supernal spirits, nor the location of purgatory; but believe in man, believe in each other! That is the iron doctrine that shall save your nation, or break it like a potter's vessel. All your troubles come from lack of faith—in each other, in the Average Man.

All monarchies, and the poisons thereof, and the bloody revolutions necessary to get rid of them, came from not believing in the Average Man. We thought he was not to be trusted, so we looked up a Hohenzollern, or a Romanoff, and put him in charge. And a nice mess we made of it!

All the weaknesses in our democracy come from our ancient, inherited distrust of the people. We say we believe in the people, but we do not. From the beginning we devised "checks" upon the popular will, for fear it would smash things.

We are afraid to trust children, not realizing that it is of vastly more importance that they learn how to govern themselves than that they learn Latin and geometry. And it was over a hundred years before we finally mustered up courage enough to trust women with citizenship.

But to return to the Individual. You, mother,



naturally want your child to be good. There never lived a mother that wanted her child to be wicked. In that case, if your child is not exceptionally gifted, you should rejoice and be exceeding glad.

For the saying that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," does not apply only to those rich in money, but to those rich in any other privilege. Of course one extraordinarily gifted can be good, but he is handicapped.

Also, girls, when choosing a husband give preference to the Average Man. Your chances for happiness with him rate twenty-five per cent greater than with a genius. He may not have so good a prospect of getting space on the front page of the newspaper; but you are not looking for advertising, you are looking for happiness. And the Average Man presents a much greater probability of remaining loyal, honest, industrious, and loving than the erratic genius.

For this reason: Human beings are a bundle of forces, a mixture of passions, ideas, hereditary tendencies, faculties, habits, and what not. And happiness is the product of the correlation of these elements, their unity in just the right proportion. When one faculty is over-developed it is likely to be at the expense of the others. Its possessor is lopsided.

The business of living is a good deal like walking a tight rope. It is a matter of balance. The genius carries a heavy weight in one hand. It is hard for him to keep from wobbling.

The man you love is much more likely to bring you happiness, to keep securely the great gift you have committed to his care, if he is spiritually whole and sound. Men of great genius are noted for many things, but wholeness is not one of them. Of course, they may be good and sound; but as a rule, speaking of souls and the wholeness thereof, they are one-eyed, or deaf, or go upon crutches. And if you are determined in any event to take on a genius, you had best make up your mind to this.

Business is the usual field for the Average Man, because success in business calls for less luck and more law than success that depends upon the recognition of some extraordinary talent. Business is for average people. The great business organizations of the world are based upon the law of averages.

Which brings us to the next point, that the Average Man has a better chance for success, for worldly success, for what we call Getting On, as well as for attaining a strong character.

The old ideas of heroes and hero-worship cling to us. It is amusing to see the efforts of interviewers and biographers to make of every successful man a Napoleon, a wonderfully, peculiarly gifted son of woman. As a rule he is not. He

owes his attainment to the fact that he is not a natural-born genius, that he is an Average Man, and hence sticks to the rules of the game. He is well-balanced, canny, shrewd, of good judgment, and sound common sense. For common sense is the best kind of sense.

Occasionally some daring speculator succeeds, some man wins a fortune by a stroke of genius or windfall of luck. But ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who depend upon such things fail. The highways of life are strewn with the wrecks of "exceptional people."

Success, real success, is not a gamble. It has some elements of luck in it, no doubt; but in the main it is a straight game, and the winners are those who take the pains to learn it and who play it intelligently.

Men like F. W. Woolworth, who built up a great fortune by five and ten cent stores, or Marshall Field, the drygoods merchant, who created a marvelous business organization, or P. D. Armour, who in his day was probably the greatest merchant in the world, were conspicuously Average Men; that is, they won by a thorough knowledge of their task, by attention to details, by perfection of organization, and by that same nice balance of courage and prudence which characterizes thousands of businessmen throughout the world. They succeeded precisely as the leading banker or grocer of your town succeeds, plus opportunity.

They had ability of a high order. But it was the same kind of ability the Average Man has, the same kind you have. It was not some strange, supernatural quality.

There is a good deal of humbug and fiction in the theory of the superman. The great men of history have been products of their times. They were borne up by the great wave of humanity; and if there had been no wave they would not have been borne so high.

You find the Wright Brothers, and Edison, and Elias Howe among a nation of inventive Yankees, not in Turkey. Socrates was the flower growing upon the stem of a remarkable civilization. Leonardo and Raphael were but the best of a great number of artists that approached them; they appeared in Italy, and in the age of the Renaissance, not in Kansas, in 1920.

Woolworth made his success in chain stores. It is no disparagement to his ability to say that he but represented the time of fruition of a very general growth in the commercial world. For there are many other notable chain-store enterprises. In fact, there are several such concerns whose yearly turnover is over one hundred thousand dollars. There are more than five thousand of them today, comprising more than seventy-five thousand stores. The chain-store idea was a huge wave; Woolworth rode on the crest.

One of the most successful men of America,

the one that in these latter days showed many of the marks that create hero-worship, was Theodore Roosevelt. There were very many Americans who put him upon a peculiar pedestal, regarded him as a superman. Yet he himself constantly insisted that, whatever his attainments were, he had reached them simply by indomitable will and application. He disclaimed all traits of superior genius. I think he was right. He was more than a genius. He was a splendid Average Man, in whom were well balanced the average qualities of fearlessness, cleanness of purpose, loyalty, and ambition.

The world is not led by its heroes. It pushes its heroes up.

Democracy is simply allowing the Average Man to function. It means removing the hereditary rulers, kings by divine right, artificial nobilities, self-appointed hierarchies, and all the other bunk that the fear and ignorance of men have created to enslave them, and allowing the People to say what they want, and how they shall obtain it.

There will never again be a career such as Napoleon's, nor another Cæsar who shall

“bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.”

We have plenty of men in the United States who might do the Cæsar act, if circumstances were

favorable, but we have no people petty enough for them to bestride. The average has risen too high.

I will not deny that success in the arts depends to some extent upon natural endowment; but the common judgment of mankind over-rates the divine fire and under-rates application. Genius has been called an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Writing, for instance, demands a natural bent, an inborn urge to self-expression; yet it is also a craft, very much as woodcarving or blacksmithing. If anybody ever knew how to write it was Samuel Johnson, and he said, "A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it."

There are thousands of young people in this country who want to become authors. It is an ambition laudable enough. But the one great truth they should lay to heart is that it is craftsmanship that counts, patient, unremitting, persistent practice. The divine fire is needed; but it is much more likely to strike those who by hard work every day keep their lightning-rod set up and polished.

And, by the way, did you ever notice the common saying that it's a pity Tompkins drinks, he's such a brilliant fellow, so gifted? Of most prodigates and wastrels we think "What a shame!" for they might have had such a splendid career, being by nature so well endowed with talents.

And is it not precisely because they are overloaded on one side and consequently find it so hard to walk straight? With less talent and a better average, it would have been better for them, and have increased the happiness of all who have to do with them.

It is common among us to despise common people. Away back in the days of Greece and Rome, on down through the dark ages of kings and courts, nobles and magnificences and excellencies, the eyes of the race have been turned admiringly to them that shine, whether in jewels, or wealth, or fame. A good many people think heaven is the spotlight, and hell is to dwell among the undistinguished. We run after prominent people.

This whole attitude of mind is wrong. It is unhealthy, false, septic, and dangerous. Out of it comes snobbery. It breeds tyranny and injustice. It is the creator of caste. It makes religion and ecclesiastical humbug. It is responsible for most of the persistent errors of political economy. It is at the bottom of all that is perverted in our public-school system and our ideas of education in general. It vitiates art. It cheapens and coarsens letters; and among the children of its prolific viciousness are envy, jealousy, unrest, pride, servility, wrong-thinking, unwholesome sentiment, and unsound philosophy.

If you want happiness, peace of mind, a cheerful view of life, death, and the hereafter, and a

sound normal set of ideas and convictions, look to the common things and common people. Among them abide the eternal simplicities of health, of beauty, and of grandeur.

You have got to see this, and you have got to teach it to your children, if you want your life and theirs to be unspoiled and rich in the primal currents of joy of which this world is full. It is all well enough to prate of the Brotherhood of Man, of the triumph of Christianity and of Democracy, but these terms will remain but sounding phrases unless you get the spirit of them, which is a love and appreciation of the things and people called "Common"; that is, the warp and woof of things, the simplicities of nature and of life; in fine, humanity as distinguished from all its sports, freaks, abnormalities, and appurtenances.

If you want to save your children's souls, teach them to wait on themselves, to clean up after themselves, to wash their own dishes, cook their own food, and mend their own clothes. Teach them to support themselves by their own labor, and to honor them that do likewise. Teach them to get off other people's backs, to dread endowment and inheritance as the limitation of independence and self-respect, to shun privilege as essential injustice and the soiling of the finer honor. Only so can you come at the heart of the magnificent meaning of Jesus. Only so can you realize democracy and love it. Only so can you catch the sublime voices



of nature, the real significance of art and inspiration, and realize how their beauty and charm overtower all the squeaking voices and perking poses of artificiality.

This does not mean that we should worship dullness, exalt stupidity, nor favor the dead level. Exactly the contrary. Only when we have discovered the Average Man and learned his worth have we rid ourselves of the fogs of deception that prevent us from seeing real worth, real distinction, real nobility, real genius.

Emerson says something to the effect that fools wonder at the unusual, wise men at the usual.

Put it down, therefore, in your little book that if you are just an Average Person you have the best chance in the world to succeed. That the "gift" which another has, whom you envy, very probably will get in his way, disturb his vision, or tie his feet at life's critical moment, and prevent him from relying upon those average virtues which you possess, and which are the best guarantees of triumph. He will depend upon his "gift"; you will fall back upon the much surer reserves of hard work, common sense, honesty, fidelity, and persistence.

The tortoise in the fable won the race over the hare. The Average Man is the tortoise. In the language of the street, "He gets there just the same."

Ungifted ones, do not be afraid! The world

is your oyster. Believe in yourselves! Dare, and go forward! The very fact that you are conscious of no extraordinary talent will force you to fall back upon the average qualities, which, after all, usually win.

You can write. You can make a speech. You can paint. You can build up a prosperous business. You can be congressman, governor, or president. You can acquire an education, and become expert as a physician, a statistician, or a financier. You can make money and hold your own in any cultured company. You can be as good as the most ascetic and puritanical. You can get all there is out of love and work and play, and the other vast reservoirs of satisfaction that make life full and sweet.

Abraham Lincoln used to say that the Lord must like common folks, He made so many of them. There is shrewd truth in this remark. This world was made for the Average Man. Its fields of joy, its peaks of attainment, its orchards of contentment, are unfenced, open to him.

## TEN GOOD RESOLUTIONS

The road to heaven is paved with good resolutions. You have heard it said that it is the road to the Other Place that is so paved. It is both. For there is only one road. What you call it depends on whether you go down or whether you go up. This is written for them that have a mind to go up.

Good resolutions have their use. Of course they get you nothing without action and persistence, but they are valuable for giving you a good start. There's no use hurrying unless you know you are headed the right way.

Ten resolutions are given here. Read them the first thing in the morning. Line up your will, your conscience, and your ambitions by them. And at least you will start in the right direction.

They may save you more than once during the day from making a fool of yourself. They may make this day one of your memorable yesterdays. They may save you several bitter regrets tomorrow.

The habit of establishing certain principles and

sticking to them has been followed by the wisest men. Benjamin Franklin has given us his rules. George Washington was not above setting down such a list. And Marcus Aurelius so regulated his life. So it may not be a bad thing for you.

The success of your day depends upon two things: First, the things that may happen to you; these you cannot control. And, second, yourself; this you can control. Therefore, at least half of the issue is in your hands. What fate may do to you, you cannot help; fortune may favor or misfortune may strike you. That is in the lap of the gods.. But for yourself no power in heaven or earth is responsible but you. Success is co-operative, between you and all that is not you. And you can do your part.

With these, or some such guiding resolves in your mind, you will not be a Drifter, tossed about by every wind of happening and arriving at the evening port an empty wreck. You will steer by the fixed stars. You will be Self-Mastered, not Self-Driven. And thus you will find contentment—and poise.

Perhaps the most satisfactory of all life's attainments is poise. It is that exquisite satisfaction of feeling that, though buffeted, you are not upset; though bewildered, you are not lost; and, though you cannot see through the fog, you can feel that your feet are upon the rock.

Hence, make these resolves:

## I WILL

1. I will live one day at a time.
2. I will adjust myself.
3. I will be happy.
4. I will take care of my body.
5. I will improve my mind.
6. I will be agreeable.
7. I will have a program.
8. I will not be afraid.
9. I will settle the sex question.
10. I will satisfy my conscience.

These statements may sound like platitudes. They *are* platitudes. But the greatest truths of life are necessarily those that are most familiar. They are the paving-stones to achievement, worn smooth by the trampling of many feet.

If you are looking for something new and strange to guide you, some startling discovery unheard of before, you are not only ignorant but fatuous and gullible, a fit subject to be taken in by the first charlatan that comes along.

This old human race has been moiling along several thousand years. It has tried everything. Millions of eyes have searched the road. If there were any Patent Pill or Hidden Secret to unloose all our troubles, it would long ago have been found. There is a secret, but it is an open secret. That is why so many wise and clever miss it, and so many simple-hearted find it.

Let us not, then, despise these commonplaces,

but carefully examine them. For it is these old and worn stones of wisdom from the highway of life that contain the gold we seek.

*I. I Will Live One Day at a Time.* I will conceive of life in terms of one day, not of years. I do not have to live, at once, all those years that stretch out their weary length between now and the end. All I have to do *now* is to live through this one day.

Life is allotted to me, not all in one lump, but broken up into day-sections. Each day is a little lifetime, rounded off with a sleep, the image of death. Every morning I am new-born, every evening it is all over. The morning is the resurrection.

You can have your house built, or your field ploughed, "by the day," or "by the job." And the Creator has not given us our life task to perform "by the job," but "by the day." We talk of "living our life," but we do not have to live our life; all we have to do is to live this one day.

And that is not difficult. The present is always tolerable. It is the past and the future that crush us. For instance, you have a great sorrow to bear, and you feel you cannot endure it. But you could stand it if you knew it would last but one day, couldn't you? Well, all you have to do is to carry the burden one day at a time. And then, if you have to take it up again the next day, you will have new strength.

The present is always tolerable. We crucify today between two thieves, yesterday and tomorrow. All the "intolerable" burdens are borrowed from yesterday, as regret and remorse; and from tomorrow, as anticipation and dread. It is not Now that breaks us, it is the borrowed weight of those long years to come.

There are 86,400 seconds in a day. If the old clock were told it had that many ticks to make it would be discouraged. But it knows that it has no such great number; it has only one tick to make and one second to make it in. That is why its face is always so cheerful.

### TODAY!

"This little strip of light  
'Twixt night and night  
Let me keep bright  
Today!  
And let no shadow of Tomorrow  
Nor sorrow  
From the dead Yesterday  
Gainsay  
My happiness Today!  
And if Tomorrow shall be sad,  
Or never come at all, I've had  
At least—Today.

*II. I Will Adjust Myself.* If I were printing a dictionary it seems to me I should, when I reached the word "Adjust," put it in capital let-

ters and red ink, possibly give it a whole page to itself. For it is positively the biggest word in the language. Biggest, not largest—connoting full, crowded, pregnant, significant.

It is indicated in the saying, "If you can't get what you want, you can want what you get." This is hard to do. Still it is easier usually than to get what you want—and not so disappointing.

The earth is full of obstacles, such as mountains, rivers, ravines, jungles, and deserts. If these are in your way, you often have to go around them. And in the path your spirit treads are similar obstructions. You meet stubborn prejudices, crazy notions, intolerant opinions, sacred conventions, and the like. To reach your objective you must encounter trenches of competition, barbed wire of tempers and grudges, bombs of hate and sharpshooters of malice.

Life is crowded with inevitables. The inevitable sun comes up every morning, and the inevitable darkness descends at night. Sickness is inevitable, and misunderstandings and bad luck, and hope deferred, and betrayal of trust, and the resistance of the strong, and the annoyance of the weak, and taxes, and death.

Why so hot, little man? You didn't deal, and you can only play the cards dealt you.

It does no good to swear at the umpire. Play ball!

The art of sailing is merely that of adjusting



the sails to the winds. You cannot govern the air, but you can shift sail and control the rudder.

Beating a horse with your fists does no good, but you can put a bit in his mouth and guide him as you will.

"When it rains," said James Whitcomb Riley, "rain's my choice."

Adjust! Adjust!

*III. I Will Be Happy.* This subsumes that one can be happy or not, as he chooses. And this subsumption is true. Abraham Lincoln put it: "I have found that most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be."

But perhaps some misfortune, as illness, loss, or death, has clouded my career. Very well, if I cannot be happy, I will be as happy as I can. There are always crumbs of happiness to be picked up. I have known very cheerful bedridden folk. They found joy somewhere, in the interstices of pain. Why not I?

At any rate, I will deliberately minify the unpleasant and magnify the pleasant things of this day. Thus shall I form the habit of happiness. For it is, more than we think, a matter of habit. We see what we look for. A mind steadily set toward joy will discover it, however hidden. And if we are keen for disagreeables they come crowding.

When I get too much mixed up with spiritual distresses, mental problems, I will retreat into the

physical. After all, I am, first, an animal; and I will go back to my comfortable animalities when the storms of the soul become too distressing. I will eat and drink, bathe my body, play games, tramp the woods, greet the moon and stars and the blessed sun, and lie down in my pleasant bed, and thank God I am alive. I have saved myself many a brain-sform by becoming an animal again for a while. For we use the terms brutish and beastly sometimes in a way that wrongs our brothers the oxen and the dogs. They are not always, nor predominantly, lustful and murderous, but very gentle, content with warmth and food; and their grateful eyes, full of the joy of existence, shame us.

And I will remember that the deep wells of happiness are the simple pleasures. Nature is simple. Have I forgotten my trees, and the wide sky, and the smell of grass? Do I not know how good a run upon the hill is, and the sweet weariness thereafter, and the deliciousness of water, and the glorious breathing of air? Let me take refuge in a little flower, a childish melody, a bit of Shakespeare's majesty, or the wondrous insight of some saying of the Lord Christ! These are the great stones of the foundations of happiness. Let the wind blow off the gargoyles and cupolas of the house!

I will be happy! Perhaps it may be presumptuous and tempting to the jealous fates to say I will

be happy all my life. I will not make so great a claim. But Today, surely, is not too much. For today, therefore, I will be happy. We shall see about tomorrow.

*IV. I Will Take Care of My Body.* Today, at least, I will not abuse this machine wherein the soul is lodged. I will not wrong it by excess, nor enfeeble it with idleness, but treat it well, since from it I expect so much. For this body is the source of many enthusiasms. Strange wires run from it up to the spirit. It is my reservoir of vigor, the basis of clear thoughts, the fountain of inspiration, the taproot of contentment.

So today I will put no poison into it. Today I will consider it as my prized engine, to be watched and oiled and favored. Today I will not regard eating "as an indoor sport," but as supplying fuel intelligently to my motor. I will not throw the sand of alcohol or other drugs into its bearings. I will see that the waste is eliminated.

*V. I Will Improve My Mind Today.* For as to my mind I am sure of three things: (1) that my success in whatever enterprise, and my value to the world, depend upon the quality of my thinking; (2) that only by daily practice can that quality be improved; (3) that the most dangerous laziness, and the one to which we most easily succumb, is mental laziness.

First, the realization of any ambition, the accomplishment of any cherished purpose, depends

upon my mind-power. From the chin down, no man is worth more than three dollars a day; from the chin up, there is no limit to his earning-power. You can apply an eight-hour law to hand labor, but five minutes' thinking may be worth a hundred dollars.

I will therefore, today, work with my mind, and not spend the whole time in play. I will have some sort of mental setting-up exercise. I will do a certain amount of hard study. Some part of the day I will drive my mind, and not let it loaf and loiter and amuse itself the whole twenty-four hours.

Even if this does not seem needed for outward and visible achievement, I will do it, anyway, for my own satisfaction. For I not only want to get on in the world, I want to get on with myself, to be able to think more clearly, to make more accurate decisions, and to have a stronger mental grasp as I grow older.

Hence I will read today not only what I want to read, but also what I ought to read. I will force my thought, at some time during the day, say for a half-hour, to the consideration of those things I ought to like, and not drift along entirely after the things I do like.

For I recognize that one's capacity for culture lies in his ability to change his tastes, to control and better them, and not to be led by them.

No one has a right to be called intellectual, has

a right to a place among cultured people, who is not "always in school"; that is, who is not definitely learning something every day, who has not some daily "lesson," who has no intellectual program.

Hence, today I will put in thirty minutes at learning Spanish, or mastering some scientific, mathematical, or historical problem, or familiarizing myself with some portion of classic literature, or acquiring a better understanding of some point of art, according to some general plan of self-development I have marked out, adapted to my tastes, my natural capacities, and my aims in life.

*VI. I Will Be Agreeable.* After all, life is a pursuit of happiness, and happiness, which is composed of the pleasant things that "happen" us, is largely the reflex of my own agreeableness. Reaction is equal to action. I get out of this world, particularly its human relationships, about what I put into it. Hence, I will pay down pleasantness for the selfish purpose of being able to draw out pleasantness again, if from no higher reason.

I will begin being agreeable in my thoughts. I will measure by the Golden Rule: those thoughts, feelings, and mental attitudes which offend me in others, I will try to avoid in myself.

Especially Egotism. I detest Egotism. It is the ingredient of all disagreeableness. Boorish, discourteous, and froward people are but herein guilty, that they think of themselves before others.

I will be thoughtful of the comfort of other per-

sons, for the thoughtful person envelops himself in an atmosphere of kindliness and geniality, which I like.

I love courtesy, consideration, and appreciation; I love them so much that I am willing to pay the price for them, cash in advance; which is that I myself be courteous, considerate, and appreciative.

I will shun criticism, except under rare and most compulsive circumstances. I will think three times before I criticize anybody or anything. It's a nasty habit and grows on me.

Today, then, not for always—that is too formidable a task—but today I will turn my most agreeable side to everybody I meet; to the grocer boy and the cook, to the duchess and the boss, to the elevator boy and the book agent, to my sweetheart and the woman I despise, to my husband, my children, my relatives, my customers, my rivals, my fellow-passengers on the street car, my friends and my enemies.

This One Day I will be agreeable—if it takes a leg.

And I will be agreeable to myself. I am the only fellow it is impossible to get away from, for I can dodge all others, but Me I cannot flee. Hence, I will try to be decent to this inseparable companion. I will not lie to him, cheat him, abuse him, pity him, nor despise him. For I have to eat, work, play and sleep with him, and want to keep on as good terms with him as possible.

*VII. I Will Have a Program.* I will not just be blown along through the day like a leaf in the wind. I will start, go, and get somewhere, like an intelligent being.

I will use my little book, put things down and know what I am about—today.

I will get up on time, be at my work on time, arrange to meet Smith for lunch promptly at one o'clock and talk over that matter I have been putting off so long, clean off my desk, put my papers in order, and not dump them into a drawer to be arranged later, go and see Jones at four, buy Willie's shoes, do my chores when I come home from school, mend the stockings, wash out that shirtwaist, practise a half-hour on the fiddle, do this and that and the other thing that I ought to do, exactly as I have put them down in my little book. I may not be able to keep it up a week, but surely I can manage today.

For I am looking at this system just now purely in terms of selfish enjoyment. When I have no program so many things are left undone that I am full of reproaches, and go to bed peeved. I grow irritable, scold the children, speak sharply to the hired girl, which causes her to break the china, insult my friends, and act generally like a Bolshevik.

Today I will move smoothly, get a lot of things done, and go to bed happy. Watch me.

*VIII. I Will Not Be Afraid.* I have been

afraid of a good many things during my lifetime, and most of them never happened.

The disaster I dread will do one of two things: It will happen, or it will not happen. If it does not happen, what's the use of being afraid? If it does happen, my fear will have added to its weight and unnerved me to meet it. Hence, any way you reason, fear is folly.

Let me go back to the deepest fundamental. I will not be afraid of God. When I look back over history I see that most of the cruelties, outrages, tyrannies, and superstitions which have enslaved and cursed mankind have been caused by men's fear of God. They have conceived of Him as some inhuman monster, and in His name committed what crimes! So, whatever my creed may be, the first article in it shall be "God is Love," He is my Friend, He likes me, wants to help me, and feels as kindly toward me as my mother feels. He is not a snooping detective, nor a blustering policeman; neither is He any kind of Czar, Sultan or Kaiser, but as good and helpful as the best man He has made. He is the First Gentleman of the Universe. And I refuse to be afraid of Him.

I will not be afraid of Fate, Destiny, or whatever you may call it. When I am having a good time I will not say, "Something evil is sure to happen, this is too good to last," as though Destiny were my enemy, waiting to strike me, playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse.



I will not worry about what is, nor what will be. If I can help it, I will help it. If I cannot, why worry? The Chinese have a proverb:

“The legs of the duck are short,  
The legs of the crane are long,  
You cannot make the legs of the duck long,  
Nor the legs of the crane short.  
Why worry?”

I will not be afraid of poverty, nor of losing my Station in Life (as though my life were dependent on it). Says William James:

“We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant—the liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul; the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. . . . It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated class is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.”

I will not be afraid to love, afraid to trust, afraid to believe in the loyalty of them that love me. From this fear I can get only jealousy, suspicion, and unrest, which I do not want. It is true, I may be deceived; but, as Spurgeon says, “He

who believes everybody will be bitten, but he who distrusts everybody will be devoured."

Fear brings me things I dislike, hence I will none of it. When I am afraid, I am awkward, I do bad work, I stammer, I am shy and embarrassed. Why should I purchase such goods at to-day's counter? I will not!

*IX. I Will Settle the Sex Question.* The sex feeling is the strongest of human instincts. Its beautiful flower is in romantic affection, in the relationship of husband and wife, parent and child, and all the enduring charms of family life. These are valuable. But I know that unregulated by conscience and intelligence this feeling brings only trouble. Today I shall keep the instincts of my body in strict harmony with loyalty, honor, and decency.

*X. I Will Satisfy My Conscience.* Today, one day at least, I will not do anything I believe to be wrong. I will not reason about this, nor argue, nor at all befog my judgment with casuistry, because I know, absolutely, that I never do wrong without paying for it in suffering. I will not go so far as to say that never again in all my life will I do a wrong thing, that is a large contract; but I think I can manage One Day. So if there is anything especially mean I want to do real badly I will at least put it off till tomorrow. Who knows? I might drop dead.

And tonight, before I go to bed, I will check up,

and see how much of this list I have kept. Even if I make fifty per cent, it will be something. But I should like to have one good, clean day, so that at its close I could pat myself on the back, and go to sleep saying, "Well, you've been a pretty decent sort of chap—at least today!"



## THREE RULES OF FUN

Of the 100,000,000 people in the United States about 99,999,000 want to have some fun. I put at probably not over 1,000 those who are opposed on principle to anybody's having a good time, ever. These 1,000 can skip this article.

But a second fact looms up. It is that, of the myriad who would like to have fun, most of them miss it some of the time, and some of them miss it most of the time.

That reveals that you have to know how to have fun, just as much as you must learn how to play the piano, sell life-insurance, or be good. You cannot "go out and have some fun," just like that, without understanding the matter; only children can do that, and even they do not always.

Let us then address our minds to this important subject, quite as important as getting rich, or going to congress, or marrying, or purchasing a new automobile, or pursuing culture. For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and can't have any fun with it?

You must learn how to enjoy yourself, I repeat. The only thing you can do without knowing how

is to be miserable. It requires neither practice nor intelligence to have a stomach-ache or be a Bolshevik.

Also, we shall probably find the rules for fun-making to be very old, very obvious, and very simple. That is why children find them and sophisticated folk fail to find them. For "except ye be converted and become as little children" ye cannot see—anything worth while.

Let us further prelude our search by the observation that fun is not bad. It is good. *Per se*.

If by no other fact, then by this fact can the above statement be proved: that the devil always baits his hook with fun. Whatever you may say about the devil, he knows his business, and he wouldn't use bait that isn't good. It's not the bait, it's the hook that is evil. Don't confuse the two.

In fact, it may well be suspected that there is something wrong about whatever leaves you gloomy, disgruntled, and out of sorts. Completed work brings happiness; what rapture is greater than that of the architect when he beholds the house finished according to his dream, of the artist when his painting is at last completed, of the orator when conscious that he has struck fire and won his audience, of the actor sure of the fineness of his performance, of the musician when he has played so well as to satisfy his own exaction, or of the poet when he has happily given to his fine

frenzy a local habitation and a name? Even when the Creator made the world, is it not written, "He saw that it was good"? and it is not irreverent to imagine that these words imply Deity Himself jocund over accomplishment.

And, as Doctor Holmes asked, Who made the kitten to play with its tail? Who made the puppy to frolic and scamper, the canary to sing, and the little lambs in spring to jump up with all four feet at once? If the universe means anything at all, does it not mean laughter?

This play-feeling, this lightness and laughing spirit, a certain amused aloofness characterizes all Masters. When we read of Kepler's discovery, when he, the first man, "broke into the ordinances of heaven and got a foothold there for definite science," it is almost as if we saw a romping boy. He goes up among the stars as Bushnell relates, "praying *and joking*, and experimenting together."

I find Nature everywhere like this man that found her out. She is full of pranks and capers. She can take a joke. She knows how to play.

All young things, that is, all beings fresh from Nature's hand, are full of play. When they grow old and stupid, and forget or refuse to play any more, Nature removes them, shovels them away; they are waste, their usefulness is over.

All first-rate genius exhibits this play trait. You may note it in Goethe's Faust, in Dante's Inferno, in Ghiberti's Bronze Gates, in Socrates's Talks, in

Lincoln's Life, in the Parables of Jesus. These men suffered terribly and were earnest enough, but in their high moments of mastery they invariably broke into a smile.

The summits are sunlit.

The solemn ass may go far in this world, but not to the top.

The best Three Rules I ever saw for Having Fun I found in the Woodcraft League.

This is an organization designed to teach children to play, which is fully as important as teaching them to work.

Play has more to do with the formation of character than work. Emerson said that the book under the desk does more to the boy than the book on the desk.

And it teaches them to play outdoors, which is where the best play is always to be had, because God made outdoors and lives there. Some say, also, that there are fairies in the woods, and far be it from me to deny the world's oldest and loveliest credence—that fauns and pyxies and elves and other vanishing playfellows await the footsteps of happy children.

It was Ernest Thompson Seton himself, the Black Wolf, chief of all woodcrafters, who told me the Three Rules. I don't know where he got them, or if he devised them himself. But I know he must be heap big chief, because he knows how to play with children, and they love him, and

children do not love any man whose heart is wrong.

These are the Three Rules of Fun:

*Rule I. You must find your fun in your imagination.*

*Rule II. You must observe decorum.*

*Rule III. You must learn how to have fun without spending money.*

Ever since I heard them, these rules have been haunting me.

You know there are some sayings like that—proliferous, reverberating, echo-making. Some writer will make a sentence that clangs in you like a trumpet, rouses you like a roll of drums, as Henley's

"I am the captain of my soul."

Another will say a thing that is to you as a pass-key, opening twenty problems you had thought rusted shut, as Maeterlinck,

"To the hero there is never a tragedy."

So these three doctrines apply not alone to children but to all men everywhere, to all women, to the whole confused and stumbling humankind, perpetually athirst for pleasure, drinking at every salt spring, yet forever dry.

Rule I. You must find your fun in your imagination.

Not in things.



**The disease of the world is thingitis.**

**This is a mania whereby the sufferer has a fixed delusion that to possess some certain material object will make him happy.**

**I knew a girl once that had a high fever, so to speak, for a week, because she had her heart set on a certain kind of tennis racquet, such as one or two other girls at her school owned. She got it. The fever went down a while. Then it broke out in a new place. This time she wanted a bicycle. And after the bicycle, an ivory-backed toilet set for her dresser, and then something else, and so on, a continuous stream of Things being poured into her immortal soul in the endeavor to allay the craving. But the process is hopeless. For the soul of man is as deep and wide as the bottomless pit; you might pour whole galaxies into it, and it would still be empty. And the soul of woman is still wider and deeper.**

**The shopgirl thinks she would be happy if she could have a new dress like Sade's; the millionaire's daughter would sate her desire with a one-hundred-thousand-dollar necklace; the boy would find his fun, he fancies, if he had a new sled; and Ma wants a new rug for the best room, and Pa wants to build a house, and the hired man wants a new ax, and Susie wants a talking-machine, and Willie wants to get drunk, and Tom wants a sixteen-cylinder automobile, and Italy wants Fiume, and everybody wants everything, and then wants**

everything else—all but little Mamie sitting on the back stoop, who has discarded the wonderful twenty-five-dollar doll that cries and shuts its eyes and has jointed legs and arms (it's grand all right to show off, but not to play with), and has gone back to her precious darling Rag Doll, whose features are of ink, and whom she loves with a loyal passion, and talks to, heart to heart, because it gives room to her imagination.

A boy can have more fun playing in the sand, creating men and houses out of mud, than he can with a grand mechanical toy that smothers his imaginative faculty. He laughs louder riding a broom-handle than a man does riding a real horse, because Fancy rides with him.

When the bicycle craze was new, they used to speak of "the bicycle face," meaning that strained and deadly serious expression the riders wore. But that is the face of all Getters. Those who have got a million dollars, or got elected, or got a new grand piano, or got anything, straightway lose the blush off the peach; the fine and beautiful edge of happiness has been dulled. The people that keep their edge, the happy elect, are they that *play* they have things.

"Tut, tut," and "Pish, tush," cries the outraged reader, "would you have us strip ourselves of all goods, acquire nothing, cease getting on, and getting rich, and becoming prominent and famous, and slump back into the naked savagery of the

Sioux Indian?" Well, speaking of Indians, something is to be said in their favor, and there have been known instances where souls have cured themselves of the inflammation of civilization by living like them for a while. But I shall not push that point. Neither shall I bring up that saying: "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor."

I shall not endeavor to stay the flood of progress, the endless creation of new lusts, and the still more endless effort to supply them. Go to it, my braves! Increase your piles of junk, and heaven help the hindmost!

I am not trying to concoct a philosophy nor construct a system, nor convert Scribes and Pharisees. I am only pointing out a fact. And that fact is this:

That the more you find your pleasure in your imagination, and are able to "play like" you have things, the more fun you have.

To what conclusion that fact leads, whether it implies that you are to leave your big house and ten servants, and get rid of your automobiles, and take off your rings, and walk instead of riding on the train, and cook your bacon and flapjacks over a wood fire, whether you should go barefoot—whither all this leads, I say, I have not the slightest idea.

Maybe it leads to the situation depicted in a certain old story, of a rich man who pulled down his barns and built greater, to hold his increased

"collection," and just as he was settling down for a grand time heard a Voice, which said to him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

The Bolsheviki are wrong, because they start from the wrong premise. They begin with the supposition that the rich are happy and the poor wretched. Perhaps they ought to be; but as a matter of fact they are not.

If you want nice, fresh pessimism right off the griddle, go to the people that are loaded with possessions. They have it, fresh every day.

What the Bolsheviki should do if they wish to even things up and make everybody happy is to pass around the Imagination, not pass around the beer and cakes.

Rule II. You must observe decorum. Your fun will not last unless you keep the rules of the game.

There never was a bigger fool notion, since the first man went crazy and ran gibbering into the woods, than the notion that happiness consists in doing as one pleases. Quite the contrary. Happiness is found in pleasing others.

Fun is social. You soon get tired of playing solitaire. Most enjoyment comes from the reaction of your companions. And the only known way of making them react so as to please you is to act so as to please them.

How long would a game of bridge last, if one of the players insisted on playing out of his turn, or on taking an ace with a ten-spot? Where would the comfort of home be, if one member of the family persisted in getting up in the middle of the night and playing the French horn, no matter who might be sick or sleepy?

Doing as you please means confusion. And confusion is what is the matter with the world. From disorder come strikes, lockouts, riots, grudges, scandals, crimes, wars. All these troubles begin with some "superman," who thinks he does not have to play the game according to the rules, that *he* is bigger than humanity.

There is no liberty in disorder. On the contrary, everybody is fettered. Civilization is a multiplication of restrictions, yet the civilized man is freer than the wild Hottentot; he is more secure.

As I have written elsewhere: "The Personal Liberty cry is sloppy-minded poppycock. There is no absolute personal liberty except in depths of savagery. Civilization means the sacrifice of personal liberties for common good."

You can have no decency or order without restraint. You may not spit on the sidewalk. You may not drive on the wrong side of the road. You may not smoke in meeting. We are supposed to have free speech, yet if you get too free you are liable to get into trouble.

( Fall in therefore. Keep step. Find your place.

Some must be high, some low. Some must be generals, others captains and privates. Everybody in the works cannot be the superintendent.

And if you have the right spirit there is just as much fun in being a cog as a fly-wheel. A janitor can enjoy his job in the cathedral as well as the bishop; in fact, I think to date I have seen more happy janitors than happy bishops.

Life is an intricate piece of machinery like an automobile. If you are just a little nut on the engine you are quite as essential as the wheel. (I know, for one of these nuts worked loose the other day, and we had to be towed in.) Fun, I say, depends on decorum.

The spirit of non-decorum, the nastiest, bitterest, and most poisonous spirit that gets into human breasts, is envy. Envy means wanting to be where another is, and wanting him to be where you are, or lower.

While there is enough injustice in the world, goodness knows, to justify "social unrest," we ought to be warned that a good deal of it is plain envy. As such, it is pure cussedness, and to be ashamed of and run from, not followed after.

I live in a flat of some seven or eight rooms; Mr. Frick's house is as big as Tom Wilcox's sheep barn, where he kept two hundred head of beasts; but I do not worry. No valet holds my trousers for me in the morning. No butler buttles my guests. No personal servant helps me bite off

the end of my cigar and lift the match. Still, I enjoy myself. I like my place as much as I would like Woodrow Wilson's place, or Jack Dempsey's.

Rule III. You must learn to have fun without spending money.

Did you get that?

Please read it over slowly, seven times, and say it over to yourself tonight just before you go to sleep, so that it will seep into your subconsciousness; for it is about the fattest, meatiest, most nourishing, and most medicinal truth I have met for a long time.

It's a pretty safe rule that the more money a thing costs the less fun it is. Not always, of course. There are exceptions, but not the one you are thinking about.

For instance, the Black Wolf told me of two boy camps. In both they learned to make pottery. In one, the boys, being of rich families, sent away and bought all manner of tools and materials, made their pots and jars, and sent them away somewhere to have them baked. In the other, the boys did everything themselves; tinkered up their own potters' wheels; found a place in the creek bottom where just the right kind of clay was to be had, and kneaded, fined, and prepared it with their own hands, constructed their own kiln and baked the vessels themselves. In the first instance, the pots produced cost around eight dollars apiece (you could get them for fifty cents at the department

store), and the whole affair came very near being hard work. In the second, the pots cost practically nothing, and the boys had barrels of fun.

This is typical. If people would only lay it to heart, I don't say they would save their souls, for as to that let doctors dispute; but I do say they would have a lot more fun.

Tolstoy said somewhere that you cannot teach your children Christianity, which means Universal Brotherhood if it means anything at all, unless you teach them to empty their own slops, darn their own patches, and pick up after themselves. And that is profoundly true. The roots of any real brotherhood are in the common ground of service. You don't save the world, nor any little piece of it, by going down to it, and uplifting, but by living with it, living its life, and partaking of the holy sacrament of its elemental necessities. Jesus washed his disciples' feet. And he meant it. He wasn't play-acting.

Every school ought, first of all, to teach the most important lesson any human being can learn—that he must know how to, and like to, take care of himself, get himself off other people's backs, and find out how to live and work and play in harmony with his fellows. It is a thousand times more vital that young people should know this than that they should learn geometry or Latin.

In one respect, that drafted army of three million boys the United States raised during the late



war was the best university ever devised. They marched, slept, ate, fought, worked, washed and, all together, learned the two greatest lessons, Self-Reliance and Team-Play.

And it never cost them a cent.

What a pity that we cannot have some such organization in times of peace! that there is not some great national university which every boy and girl, rich and poor, must attend for at least two years, to learn, not alone the lesson of Democracy, not alone the secret of Life itself, but—How to Have Fun!

The best fun costs no money. The kisses that are sweetest are given, those that are paid for are septic. Walking and running do more for health and long life than riding in a Pullman-featherbed-automobile. Playing tag in the schoolyard is heaps more fun, eyes are brighter and laughter is louder, than dancing in the cabaret where orangeade costs a dollar a drink. Fishing in the creek with Huck Finn with a bent-pin hook and garden worms is more fun than fishing from the deck of a million-dollar private yacht, with a hired man to pull in the fish while you sit at a wicker table and drink highballs.

Oh, the Great Delusion, that you can't have fun without money! May you, gentle reader, be saved from it!

Money is good for some things. It can build temples and palaces; make roads and cities, manu-

facture clothes and run trains and steamships, wage wars and finance political parties, perpetuate outworn and useless old institutions, keep harlots and parasites, make law-suits and raise hell, but when it comes to fun, just plain every-day fun, O fool, you don't need it! "What is that in thine hand?"

Dip down, come back, O high-flying soul of restless ambitions and heated lusts, come away from your search for happiness among the clouds and the high mountains, where dwell the privileged and the few, for that same happiness is a plant that grows low along the ground, where the many live, and where the Son of Man loved to linger on his brief stay here!

## DETOURS

What proportion of the billion or so people inhabiting the earth are Up Against It?

I like that somewhat slangy phrase. It is vivid, real, full of poetry. We can sense in it the man beating his fists upon the closed door.

How many women are sitting red-eyed today amid the ruin of their house of dreams, whispering tragically, "It's all over"? How many lovers scorned are saying, "My light is gone out forever"? How many businessmen are muttering, "I am a failure"? How many discouraged boys, girls, old folks are exclaiming, "What's the use"?

Oh, the army of the Defeated Ones!

Get that horde in your mind's eye—the blind and deaf and all the physically deficient, the sick of body and spirit, the laborer out of a job, the actor dismissed, the singer who has failed, the miner whose claim has proved worthless, the student who has flunked, the husband and wife divorced, the politician defeated, the army of the dejected, mooning in self-pity—and you will have some idea of what is meant by hell.

Besides these, all of us, even the usually con-

tented ones, have our moments of bitterness. We now and then come to an impasse. The road is blocked. We come to a stone wall. We are Up Against It.

Now, I am not going to preach to these baffled ones, nor cozen them with platitudes and hollow homilies. Nor will I tell them "Heaven is your home," and "It might be worse," and "It's all a blessing in disguise." I will not give them any pious promises nor comfortable lies.

But I will show them a trick. That's all. Just a clever dodge, by which they can escape.

I shall not tell them to cheer up when there is no cheer, to hope on when they can see no hope, nor to struggle and pray and persist—but just to use their gumption.

For instance:

When you are out motoring, sometimes you find the road barred; the highway is being repaired; you cannot pass, and you see the sign "Detour," with an arrow pointing to the left perhaps, to a narrow woods-road.

What then? Do you sit there and wait for somebody to come along and take you to an asylum? Do you give up and weep, or pray—or swear? No; you make the Detour. Often you discover that the Detour was the best part of your trip. And then, being of a reflective turn, you set down in your commonplace-book these points of "The Gospel of the Detour":

1. I waste less time making the Détour than if I attempted to push through the prohibited road.

2. I am happier making the Detour than I would be raging because I could not go straight on.

3. The Detour may be the quickest way. "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

4. The Detour is often the most interesting. I find new adventure. I meet the unexpected.

5. I cannot control the road, and I cannot prevent obstacles, but I can adjust myself.

6. Most people who arrive have come by Detours.

Did you ever notice on the map that the wriggliest lines are the rivers? No river runs straight.

And yet rivers are the oldest, smoothest, and most reliable means of transportation in the world. God made them. Men used them long before railways or streets. You need no horse nor steam nor sail; just get your raft and you'll float down.

The river is the eternal type of circumvention.

It does not break down and batter and push and blast its way to the sea. It goes around. When it comes to a rock, a mountain, or a rise of land, it simply noses about until it finds some point of least resistance, and goes that way, whether it is forward, back, or sideways, for it knows that at last it must find the ocean.

And, Soul of Man, why cannot you find your goal—which is Happiness—by the river way? Why push and sweat and spend your strength and invite the glooms when you meet the obstacle? Why not go around it?

## *The Health Detour*

Let us look at some of your obstacles. Is there anything in the world more interesting than you and your troubles? Very well. Let us consider your barred highway and note the Detours.

First of all there is the Detour of Health.

This is timely. For the world just now is full of cripples, the horrible harvest of war, the price and penalty of the madness of nations. Your boy, so proud and upstanding when he marched away, has come home with his right arm gone. Your husband is back—blind! He that was a leader is now classed in the ranks of the unfortunate. The pillar has become a burden.

All over this United States are mutilated bodies, men once fair and fit reduced to a certain dependence. You who read this may be one of them. You ask yourself what chance you have now in the great struggle. You had great ambitions. Where are they now?

Well, what has happened? You are not dead. The journey is not over. You have simply come to a fence across the road, with a red lantern dangling. Which does not mean that you cannot go on, but that you cannot go on *That Way*.

But look! There is a sign "Detour." You can go around!

What is it you want? What does any man want? Only this: a chance to work, to be self-

supporting and independent, and to find contentment.

Well, that does not take two legs. It does not take all of the five senses. Some of the greatest achievements have been gained by physically deficient persons. Do you not recall the poetry of blind Milton, and the scientific discoveries of blind Huber, the music of deaf Beethoven, the literary mastery of consumptive Robert Louis Stevenson, and all the long list of those who Detoured?

Are you a consumptive? Is it impossible to live in your home town, where your business, your relatives, and all your interests lie? There are other towns. There are regions where you can live out your allotted span, be happy, and perhaps recover. California and Arizona and Colorado are full of "lungers," forced to leave their homes and go to a distant clime; and most of them, when they get adjusted, are glad of it and wouldn't go back if they were well. They have fallen in love with their new home. The Detour has proved more delightful than the old road.

Sir Arthur Pearson, the great English publisher, was the proprietor of five big English dailies and a string of magazines throughout Great Britain. In the prime of life, in the midst of a career of wealth and power, he mysteriously lost his sight. The greatest specialists could do nothing. This man, in the thick of a myriad ac-

tivities, was suddenly condemned by fate to spend the rest of his days in darkness.

He had come to a Detour. He took it like a good motorist. He had not lost his *nerve*, he said; he had simply lost his *optic* nerve.

He sold his papers and devoted himself to the business of showing the blind how to get on. He became the head of St. Dunstan's Hospital for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors in Regent's Park, London. There he taught the gospel of Happy Detours. His philosophy is good medicine for everybody.

"Don't pity the blind," he says. "They don't want your pity and can't use it. I know that the average conception of how to treat a blind man is to read the Bible to him and play soft music. We believe that the blind are normal human beings, who, having lost one faculty of perception, must develop others."

According to Sir Arthur's point of view, happiness does not come from accumulating things or leading a comfortable existence; neither does it come from any self-given order to be "glad." Happiness comes from doing, from the forth-putting of one's creative faculties; and he who has learned this needs no man's pity.

The only real tragedy of life is inhibition, paralysis by discouragement or fear. The man who has lost his sight, the king who has lost his throne, the child who has broken her tea set, or the woman



who has lost her love, is apt to be panicky. But the triumph of life consists in defeating defeat.

What the blind can do, you can do. Oh, Down-and-Outer! Buck up! Make the Detour!

### *Detours of Love*

Then there are the Detours of Love. I once knew a doctor, a very intelligent and capable gentleman, who was entirely wrapped up in his son. He planned for him, sacrificed and schemed for him, and talked of him incessantly. The boy proved a failure, a weakling. So terrible was the father's disappointment, the one absorbing pride and interest of his life having been thwarted, that he committed suicide.

This man made the fatal and childish error of supposing that if he could not drive straight on to what he longed for no Detour was possible. Are you making the same mistake?

No soul has a right to put all its affectional eggs into one basket. We sometimes hear one praised because of the high quality of his love, for that he cannot live without his beloved. This is not laudable love. It is really a form of egotism, a wallowing in self-centered sentimentality. It is not the esteem of another more than of self, but the placing of one's own emotional reactions, one's own pleasure in loving, above the welfare of the beloved.

It is good to love loyally and intensely; but a

love that so centres upon one object that the failure or death of that person becomes the death of life is not intelligent affection; it is narrow, it is liable to become petty and jealous and annoying. Love needs resources. It needs the wholesome, rectifying safeguards of other interests. When "love is all" it is usually morbid. The end of stubborn and intolerant affection is often insanity, or suicide.

The Art of Arts is the Art of Getting Along with Folks. And in this it is impossible to make any progress without frequent and skillful Detours. For example, you cannot otherwise get along with your own household.

Take the typical foolish family—papa, mama, and the baby. Papa attempts to bull his way through by stubbornness and bluster. Mama gains her point by "the tyranny of tears," by using her weakness as a weapon, by the efficacy of disagreeableness. Baby soon learns the same secret, and by pouting and whining tries to get what he wants.

How much more successful all three would be if they would learn the secret of indirection; if, on arriving at an impasse, they cheerfully would detour instead of wasting nerves and unduly heating the soul by trying to smash through!

I do not mean deception, hypocrisy, nor any knavish thing; but simply intelligence enough to go around obstacles when it is too costly or unpleasant to break over them. I mean gaining your

end like the Mississippi going through its valley, not like the German Army driving through Belgium.

Surely the wise wife avoids issues, the canny husband will not give ultimatums, and the baby—usually imitates his parents.

I do not recommend Detours in order to reduce you to slavery, to make you always give up. Far from it! I recommend them because they are often the means of reaching your goal with the least wear and tear of spirit.

Did you ever reflect that even God does not for the most part get us to do what He wishes by compulsion, but does it by indirection? "Thy gentleness," said David, "hath made me great."

### *Detours in Business*

And here are they that are Up Against It in Business.

The clerk who has lost his job—been working for the company ten years and is now fired; what can he do? How shall he pay the mortgage on his house? Which way shall he turn?

The misfit, the man who discovers at forty that he is mediocre, that the business he is in is not suited to him: why didn't he take to farming or music, as he wanted to do when he was twenty-one?

The failure, the bankrupt; they've sold him out; his venture has collapsed.

The world is full of people who have not suc-

ceeded as they dreamed they would. Almost everybody starts out with great ambitions, and has at last to be satisfied with humble things. Well for them if, as the country parson said, they come down gracefully instead of giving up disgracefully!

This innumerable company of missers! For every Farrar there are a thousand heartbroken girls who thought they could sing. For every Warfield there are hundreds of theatrical wrecks strewn up and down the Rialto. For every Schwab there are a million men who are quite sure they could have run a big business.

Now what are we to do? Wring our hands and wail? Plump into pessimism? Berate the world, grow cynical and sour?

No! We're Up Against It, to be sure. There's a fence across our road. But what if there is? We'll detour!

Job's wife was for quitting. "Curse God and die," she told him when he had lost all and sat amidst the ruins of his hopes. But—"No!" replied Job. "There must be some other way. He is God of rivers, not of straight lines. He is a God of detours. Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." And Job arrived.

If you don't get along in Keokuk, move to Kokomo. Maybe you will fit better there. When Woolworth couldn't make a five- and ten-cent store go in one town he tried another.

Move! It's a wide world. And thank God for Somewhere Else.

If you cannot agree with your relatives, inspan and trek! On your way! A rolling stone may gather no moss; but perhaps moss is what is the matter with you.

In business, if you lose, say: "This is not a blow. It is a challenge."

In business it is the good losers who succeed; and even if they don't they have more fun living than the whiners have. There's always another side to every street. The real man is never cornered. There is always a way of escape. To the hero, said Maeterlinck, there is no tragedy. Somehow he always rises superior. And Doctor Gordon's saying is golden: "It's a great world for heroes."

The only people for whom this world is a "demd, moist, unpleasant" vale of woe are those who, if they cannot go their own road, will go no road at all.

### *Detours of the Mind*

There are Intellectual Detours. Most things cannot be thought straight through. You have to go around.

The only problems for which there are rules are those in arithmetic. The problems of life are more like Chinese puzzles. You keep working

at them until at last you come upon the solution as if by chance. But it is not chance, for if you had not hunted you would not have found the key.

I remember when I was a schoolboy and had just began to study Greek I thought I would like to read Homer, although it lay a year or so ahead of me in the regular course. But I was impatient, so I tried Homer, by myself, with the aid of copious notes and the dictionary. I could make nothing of it! Two or three lines was as far as I could get, and I hardly understood even that much. Finally I laid the book aside, baffled. Afterward, when in due time I arrived at Homer I approached it with dread, recalling how hard it had been. But I was surprised to find that now it was quite easy. I had detoured, through the grammar and the practice and the Anabasis, and when I came thus to my walls of Jericho they fell down.

## THE FOUR MOST INTERESTING SUBJECTS IN THE WORLD

There are four things that are interesting, and four only. They are: I. Love, II. Money, III. Danger, IV. Goodness.

All literature, that is the kind of literature people read, belongs to one or more of these classes. Even descriptive writing, essays, sermons, news items, or financial columns draw what engaging quality they possess from one or more of these sources.

### *I. Love*

It is impossible to define Love, because there is nothing simpler by which to explain it. It is elemental.

The most learned professor cannot analyze it; the humblest bricklayer apprehends it.

The profoundest mysteries in life are the things most used; just as the most irregular verbs in any language are the commonest.

Love, Life, and God are the three subjects no student has plumbed; they are as baffling as the sky, as deep as the ocean; yet the common people everywhere are as familiar with them as they are with knives and forks.

Is Love a product of sex?

We recoil from believing that the ethereal beauties of loyalty, devotion, and poetic rapture are but variants of concupiscence; yet we cannot deny that Love is inextricably tangled with the sex instinct.

Perhaps our Maker, seeing the importance of Love, that it is the foundation of the family, the root of patriotism, and the essence of religion, "planted His arguments in the instincts," and linked the most necessary fire of heaven with the most inflammable ingredient in flesh.

Unfortunately for their peace of mind, men are neither angels nor beasts, but a little of both. Either Doctor Jekyll or Mr. Hyde could be content if they did not have to live together in the same lodgings.

H. G. Wells says that every soul has two great problems, Sex and God.

Peace and poise, with sex instinct, are not to be attained by lawless indulgence; human nature shrinks from this; the angel within us cannot endure it; the bogs of sensuality are no dwelling-place for so imperial a creature as the soul.

Neither is the solution to be found in the utter denial and eradication of desire, as various cults have vainly fancied. That way madness lies, and outraged human nature wrecks the baffled spirit by perversion. In trying to kill the beast the spirit becomes worse than beastly.



It was Dante and the Troubadours who found the secret the Church Fathers missed. Not by suppressing, but by idealizing the passions, can they be made wholesome.

Dante's "Vita Nuova" is a sort of Fifth Gospel. It also points the way to redemption. For it shows how the lust of the flesh may be transmuted in the alembic of the imagination into the most ennobling spiritual impulse. The material craving awakened in him by the little girl Beatrice is made to guide his striving spirit through hell and purgatory, and to expand at last into that glow that dyes the garments of the cherubim and colors the white radiance of "the rose heaven" with a human warmth.

Few realize that Dante was one of the saviors of the world.

Since his time there has been a vast sea of Romantic literature the tides of which are strong in this day. The general effect of the love-story has been immense, and for good.

It has been the chief contributing factor in civilization, for it has done more than any other agency toward moving the satisfactions of the race over from the dumb flesh to the disposing mind.

It has given butterfly wings to the blind, creeping worm of sex desire.

Love-stories end with "and so they were married and lived happily ever after." That is how every good love-story ought to end.

For it points to the fact that the only solution to the sex problem, the only normal path by which this natural impulse may find due expression and minister to the higher values, the idealities, of life, is by the loyal union of one man and one woman in matrimony.

Monogamy was not invented by priests, nor is it maintained by laws, as certain of the so-called "emancipated" clamor.

It is the outcome of centuries of experiment, the flower and fruit of long evolution, the result of infinite trials. It is the only way, as a rule and in the long run, to domesticate Mr. Hyde.

It is the lovers who are responsible for monogamy. The first flush of the mating instinct brings with it a tremendous activity of idealism. It functions in dreams, in poetry, in lofty spiritual aim and adventure.

And particularly in loyalty.

It is the true lover who sings of "you, only you." It is he who is violently exclusive, selective. Lord Lytton says that to one who is truly in love there is something a little repellent in every other woman.

The trouble with the varietist, the philanderer, is not that he loves too much; it is that he does not love at all; as with Goethe's devil, "it stands written on his brow, he never loved a human soul." Which means that his desire has not been idealized.

That is, he knows nothing of "true love." And true love alone sings. It alone writes poetry. Love that is mere desire can but whisper and mutter, after the manner of brutes.

## *II. Money*

The Sunday editor of the Chicago "Tribune" once said to me: "There are two kinds of news that are interesting, Women and Money." He grasped but two of my four points, as Wells grasped two. It is significant that they both included Love.

But Money—tales about money, people with money, the getting and the spending of money never fail to attract.

Because money is stored-up human energy. It is the concentrated, distilled essence of human effort.

Of course it is not a perfect compendium of all human works, but it is the nearest to perfect we have. It does not stand for love, devotion, and other high moral values; such things cannot be priced nor bought, but the larger portion of our activities are non-moral—that is, neither good nor bad in their essence, but only in our attitude toward them.

Most of our life force is put forth in plowing, building, sawing, planning, handling machinery, sweeping, painting, writing, and like doings. We

do these works for wages, money. The money we get is potent to make others do such works for us. Money thus is the Aladdin's lamp, which summons the genii to serve us.

Money means all sorts of physical comforts, necessities, and luxuries, and many objects of mental and esthetic value.

Hence a millionaire is interesting per se. No matter who or what he is, a brute or a gentleman, he has the Lamp, and can summon the genii.

It is money that makes what we call Society. The Upper Ten, the Four Hundred, those who figure in the society columns of the newspaper, are simply those who have capital, or their women, or their hangers-on.

There may be circles interesting because of their intellect or other quality; but such a group could never become a Smart Set, or achieve social dominance, without money.

The aristocracies of the Old World have always been the moneyed classes.

Mere money cannot always bring one to social prominence or a place among the nobility—not at once; but it will in time, say the second or third generation.

Money becomes the common denominator of distinction. However we repel the idea of art and culture being reducible to terms of dollars and cents, the fact remains that a painting by an Old Master emphasizes its rarity by costing half

a million, and a first edition of Poe, an old Colonial highboy, an antique samovar, or a Florentine chair, are subtly proved to be most desirable by their fabulous price. Money is one of the strong magnets of human concern. Of two beautiful rugs, one costing fifty dollars and the other five thousand, there is no doubt as to which would give your curiosity the livelier fillip.

As with most things human, there is much loose thinking about money and its importance. Some claim money is everything, others affect to despise it. Neither point of view is right. Money is not everything; but it is a great deal, and properly used by intelligence can minister efficiently to life. Capital is essential to civilization. The absence of money in a nation goes with savagery and scant culture.

Human beings create more than they need. The surplus is money. How they handle that surplus determines their grade of progress.

So the Lamp of Money burns brightly in the instincts of us all, this concrete symbol of vitality, and we flutter about it as moths.

The kitchen maid loves to read of duchesses and of fine ladies; the stable-boy likes stories liberally sprinkled with private yachts; all movie heroes must have butlers, and the heroines French maids; if it is a steel-magnate's daughter who breaks her leg by falling on the icy pavement the incident is expanded on the first page, but if it

is the hod-carrier's woman a note of the accident can be found in fine print over among the police-court items; and the reading public just naturally relishes anything that tastes like money, and seeks out limousines, dollar tips, diamond necklaces, and thousand-dollar pups as a child digs for raisins in his cake.

Even as the Churchman in former days dreamed of the glory of the Nazarene's triumph in terms of costly cathedrals and rich estates of the Church, so the parson today mentions with ill-concealed pride the number of wealthy families that attend his meeting-house and the Big Businessmen whose names lend luster to his list of trustees. College presidents are chosen for their ability to stalk millionaires; universities, to a great extent, gauge their "standing" by their endowments; and the Chairman of the Political Party devoted to the welfare of the Common People is considered successful only as he is able to milk the octopus. As a negro cook of mine observed, "Um—h'm! I sutt'nly do love dat money."

### *III. Danger*

Danger includes War, Crime, and Adventure.

It is perhaps the primal human interest. Homer reeks with it. The Old Testament, the Eddas, and the Nibelungenlied are compact of it. Death, the supreme Danger, is particularly fascinating. Digby Bell once said to me that he liked the

kind of novel in which there was a murder in the first chapter, and the story "worked from that on up."

Men do not shrink from danger. They love it. They flee clubdom, luxurious leather chairs, highballs, and pussy-footed servants, to go hunt tigers in the wild, climb the dizzy Matterhorn, freeze in the Arctic ice-fields, where they get the scurvy and "spit out their teeth like stones," or burn with fever in the tropic jungle.

Even the child is not deterred by danger. He loves to experiment with his safety, his health, and his life. Tell him a thing is perilous, and he longs to do it.

It's the thrill he wants. And only danger can give it. He loves the swimming-hole so deep he may drown, and the loaded gun, and the green apples that may give him the colic.

The gambler does not want money. Give him a million dollars, and he will put it all on the next turn of a card. It is the excitement of that moment of peril he craves.

The essence of interest in every Game is Danger, if not of life and limb, at least the presence of sufficient uncertainty to make it a "sporting proposition." The English and the Americans are gluttons for danger, and hence they are confirmed sports.

They conceive of everything as a game of chance. A lawsuit is not primarily to discover

the facts and award justice, but one lawyer is pitted against another, and the public watches the contest with very much the same sensations it enjoys a prize-fight.

We cannot elect officials without making a game of it. So we speedily scrapped the decorous machinery our fathers devised for elections, organized opposing political parties, and proceeded to make it a game.

Crimes are alluring, and detective stories are fascinating, not because they are immoral, but because they appeal to our danger appetite. Criminals play with the highest stakes, liberty and life; and those of us too cautious for personal piracy like to read about it in "Treasure Island."

The greatest plays are tragedies and end in death, for death is the greatest of all dangers.

From the gentle old lady who "loves her murders" in the morning newspaper, to the sophisticated theatregoer who is best pleased when the curtain falls on plenty of gore, we are all human.

You have observed a curious thing: When this nation was about to enter the late war the country was consumed with enthusiasm, there was entire unanimity of spirit; our two million young men sailed blithely away and the rest of us cheered; but when the war was over and it came to making peace, immediately we fell apart and began quarreling: the Senate snarled; the soldiers complained; everybody seemed out of humor. As



one wit expressed it, the Americans said, "Now the war is over, let's go home and fight."

War, the first and greatest danger, appealed to us. Peace did not. Peace never did appeal to the human race. What it wants is Adventure. And so long as peace is merely a negation, the stoppage of war, it will be the subject of infinite dissension, even as war produces the greatest social cohesion.

Peace can never hope to have the popularity of war until it shall be made equally adventurous. The human race is eternally young. Youth will have its way. The young man does not want to be safe. He wants to take a chance. He wants to play the game. And war is the most smashing, horrible, and grandiose game ever invented. We must stop it, but we must find a substitute.

It is for this reason the American people do not take kindly to Socialism, or any other system which proposes to make a man secure in his employment. If you were to offer the thousand workmen in your factory a guarantee that each of them could hold his job for the rest of his life, with few exceptions they would reject your proposition. For no American expects to stay in his present position. He is going to advance. Every laborer feels he is a possible manager, owner, millionaire.

One reason why America has been so free from the atmosphere of militarism is that the ways

of opportunity are all open. The soul has not been denied the danger-food it craves. When social conditions are fixed, as they are in the old world, and men are held down in the ruts of class, by and by there is an explosion. As a Western friend of mine expressed it, "Everybody just naturally wants to bust loose once in a while."

Peace cannot hope to cope with war until it also supplies opportunities for the people to "bust loose."

#### *IV. Goodness*

Goodness is far and away the most interesting theme in the world. It is as much higher and surer in its appeal than danger as the ambition of man is above the appetite of the tiger.

And yet it is curious that the literature of goodness is the most amateurish, commonplace, and boresome of all printed matter. The reason for this is that goodness is the latest product of evolution, it is the most supreme appeal, and, consequently, it is the most difficult and delicate to express.

Another reason is that those who write on moral themes generally assume that their laudable purpose should be an excuse for poor craftsmanship. Preaching, as Ruskin observed, appears to be the only business where any kind of inefficiency is accepted because "he is such a good man." The result is that Sunday-school books, sermons,

religious literature generally, are, as literature, second-class, and worse.

This will not always be the case. The novel of the future will be the romance of spiritual heroism. The play of the future will approximate more and more the type of the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." The editorial of the future will constantly dip more into the moral and spiritual motives. The politics of the future will increasingly emphasize the issues of conscience.

There have been two masterpieces of the literature of goodness. One is the New Testament, "the story that transformed the world." The other is "Les Miserables." There were over a thousand years between them. It may be a thousand years till the next.

In our own day after wallowing in the materialities of war, in the slough of hates and brutalities of war, we have witnessed the rebound of humanity to a point of idealism never before reached in statecraft. For the first time in history a peace tribunal struggles to take Humanity into account, and not merely the selfish rivalries of nations.

America entered into the late war, and takes part in the present World Council, very much as Sir Galahad. She seeks the Holy Grail. She is the champion of idealism. She has taken a perilous flight into the empyrean of a new politic, and

dared to appeal to motives which heretofore had been despised by statesmen and emphasized only in pulpits. Thus she is like that noble and puissant nation which John Milton saw in his mind's eye, "mewing her mighty youth as an eagle, and kindling her undazzled eye at the full midday beam . . . while all the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds . . . flutter about, amazed at what she means."

For the League of Nations is the latest struggle of the collective human spirit to rid itself of the heritage of the beast; it is evolving man rising from the slime of the river bed; it is the butterfly shaking itself loose from the chrysalis.

It is humanity endeavoring to express its supreme motive, to grasp its paramount interest, which is goodness.

For goodness is the vast adventure. It alone finds those heroic sacrifices, and dares those appalling dangers, which the strong soul of man craves. It can bemuse the imagination and carry us to altitudes of self-escape that no other passion can give. It is not the cold and empty negation of evil, it is a divine fury.

It operates upon the other three motives as an Ithuriel's wand and changes them into entities of ethereal beauty.

Love it changes from lust to loyalty, from a brute craving to a divine dynamic, from a temporary gratification to an eternal principle.

## SEVEN GOOD THINGS COMING OUT OF THE WAR

If you think war is entirely evil, you are wrong. Because anything out of which good comes cannot be judged *apart from this ultimate good*. You cannot estimate the worth of anything without reckoning the by-products of that thing. And I am going to give in this article what seem to me the spiritual by-products of this war.

The crucifixion of Jesus, the poisoning of Socrates, the assassination of Lincoln, seemed to be unqualifiedly evil. Yet out of them came tremendous spiritual potencies for good. And from this war today are coming beautiful and wonderful reactions which are changing, for the better, the soul of the nation.

### *Thrift*

The most evident good thing the war has brought out in us is Thrift. John Muir said that the first Liberty Loan was the birth of American thrift.

As a people, we have been notoriously profligate

gate. We have produced more wealth in one century than Europe has in ten. But we have flung it out of the window with both hands.

When men were piling up dizzy fortunes in a few years, what had we to do with savings? Unbounded opportunity bred recklessness. Housewives wasted, traveling salesmen lived like princes, merchants plunged, college boys reveled in luxury, politicians squandered, the pork-barrel overflowed, and the national bird seemed to be an Eva Tanguay, screaming to the four winds, "I don't care!"

Then we were suddenly confronted with Danger. Danger is the best teacher in the world. It can teach a boy to swim. It can make a man out of a careless youth in a day. It can transform a timid woman into a raging lion. It is the test of human mettle. It is the developer of souls.

Danger has made the American people thrifty overnight. We have subscribed for Liberty Loans of staggering size. Yet the amount of deposits in the savings-banks has not decreased. What all our preaching and warning could not do, Danger has done.

And the result will be twofold. It will not only make the people thrifty, but it will show Big Business that it is better to sell stock in lumps of \$100 than in lumps of \$10,000; baby bonds are better, both for buyer and for seller, than big bonds.

The director of a New York railroad once complained to me of what seemed to him a particularly oppressive piece of legislation. He held it was unfair to the railways. "Why is it?" he said. "Are we not public servants? Aren't we doing good and useful work for the people? Yet every time they get a chance their legislators take a crack at us."

"I will tell you why," I answered. "It's because you have no vision. When you want fifty million dollars to build new lines or to buy locomotives you go down to Wall Street, pay a fat commission, and get your money from wealthy gentlemen in sums from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. The result is that when railroad matters come up in the legislature the only people who are directly interested are these wealthy gentlemen. And there are not enough of them."

"Now, instead, suppose you sold your securities out of the ticket-window in every station of your line, in one hundred or even in ten dollar amounts, directly to the people. If your stocks and bonds were held by thousands of persons all over the state, by the legislators themselves, and the people who elect them, then, when your railroad interests were brought up in the law-making body, it would be 'Our Road,' not 'Their Road.' They would all have an interest in its prosperity."

The small folks have the money, too. There

is no money in Wall Street; only pieces of paper representing money. Rich men's money is out at work—in the hands of the day laborers, mechanics, section-hands, small tradespeople, and servants. It is these people who ought to be investing in Big Business. For the financial problem of this country is not what to do with a thousand dollars, but what to do with a hundred.

And this time of stress has shown us the way. When the United States Government is not above soliciting the Little People for their quarters for War Stamps, and their fifty dollars for War Bonds, Big Business will learn its lesson. It is learning it. On my desk lies a circular of one of the soundest and largest manufacturing concerns of the country, offering its securities, in small lots, to its employees and to the people generally. This points the way to the true Democratization of Wealth. It will do much to unify the interests of Capital and Labor. It will help to disarm the Demagogue and to humanize the Magnate.

### *Discipline*

This war is bringing to all of us the inestimable blessing of Discipline.

*Discipline is doing what you don't want to do.*

It is resisting a lower desire in order to indulge a higher.

It is putting away the tempting Mess of Pottage so as not to lose the Inheritance.



It is the Setting-Up Exercise of the soul.

And there are more people right now in the United States doing what they don't want to do than ever before. It is putting iron into the national blood. It means health and dynamic force.

There are a million or so of young men in the cantonments who were just at that age where discipline is most needed, and most hated. Soldiering was not an American profession. These boys have not chosen military life as a promising career, but as an unpleasant necessity.

There are artists, authors, bookkeepers, musicians, salesmen, lawyers, and the like, in the camps, working as day laborers. There are college men and rich men's sons handling the pick and currying mules. Did they choose to do this because they liked it? They did not. But they are doing it, anyhow. And singing the while.

Twelve hundred colored drafted men went down one winter night to Camp Upton. They arrived in the dark about eleven o'clock. It was raining and freezing. Many of the men were without overcoats. And they were soft, having been waiters, clerks, and in other indoor occupations. They arrived at the camp soaked to the skin, tired and hungry. Were they cursing and grumbling? No. They came in singing:

"Good-by, Lenox Avenue; Hello, Berlin!"  
And their melodious negro voices rang out in cheerful defiance to the angry night, to the hard

life before them, and to the possible death that awaited them! That's the stuff that is in Americans—and it is *war* that is bringing it out.'

I went to one of the camps to see a young artist friend of mine. When I asked an officer if Mr. Van was there, he took up a megaphone and yelled, "Van! Van! Van!" and presently I saw crawl out from the kitchen tent as dirty and greasy a looking person as ever did scullion duty. It was Van! In civil life he had been very careful in his dress; he had worn neckties and socks that matched; and all that. He came up to me grinning. He said that he had been detailed that day to clean up the kitchen. I asked him how he liked it. He said, not very well at first, but when you got into the life *it was great*.

Do you suppose this young artist, just in the early flush of success, making seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week, would have chosen a career that included scullery and such tasks, at thirty dollars a month, knowing that after it was all over he would have to go back and take up his broken career again? But he did it. And was doing it gladly.

That is Discipline, the sacrifice of personal aims for some Great Duty. And when the war is over and these thousands of young men return to work, and all this disciplined enthusiasm, this chastened power, is poured into our civil life, it is going to be the greatest tonic America ever had. It

will put health into the soul of this country.

And not only the soldiers themselves but the rest of us are doing what we don't like to do. There are the Mothers. Do you suppose a mother wants to bring up her boy, work and pray over him, love and nurture him, agonize and sacrifice for him, just to have him, in the rose time of his young manhood, die in the trenches? She surely did not "raise her boy to be a soldier," but she's letting him go, just the same—and smiling about it, too! A million mothers in America are getting to a higher spiritual plane, are being enriched with a nobler life, because of the Great Sacrifice.

And Dad, the all-too-neglected Old Man, what of him? When he worked twenty-five years just to give his boy a better chance than he himself had, when he had sent him through college, and had the business all in shape for the boy to enter, did he like it when suddenly called upon to set all these hopes aside? He did not. But he's doing it. And looking pleasant! He's even throwing out his chest and bragging, at the club.

That's discipline. And out of discipline comes nobility.

What is true of the Soldier Boys and their parents, and of this and that individual or group, is true of the nation as a whole. America will come out of this struggle not the same nation she went in. We shall have had our baptism of fire. As we emerged from the Revolution with a real-

ization of Liberty, and from the Rebellion with a realization of Union, so shall we emerge from this trial with a realization of Duty and Humanity. We shall be a saner and a more adult nation, purged of extravagance, more expert in the organization of democracy. We shall not only make the world safe for democracy, but we shall make democracy safe for the world.

### *The Death of Alcohol*

And this war is hurrying the death of Alcohol.

The conscience of the country has long protested against the use of alcohol as a beverage. At first the campaign against it was of the pledge-signing type, of the days of John B. Gough and T. S. Arthur. And so it went on, gradually growing in its character, until finally science joined in the campaign against the common enemy. Life-insurance companies, physical culturists, and the medical profession took up the fight. But still the wave of progress hesitated.

Then came the great Danger! The war brought home to us with stunning effect the need of the conservation of manhood. We saw that we could not afford, for any matter of ease or self-indulgence, to trifle with what meant life or death to a nation's efficiency.

Already one nation of the world has reached the moral adulthood where its soldiers and sailors

are safeguarded from Alcohol, an enemy worse than a hostile cannon. And war, which seems to be entirely evil, is actually doing more to save the coming generations of Americans than anything else had accomplished.

### *The Spirit of Unity*

There is a greater spirit of Unity in this country today than at any other period in its history. Men's hearts are fused as never before. There is no North, no South. Our people are One, in a new and exalted sense.

Capital and Labor are laying aside their ancient, and for the most part artificial, hostilities. Men of Big Business have hurried to the Nation's service. Samuel Gompers, speaking for the laborers, has given unqualified support. High and low, rich and poor, are responding to the country's call. The millionaire's son and the janitor's boy keep step side by side in the ranks.

Under the shadow of Danger, democracy is realizing itself. The college graduate and the cowpuncher share the same blanket, eat of the same stew, and side by side offer their breasts to the same bullets.

Rich man and poor, learned and ignorant, will come back from this war with a truer understanding of each other. Unreal and unwholesome distinctions will find no place amongst us. The walls

between the classes will be leveled. Caste shall disappear, even the marks of it, beaten out upon the anvil of war, melted in the blast of the Common Danger.

### *Religion—the Common Good*

And we shall emerge from this war a more religious people.

For the gist of what is good in religion is a sense of the Common Good. It is a realization that there is something greater, higher, more authoritative in my life than my individual welfare. And that little life takes on dignity, nobleness, and divinity only when it is consecrated to the Common Good.

The soldier boys are coming back with a knowledge of what a Great Cause means, with a feeling of the worth-whileness of great principles, and with that spiritual adjustment which makes men heroes.

The Common Good! It has sprung suddenly into miraculous dominance. It has silenced the voice of partisanship. It has turned the idle woman of society into an earnest laborer. It has descended upon the striking labor union with a sobering sense of responsibility. It has brought to the capitalist a sense of his stewardship. It has stuffed the coffers of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. It has taken over the railroads.

It has plucked the first-born from families and sent them to camp and battle, with no draft riots nor considerable opposition. It has made housewives skimp and save. It has made offices cold and theatres dark one day in the week. It has touched us all, with its Ithuriel wand, and we have risen up, no more quarreling competitors, but knightly companions in the service of the Common Good.

### *Ideals*

This war is bringing to clearer light the necessity of Ideals. For, after all, it is a war of Ideals, and that side whose Ideals are truer, sounder, and more in line with eternal truth will conquer. In the end Truth always is victorious—"the eternal years of God are hers."

For it is not true, what that chief scoundrel and cad of Europe, Frederick the Great, said—that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Rather He is on the side of the truest Ideals.

Ideals are all we are fighting for in this war. We want no territory, no indemnity, no military glory, no prestige, no vengeance. All we want is Justice. We mean that peace, law, and order shall be established in the ends of the earth.

That is the reason we are preparing so thoroughly. We are raising armies and building navies, not for this war alone but for all time

if necessary. We shall not quit nor sign a peace treaty until our Ideals are realized.

### *Humanity*

This is the first war in history where Humanity, the world as a whole, has been sensed. The very greatness of the German threat has roused the world to an appreciation of the oneness of its interests.

In a world governed by separate nations, each rivaling the other in armament, war comes naturally; just as it would come in the United States between New York and Pennsylvania, if there were no central government. And just as the United States Government keeps war out of the states, so only a World Government, of some kind, will keep war out of the world.

This war is moving us rapidly toward that very goal. Never before were so many nations allied in a single purpose. When the Union composed of Great Britain, France, Italy, Portugal, Japan, China and the United States wins this struggle, the world will find itself already almost a United States of the World. When the representatives of these nations meet in council to arrange the treaty of peace, it will be not far from the Parliament of Man.

This is what, at bottom, we are all fighting for. President Wilson has declared over and



over again that somehow there must come as a result of this conflict an agreement among nations that shall forever preclude such an outburst of lawless savagery as Prussian Militarism has made. The same sentiment has been expressed repeatedly by British and French statesmen. Even the German Chancellor has stated that such a consummation is to be wished, although he considers it impossible of realization.

This, to my mind, is the most tremendous gain that shall come from this war. We are realizing the solidarity of humanity. We are developing the Human Nerve. We are coming to World Consciousness. Never more can any nation live unto itself.

Out of this great war we shall come, realizing at last the truth of that saying of Elihu Burritt: "Above all nations is humanity."

## WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

We have heard a deal about Democracy of late. According to President Wilson, the war was fought "to make the world safe for Democracy," a statement that has been pretty generally accepted. And surely if the world has spent some two hundred billion dollars and slaughtered some ten million people for a thing, we ought to know what the thing is.

Some of us are like Governor Yates, War Governor of Illinois at the outbreak of the rebellion. His wife said to him one day:

"Richard, what is Democracy? You are always making speeches about it. What is it, anyway?"

"Why," he replied, "don't you know what Democracy is?"

"Well, I have a sort of an idea. But just exactly what is it?"

"Why, anybody knows what it is. Democracy is—that is a um—ha—— Why, confound it, madam, Democracy is Democracy!"

Let us see if we cannot answer Mrs. Yates's question a little more satisfactorily.

Let us define Democracy.

Democracy is a Force, of Feeling and Opinion, working within humanity, impelling the people of a given neighborhood to get what they want, that is, what the majority of them want, by means of organization, and to make this secure by laws which are just and equal.

The excellence of a definition consists in telling what it is not. To define an idea is to build a fence around it that will keep out every other idea. In this definition-fence of ours we will use ten planks.

### *The First Plank*

Democracy is a Force. That is to say, we cannot tell its essence, but only the way it works. "Thou hearest the sound thereof but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." It is like Gravitation, Electricity, Love or Conscience. Nobody knows what these strange powers are, yet they are the most undeniable things in the world, and we use them every day.

Democracy is therefore not Socialism, Bolshevism or any other ism. It is a Cracy, which means it is a power. (Cracy comes from a Greek word signifying strength.) Socialism is an Ism, which is to say it is a system or plan or scheme.

Socialism may be good. It proclaims desirable aims. Its end in view is a perfect government.

Democracy is not so definite. As Mr. Dooley expressed it, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Because Democracy is a principle of growth. It is like the push in an acorn that impels it to become an oak. It is like the life-force in an egg that makes it become a chicken.

Socialism, or any other theory, may be a wonderful and beautiful house, but it is a house, made by hands. Democracy is a tree, made by Nature, not by carpenters.

Democracy is not a scheme of voting, or of choosing rulers. Governors and laws have very little to do with a people's destiny. It is the kind of force that is in them that counts, their principles, convictions, ideals, opinions, and passions. Ruling is second-class business. Presidents, kings, and legislatures merely deal with surface phases, they are masters of opportunism, and are occupied principally in making mistakes.

Democracy is a deep instinct, and instinct makes no mistakes. It means liberty, because it means taking off all the artificial shackles of humanity, so that it can grow. That is why Democracy cannot thrive under Absolutism, or Caste, or Socialism, or any other rule whereby natural development is cramped.

### *The Second Plank*

Democracy is a force of Opinion.

You must believe or you can't be a democrat. You must accept its creed or you don't belong. What is it you must believe?

You must believe in The People; that they can be trusted, in the long run, to do what is best. This was most happily expressed by the greatest democrat America ever produced, Abraham Lincoln. He said: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

The world has never yet got up to this creed. We have never wholly trusted the people. Government has everlastingly been busy at devising checks lest the people smash things.

Our esteemed forefathers, when they founded this republic, straightway set about making plans to protect it from the people.

They created the Electoral College, for instance, thinking it would never do for the whole population to vote directly for President, but that they had better select wise and superior men from each state, and let these selected ones assemble and choose a ruler. As we all know, this clever arrangement was speedily nullified in practice. The people do really vote for the man they want and the Electoral College has become a rubber stamp.

Another check was the Senate, which is simply the House of Lords idea, taken over from Eng-

land. We had no more use for a Senate in the United States than a horse has for two tails. We had no superior class here for it to represent, as they have in England. So the people finally nullified that also, and elect the Senators now by direct popular vote, so that the Senate is merely another section of the House of Representatives. We have kept the form, because we fear change. Also every state and almost every city thinks it must have Two Houses, for which there is really little reason except the force of tradition.

That we are slow to believe is also shown by the fact that it took us a hundred years to grant to women their plain and unquestionable right to be citizens. Somehow we feared that our sacred institutions would be imperiled and the foundations of society shaken unless we kept half of the human beings among us in serfdom!

Likewise we show our imperfect faith in democracy in our treatment of children. We send them to schools which are little autocracies, ruled over by teachers who are imitation Kaisers and Von Hindenburgs, to train them for democracy! We say they must first of all be taught to obey, must have discipline and all that. We forget that there is something far more important; that is, that they learn how to govern themselves. It is infinitely more vital that they learn how to organize, how to master themselves, how to have team-play, and how to be free yet orderly and

co-operative, than that they learn how to bound Kamchatka or work the Binomial Theorem.

And our unfaith in democracy is shown in Art. Artists still go on painting pictures to hang in endowed museums, which nobody visits, and carving gay female figures and stone lions to set up in the oil-king's gardens, and otherwise playing valet to the privileged, while our cities are hideous in their jumbled architecture and every village is a blot on the landscape. We shall never arrive at democracy in Art until we believe that the people love beauty and need beauty as they need food, that a poor man's house costing \$1,000 can be made as artistic as a rich man's palace costing \$1,000,000, and that carpets, lamps, tables, chairs and bedsteads in the homes of the common people should be and can be beautiful and tasteful, and not the wretched, hideous things they are.

This is absurd? You don't believe it? The people wouldn't appreciate it? It's impracticable? Precisely! That is what I am trying to say. You don't believe in the people. You don't in your heart believe in democracy. That is what is the matter with you.

And "he that believeth not shall be . . ." well, anyhow, he is a long way off from Democracy.

You simply have got to get rid of all this inherited class nonsense, and to believe in the people.

While there are and always will be differences in ability and talent, there ought to be no difference in opportunity. The great thing is Humanity, not some select stock. Your great statesman is quite likely to be a rail-splitter from Illinois. Your great literary genius may be a common actor from Stratford-on-Avon. Your cultured, learned women, proficient in science, language and sociology, may be a Helen Keller, blind, deaf and dumb, from a poor family in Alabama. Neither kings' houses nor universities, nor first families can guarantee such products.

In Humanity the Preferred Stock is the Common Stock.

### *The Third Plank*

Democracy is a force of Feeling. Mazzini said that some day a man would arise to whom Democracy is a religion.

Not such a man, but such a nation of men, has arisen.

Democracy means an enthusiasm for the Common Good. And never before in history, and nowhere else as in America, has this sentiment been so strong.

This sense of the Common Good recently engineered a selective draft without disturbance or considerable protest, got troops 3,000 miles across the water who fought as well as autocracy's



trained minions, raised over \$20,000,000, abolished alcohol, and otherwise rose to amazing heights of self-denial and unified purpose.

And this same sense of the Common Good will yet pilot us through all our unrest, and labor troubles, industrial problems, whether of railroad management, profiteering, treaty-making or what not. It is this feeling that is our hope and our assurance.

### *The Fourth Plank*

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling working within humanity.

That is, it is an inner force, working out; not an outward force, moulding and regulating.

Botanically speaking, Democracy is an exogen, as an apple-tree, not an endogen, as a mushroom.

No king or nobility or other person or class can give a government which is best for the people, simply because nobody can give you what is best for you, for that which is best for you is what you work out for yourself. A benevolent monarch can give his subjects everything except the one thing needful—responsibility.

The most precious, God-given privilege of a man is his right to make his own mistakes, to stub his own toes, and burn his own fingers. Only so he learns and grows.

The saying that the worst king is a good king

is true, because he keeps the people from the consequences of their own folly. If you cannot get a chance to know how big a fool you are, you can never possibly learn wisdom.

So a state governed by a most wise philosopher, or by a perfect system, let us say Socialism, would not develop. Inhibited from making their own mistakes the people would degenerate, lean more and more upon their masters, and at last become a prey to the ambitious villain, "the man on horse-back"; or the crafty political boss, who is always sure to come along.

Danger is what makes people become strong and self-reliant, not safety. "Safety First" is no rule of Democracy.

Democracy is always sailing an "uncharted sea."

### *The Fifth Plank*

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling, working within humanity, and impelling the people of a given neighborhood.

It is a neighborhood affair.

That is to say, it has to do with all the human creatures in any territory, without regard to Class.

It is diametrically opposed to Class, any kind of Class, whether of race, color, opinion, religion, education or anything else. It must positively include every human unit.

Every group which is exclusive, which demands any other qualification of its members than that they be Human Beings, contains within itself a seed hostile to Democracy.

The Church, formed of people who accept certain theological views, or conform to certain standards of morality and conduct; the Labor Union, composed of those engaged in certain occupations; a Social Club, making certain requirements of reputation, possessions or relationship; a Political Party, which is an organization of those holding certain views of government; all may be good for some things, but they are not Democracy. And eventually they all threaten democratic institutions if they become powerful enough.

The whole Class business, in whatever form, and under whatever specious plea, is Democracy's arch-enemy. A rule by the Proletariat Class would be just as bad as a rule by the Capitalist Class.

When the Bolsheviks got control in Russia they showed themselves to be as bloody and tyrannical as the Czar and his bureaucrats. That is because Bolshevism and Czarism are precisely the same thing. They are made out of the same material—Class.

A copper cent may be heads on one side and tails on the other, but it's all copper.

Class feeling is strong in us, through centuries of training. Democracy, the sense of the Com-

mon Good, the nerve of Humanity, is still weak in us. It is too new.

Jesus was the First Democrat. He first put all human beings in one Class. But his ideas have only been at work two thousand years, which is a short time in world-growth. It will take us at least 500 years more to climb up to where we can realize what he meant. Chesterton was right; the world has not discarded Christianity; it has never tried it. No nation, as B. Franklin said, has ever been formed on a basis of love. Nor of absolute equal opportunity.

For, literally speaking, there can be no absolutely equal opportunity until we abolish Inheritance, and we are a long way from that, even with our increasing inheritance taxes.

### *The Sixth Plank*

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling, working within humanity, and impelling the people of a given neighborhood to get what the people want.

This is the gist of the matter. This is the most necessary plank in our fence. Note it well.

The object of Democracy is not to secure the best possible government. It is to secure the kind of government the people want and educate them to want a better and better kind.

We shall never have perfect government until

we get to heaven, and we are in no hurry to get there.

Mayor Mitchel was highly praised by most of the New York newspapers. Mr. Roosevelt said he was the best mayor New York ever had. Yet when he came up for re-election, the people chose Mr. Hylan of Brooklyn, a comparatively unknown man. There is just one reason why the people got Mr. Hylan. They wanted him. What they wanted with him is another matter, also why they wanted him.

Theodore Roosevelt probably had a more devoted personal following than any American. Yet when he ran for President the people chose a school-teacher from New Jersey. For just one reason. They wanted Mr. Wilson. And they got him. Why, as stated above, has nothing to do with my point.

When the Civil War was brewing the people had some very fine presidential timber in the cultured East. One of several statesmen, college graduates, scholars and diplomats, whose portraits you can see in the files of Harper's Weekly of that time, posing majestically in Prince Albert coats, might have been chosen as our national leader. The people, however, went out to Sangamon County, Illinois, where the mud is deep, and picked as their chief about the most unprepossessing man in the country, awkward, lanky and utterly unaristocratic. There was just one reason

why the people chose Abraham Lincoln. They wanted him. And they are not such poor pickers, after all.

Now, as I have already indicated, it is vastly more vital for people to get what they want than to get what is best for them. Because the aim of destiny is not that the people be made safe, nor that they grow rich, nor that they have peace. Not at all. It is, that they learn and develop.

And the only way anybody learns and grows is by making his own mistakes. It is said of the British that they muddle through. They do. But they muddle—through. That is, when they make mistakes, they go on, for they know how to make mistakes. They are making them all the time.

Germany might have won the war in three months, but she only knew how to succeed; she didn't know what to do when she made a mistake. There is such a thing as being too efficient.

Nothing requires more constant practice than mistake-making. America is at it constantly, and so knows how. Russia had had no practice; the Czar and others had always made their mistakes for them; consequently, when the people got their chance to make a mistake, they made a whopper.

Democracy, said Elihu Root, is always in danger. Of course it is. Democracy is the science of danger. It is the art of being in danger. It is the original George W. Danger, of Dangerfield.

## *The Seventh Plank*

Democracy means that the Majority of the people get what they want.

Of course, whatever we get, somebody is displeased. To expect to get what everybody wants is absurd. And the minority is always vociferous amongst us.

The Socialists say they don't get what they want, and the Single-Taxers, and the Saloon-Keepers, and the A. P. A., and the Pacifists and the Wall Street gentlemen, and the Labor Unions, and the rest.

But the outstanding fact remains that you can get anything you want in this Democracy. Anything. Bolshevism, Communism, Monarchy, anything.

All you have to do is to get votes enough. So go to it!

The Prohibitionists got their way finally. They simply secured a majority of the legislators. Go thou and do likewise if you have anything particular on your chest.

It is ridiculous to say any Minority, however well organized, runs this country. They may for a while. But their end comes.

A Democracy gets what the people want. Not every Saturday night, of course, but in the long run.

So you need not be afraid of the well-known

Capitalists, nor of the rambunctious Labor Unions, nor of any other ambitious phalanx that threatens. Just repeat to yourself, as you go to sleep, that saying of Lincoln's: "But you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

### *The Eighth Plank*

**Democracy means Organization.**

A mob is not, cannot be a democracy, for the simple reason that a mob never gets what it wants. It gets what a few clever or strong leaders want. Hence it is temporary. Democracy is permanent. After the mob there is a reaction into a worse tyranny. To democracy there is no considerable reaction; it is a continuous development. It flows on, as the waters flow toward the sea.

The United States is not a Town Meeting. It gets what it wants through legislatures and duly elected officials. It functions in a republican form of government. Its power is exerted, not directly, but through representatives.

Without organization there can be no democracy. After the mob comes the tyrant. After the democratic organization comes liberty, only then.

All the present organizations are first steps in democracy. Democracy is practising. In the Labor Union, the Church, the Lodge, the Political Party, and all other Associations, even in Trusts,



the People are learning how to get together so as to get what they want.

And it is a long, hard lesson. Don't be in a hurry. It has taken us many thousand years to get to where we are, and we are not going to reach perfection in a minute.

Co-operation, Brotherhood, Each for all and all for Each—why, that is the Plan of Destiny, that is the Oak which this present Acorn means, that is the Mind of God, and you cannot expect to reach it by any trick or sudden spurt, any more than a fifteen-year-old boy can become a mature man over night, no matter how badly he longs to.

### *The Ninth Plank*

Democracy makes its gains secure by general laws. It understands that without law there can be no liberty.

Progress is not created by law; it is fastened by law. Law comes after public opinion, not before. When the feeling and intelligence of the people have made an advance, law makes that advance secure.

Law does not push civilization forward; it keeps civilization from slipping back.

The will of the majority can function only in written laws, which apply to everybody in the State. It takes time to make them; it takes time

to repeal them. Thus no minority can seize and hold the rule and impose its will, at least for a very long period of time.

Only the written law, respect for it and obedience to it, can be an effectual bulwark against the tyrant and the demagogue.

Only the ignorant hate law; and look upon it as an enemy, an agency of oppression, a bar to progress. The intelligent know that, however this may seem so at times, law in reality is the ratchet-wheel of liberty and progress. Without law it would not take us long to lose all that democracy has gained through generations of fighting. We should relapse into barbarism, or monarchy, which is a step removed.

### *The Tenth Plank*

These laws must be just.

That is, they must apply equally to every human being in the territory. Democracy does not claim for all persons equal pay, equal intelligence, equal happiness, nor equal social position; all those things are subject to the infinite inequalities of Nature. But it does claim equal justice. Every man must not be considered rich and good, but every man must be allowed his day in court.

Altruism, charity, kindness and unselfishness—upon these duties which have always been preached as an accompaniment to monarchy, hereditary privilege and tyranny, Democracy is strangely silent.

Because all these are functionings of Love. And to democracy, love is not a side-show; it is the big tent.

Love is not something you may put on, and ought to put on, but need not if you do not choose; love is inherent in the very nature of the state.

Justice—that is God's love. Charity and almsgiving—that is man's.

Under a perfect democracy all endowed Schools, Hospitals, and other Benevolent Foundations will disappear. For at bottom they all are some sort of unjust Privilege trying to square itself with Conscience, as the robber barons of old built chapels and monasteries.

Democracy will manage its own schools, hospitals and the like, not from benevolence, but by intelligent self-interest, because they are needed by the whole people, and will support them by general taxation.

For democracy goes back to God.

The heart of the universe is democratic.

It is the purpose of the Ruler of this Universe that every born soul shall have its chance, "even unto this last"; that the State shall play fair to every one of "the least of these, my brethren"; that men shall not cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," nor "heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly."

God is not on the side of the strongest battal-

ions. Go on; organize your irresistible armies and your proud fleets, your Capitalistic combinations and your Proletariat tyrannies. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall hold them in derision."

For you don't understand the kind of a God He is. He is not a celestial satrap, a proud Tsar with His favorites, a Kaiser with an iron ambition. Fools! He is "Servant of All!" That is His name. He is the Giver of that mysterious law: "The meek shall inherit the earth." He is the Omnipotent Shepherd who "shall gather the lambs in His bosom and tenderly lead them that are with young."

Democracy is no less than the Will of God operative in the State through natural laws. No man devised, no man can undo it. For the stars in their courses propel it.

You cannot make it by craft, any more than you can legislate the precession of the equinoxes. Storming soldiery cannot batter it down, cunning politicians cannot set it up.

It is like a majestic ship that sails on through the storm, pushed forward by her own engines.

And thank God it is our Ship. With pardonable pride and joy we cry:

"Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with Thee!"

So then this is the fence we have built up around our idea. This is our definition of democracy.

Democracy is (1) a force (2) of feeling (3) and opinion, (4) working within humanity, (5) and impelling the people of a given neighborhood (6) to get what they want, (7) that is, what the majority of them want, (8) by means of organization, (9) and to make this secure by laws (10) which are just and equal.

## THE RELIGION OF AN EVERY-DAY MAN

The Every-Day Businessman has a religion. It may not be like those we know or read about. But, such as it is, it is *his* religion. It holds him and moulds him. And he practises it with as much consistency as we can expect from ordinary human nature.

Let us see if we can understand it.

The Every-Day Businessman is not hostile to the church. He favors it. He contributes to its support. He regards it as a distinct business and social asset to his town. He thinks the church is fine—for others.

As to the differing creeds of the churches he doesn't know what they are. When he reads them he doesn't understand them. When they are explained to him he doesn't see what difference it all makes. Why there are ten churches, mostly empty, in his town, and why they don't combine and have one prosperous organization, he doesn't know.

If he belongs to a church it is because his parents belonged, or he was caught early when all the other boys joined, or because his wife insists.

If he goes to church it is because he somehow feels that it is a good thing to do, that the church is in some way bound up with those moralities and decencies he believes in, that church people on the whole are the better class of folks, the kind he likes to have his wife and children associate with.

The distinctions between the churches he looks upon with tolerant indifference. They represent dividing lines of a former age, that mean nothing now. They are dead issues, to him.

They may be true enough, but what if they are? He can't use them. He can go along three hundred and sixty-five days and never have occasion to call on one of them. When he hires a man he never thinks of asking whether he is a Presbyterian or a Baptist and if he wants to marry a girl he would not conceive it to be of the slightest importance whether she were a Unitarian or a Swedenborgian.

From all this emerges a paradox: The Every-Day Businessman (1) cares a deal about the church, and (2) he does not care about it at all.

And the solution of this paradox is this:

That the points whereon churches agree are, to him, vital, needful, and usable. The points whereon they differ do not interest him.

If we can find, therefore, what every church believes in, what they all teach, we can find the re-

In other words, as the teachers would say: Find ligion of the Every-Day Businessman.

the Greatest Common Divisor of all the Churches.

Mark, we are not setting about to examine the claims of the various churches, to determine which is the true one; we are simply trying to ascertain where they overlap. The peculiar doctrines of Mary Baker Eddy may be right, or those of the Roman Catholic faith, or those of the evangelical or of the liberal denominations, or of the Jews; that we leave for doctors to argue. What we want to know is what common ground they occupy.

I. *Truth*: Every denomination teaches that it is right to tell the truth and wrong to lie.

This the Every-Day Businessman believes in, with all his heart. It is the foundation of business. It is the basis of credit. Everywhere men depend upon each other's word. They send cargoes across the seas, they ship billions of dollars' worth of merchandise by rail, they constantly risk both their fortunes and their lives upon the assurance that men will perform what they promise.

Perjurers are severely dealt with. Anyone who signs an agreement and who does not fulfill it gets into trouble with the law.

If you would see to what perfection confidence in one's word is carried, visit the Stock Exchange. There you will find the shrewdest, cleverest men in the world, many of them far from overscrupulous, transacting millions of dollars' worth of business by a nod or a sign or a spoken word, without putting pen to paper; and rare indeed are



the instances where they do not carry out every promise they make. They know that telling the truth is the cornerstone of their institution, at least as far as contracts are concerned, and the liar is swiftly and condignly punished.

The Every-Day Businessman knows that without Truth-telling there can be no "social contract," no civilization, no orderly government, no peace, no commerce, and human existence would revert to savagery.

He does not always tell the truth! Sometimes he falls. But I am not talking about what he does, but what he believes in. And he certainly believes that no man can go far who is not honest. He believes in honest goods at fair prices. He believes in honest advertising. The common spirit of Every-Day Businessmen detests fakers, charlatans, exaggerators, sneaks, cheaters, and confidence men.

II. *Law*: The Every-Day Businessman believes in law and order. He believes in it, even when he thinks it is unjust, for he holds that "the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it."

He does not want to do anything illegal. He wants to keep "within the law." He is averse to engaging in any deal that may be construed to be crooked.

He may join in a protest against existing laws, but he has no sympathy with law-breaking as a means of reform. He believes in a government by

a majority and not a government by nuisance.

He hates strikes that are accompanied by violence and the destruction of property. He wants his business so conducted that he will never get into trouble with state or national authorities. He desires so to live that he never need fear a policeman or the prosecuting attorney. Sometimes he breaks the law, but he never believes in breaking it.

III. *Justice*: The Every-Day Businessman believes in justice. He is for fair play. When he plays a game of cards, or of golf, or of stocks and bonds, he does not want to cheat. And if he knows anyone to be guilty of cheating he expels him from his club and drops him socially.

He believes in fair work, also. He wants his workmen to have fair wages, his customers to receive goods that are exactly what is claimed for them. He believes in making automobiles, sewing-machines, typewriters, books, wagons, and furniture of sound materials.

He wants a square deal for both capital and labor. Also for brains.

He is not much on charity, not so much as was the religion of past centuries, for he believes that if we could get justice it would be the best form of charity, and that often what is called benevolence is no more than the camouflage of those who have reaped profits from unjust conditions.

He believes that the war of the classes will never

be settled by one class overcoming the other, but by establishing justice for all.

He is opposed to any form of unearned privilege, because it is not just. He is doing his best to curb monopolies and "combinations in restraint of trade." Through his legislatures he is trying to prevent the big men from devouring the little. He is looking askance at inheritance and endowments, and the day is not far off when he will take them in hand.

All this does not mean that the Every-Day Businessman is a saint, that he is not selfish, greedy, often personally unjust and unscrupulous. He is. But often, too, church members are sinners. The point is he believes in absolute justice. If you want to advance any cause with him, you must appeal to his sense of justice. We are trying to get at the creed of the Every-Day Businessman, not at the practice of this or that individual.

IV. *Work*: He believes in work. One of his underlying principles is that he who will not work ought not to eat. He hates a loafer. He thinks the first duty of any human being is to take himself off other people's backs.

He views with distinct disapproval the aristocracy of Europe or the plutocracy of America.

While he wants to give his children every advantage, he wants them to learn to earn their own living. He detests parasites.

The charge made against him, that he is always

after the dollar, implying that his main motive in life is money, is unjust. It isn't money he loves, so much as work. He has a contempt for anybody who has nothing to do.

Even when he has succeeded, has "made his pile," has bought him a fine house and filled it with pussy-footed servants, and launched his wife and children into the sea of society and idleness, conceding this much to the pressure of old-world ideas, he can't stand it himself; but must go down daily to his office, lest when work, which is the core of his life, shall be taken away, he will die.

V. *Democracy*: Democracy is not, to him, a political somewhat; it is a religion. It points the way to that millennium he believes in, to the time when all states shall govern themselves, all rulers be responsible to the people, all babies "start at the scratch," all men and women be equal before the law, all men have an opportunity to labor and receive a just wage, all children be given proper schooling and training, and all unearned privilege everywhere be abolished.

That is his notion of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Every-Day Businessman does not take to Socialism nor to the professional labor agitator. Not that he does not believe in the principles of socialism, and think we are fast moving toward a socialistic state in very many ways; but because the average Socialist appeals to the class spirit.

He talks of the "economic war" and of the day when "labor" will revolt and rule "capital." This is not democracy. This is the same old class system we have now, only upside down, and forty times worse. If you want to see it in its glory look at Russia under the dictation of Lenine and Trotzky.

VI. *Mercy*: The Every-Day Businessman is extremely sensitive to pain. He avoids it himself, and it hurts him almost as much when he perceives it in others.

He cannot endure the maltreatment of animals, and makes laws and organizes societies to prevent it.

Any cruelty to children arouses his indignation. He is quick to respond to any plea for the sufferers from fire or earthquake. He gives liberally to famine funds.

In bygone ages men enjoyed gladiatorial games; our businessman makes laws against prize-fighting. Once the populace enjoyed bear-baiting; now we will not tolerate beating a mule. In London, in other days, all the ladies and gentlemen of society turned out to witness a poor, half-naked woman dragged at the tail of a cart, or a thief exposed in the pillory; now even hangings take place in the privacy of the jail-yard.

The Every-Day Businessman not only objects to, and by law prohibits, "cruel and unusual punishments," torture and the like, but his sentiment

is rising more and more against capital punishment. He does not believe that murder, even when it is legal, deters crime or benefits society. He is coming more and more to look upon the criminal as a diseased person, for whom healing is more needed than vengeance.

VII. *Monogamy.* The sex problem is as old as humanity. Its infinite variations and dangers have never been mastered. No one rule can apply to all cases. But every age has had some rule. And the Every-Day Businessman has his workable theory.

It is that the one best solution for the sex problem is monogamy. The loyal union of one man and one woman may not be a prevention for all the ills incident to passion, but it comes nearer it than anything devised to date.

His belief in loyal love is so dominant that it is found in most novels and short stories. Magazines of general circulation must conform to it, every church (with the possible exception of the Mormon) teaches it, and in almost every profession or walk of life it is a distinct disadvantage for a man or woman to be accused of promiscuity.

There are doubtless many who are far from living up to the ideal of monogamy, but there are mighty few who do not believe in it.

It is not provincialism that makes men stick to their own wives, and women to their own husbands; it is not narrowness and the bigotry of self-

righteousness that leads them to shut their doors against those who are varietists in love; it is not Pharisaism that induces father and mother to object to marrying their daughter to a roue or their son to a light-o'-love; it is more than that; it is religion; the Religion of the Every-Day Businessman—and his wife.

VIII. *Optimism.* The Every-Day Businessman believes in optimism. He is a booster. He hates a kicker. He will not read gloom-literature, he will not listen to gloom-apostles; no propaganda will enlist him if it proclaims that the country or the world is going to the dogs. He resolutely faces the light. He has an abiding faith that the world is growing better every day. He even believes that somehow out of this hideous war we will emerge a better world, purged of a lot of mediæval political, social, and economic nonsense, with a better sense of values, less snobbishness and caste, less race-hatred, a freer commerce, a more abiding peace, and a deeper devotion to the common good. Talk with any six average businessmen you know, and see if five of them do not believe this.

IX. *Science.* The Every-Day Businessman of today is the child of the age of science that prevailed yesterday. He has read the books of the scientists of the nineteenth century, and he went to school to teachers imbued with the scientific spirit. He has seen what wonders science has done

in invention, manufacture, transportation, education, and business management; how it has increased the safety and comfort of the race. And he believes it.

Never again can you enslave him in superstition. The days of hocus-pocus and abracadabra are over. The Every-Day Businessman "is from Missouri, and you've got to show him."

*X. God.* The Every-Day Businessman believes in God; that is, in some Person or Force above mankind that shapes destiny and is running the universe with an intelligent purpose.

He believes in God now more than he ever did. Since God is no longer tied up with some particular religious organization He has made great progress in the hearts of men. What has become of the old-fashioned infidel, for instance? He has ceased to exist, along with the dogmatic intolerance that created him. Intemperate atheism has subsided, with intemperate orthodoxy.

The Every-Day Businessman believes in the Great Spirit that rules us all and in the end has His way with us. He is reverent. He is conscious of his responsibility. And it keeps him honest in the dark.

He believes that death does not end all, but that in some way he shall live on, and that somewhere he shall give an account to his Judge for the deeds done in the body. And he believes that if he has done well here and preserved his integrity



it will go well with him hereafter, and that if in this earth he has been a cad, a coward, and an evil doer, it will go hard with him beyond.

He believes nothing much more definite than this. But he believes this. And it is something. For if all the various heavens and hells of the world, the creeds, visions, revelations and dogmas passing as a river over the human soul, have left but this beautiful silt, this deposit of mingled faith, humility and wonder, it has been worth while.

These ten articles of faith are not set forth here as a complete statement of the Greatest Common Divisor, but they show the kind of thing it is.

They show, too, that religion is not declining. The next time you hear one say it is, ask him what he means by religion. If such beliefs as these ten are meant when we speak of religion, then it is not passing. It is growing every day, sending its roots deeper into the human soul, waving its branches more gloriously in the sky of these times, dropping more and more of its life-giving fruit into the lap of the nation.

It is not some new invention. It has developed out of the past. It is the clean inheritance of history. It is the product of normal revolution. It is like the Norse tree Yggdrasill, whose roots are in the past, but whose top touches the golden sky of the future.

Religion is not dead—not this religion. It is

very much alive. It is vibrant, virile, and as militant and earnest as the faith of the crusaders. The Every-Day Businessman lives by it.

And he is ready to die for it. No faith is worthy of the name unless a man is ready to die for it. Unless a man "hate his father and mother, . . . yea, and his own life also" for its sake—that is to say, unless it is the biggest thing in his life, it is not a faith worthy to be compared with those faiths that made martyrs. Nobody is dying now for Lutheranism, Congregationalism, Calvinism or Winebrennerianism. Nobody is persecuting any denomination now, as they once persecuted Quakers and Huguenots; and when men cease persecuting a faith, it is because it doesn't matter.

But the Greatest Common Divisor matters. We sent two million men to die for it, if necessary, on the plains of France. For it was this that the Huns attacked. Prussianism assaulted the religion of the twentieth century, the common creed that civilization has been laboriously building up through the ages. It hurled its armies and sent forth its spies and plotters against the holy of holies of all good men's belief. It was not a drive at England and France; it was a thrust at that image of God that dwells in the soul of the world. It menaced not only our business, our property and our political institutions—that we might condone—but it threatened the religion of

the Every-Day Businessman, the sum and gist of all honest men's faith.

The religion of the Every-Day Businessman is here. It is laying its compelling hand on all men everywhere, black or white, rich or poor, in the church or out, spreading like the lump of leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, like the seed growing secretly. It is keeping millions of girls straight, and millions of boys strong and honest. It broods over innumerable homes. It stands, a silent partner, in the business house. It breathes upon the newspaper, the magazine, and the book. Farm and factory, railway and mine, bank and shop, feel its compelling presence.

This country is more religious than ever in its history. We have lost interest in the shibboleths of yesterday, with sectarian rivalries and doctrinal contentions, but we have more interest than ever in the root of the matter, in those ideals of honor, chivalry and truth that are "the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

## **GOD WITHIN**

If God is not within one's soul, He had as well not be at all. If God does not move within one's thoughts, as the wind moves among the trees, as the light dawns in the sky, and as the stars creep out one by one at evening, then God is but a fiction to quarrel over.

The fundamental virtue of virtues is courage. All moral lesion, all doubt and despair, is the result of cowardice. The man who feels he is divine will be the one who dares to say so. No man becomes noble, good, and great-souled until he lays down the law to himself that he is so. The most irreligious thing anyone can do is to permit himself to think he has no religion.

"I am divine, high, fine, Christ-like!" Let a man draw his sword and take his stand there and defy the devil. In the heart of this egoism lies deep humility. In the bosom of this boasting is the heart of nobleness.

The world is kept bad by saying it is bad, by fearing to claim goodness.

In a recent book is this: "Thou shalt no more separate the melody of the lyre from its cords and

its notes than thou shalt disjoin the creature from the Creator, the finite from the infinite that bears it, the attribute from the substance."

Let me think that even in my life quivers some echo of those sounds heard through the lattices in heaven.

## **THE TROUBLE WITH THE CHURCH IS ITS POOR LINE OF SAMPLES**

Did it ever occur to the learned gentlemen who write articles in reviews upon the Probable Cause of the Decay of the Church in These Times, and to the reverend gentlemen who gather in ministerial conventions and discuss the question, Why Congregations are Falling Off and the Church is Losing its Hold on the Masses, and to bishops, councils, presbyteries, and conferences, that the real difficulty lies in the Samples they produce?

The doctrines are very good, the talk is very interesting, the representations are all any one could ask, but when the agents of religion produce their line of Samples they are not satisfactory.

Laying aside all discussion of theory, of divine origin, and day of judgment, we find that people flock to a church, as a rule, when the persons in the church have something in their lives that persons out of the church want.

When you get down to the bed-rock of facts and human nature you discover that churches are subject to the law of supply and demand the same as dry-goods stores. If they produce what people

Want, the people come for it, and will have it, even if they have to go to the stake or the arena because of it.

It is "up to" the Church to manufacture some Samples with a higher, finer, richer, deeper, stronger, and more worth while Life than can be found elsewhere. Humanity is not interested in any *ology* or *ism*, in the glory of any sect or cult; men want Life, and invariably go where it is to be found.

## THE CRY OF HUMANITY

The cry of humanity, I have heard it, and my soul has been crushed as with an intolerable load.

It is a voiceless cry, piercing only the ear of the spirit.

What an intolerable burden is the burden of the world! Have you ever felt it, the feeling that somehow you were responsible for all the wrong and cruelty, and that it was your duty to remove the evil?

To be God, one would have to be capable of how great suffering!

The cry goes up continually from earth's hells, from the muttering workers, from dull, spoiled lives, from the wretched women who trade in low passions, from the sodden victims of alcohol, from stunted children, from desolate old age, from the army of failures, from the weak and wicked everywhere.

Bend and listen, all ye magnificent ones, for it wails out against you, as Abel's blood cried out from the earth.

All ye endowed, privileged, pampered and at ease, woe to you when you hear that cry!



## MORE DEMOCRACY

One of the fallacies of politics, often announced sententiously as an axiom, is that a nation should not have self-government "until the people are ready for it." It is the same sort of advice as to say that you must not get into the water before you learn to swim. Charles Eliot put it tersely: "The only training for freedom is freedom; the only school for self-government is self-government."

The business of government is not merely to preserve order and carry on public works; another and a vastly more important function it has, namely, to develop the character of the governed and of the governing. Emerson says the true test of government is the kind of men it produces.

Every system of autocracy has failed, viewed from this standpoint. To treat a people as children is to keep them children. As soon as our forefathers had established a republic in America they began to hedge against the ignorance of the people, as for instance by creating a useless Electoral College and by providing for the election of senators by legislatures, instead of by popular

vote. It will be a long time before we get rid of these and similar lingering elements of the fear of democracy.

The only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. There are dangers in popular government, but they heal themselves; the dangers of absolutism tend to grow worse and are only healed by revolution. It takes the same kind of faith to believe in the People that it takes to believe in God. And the results are similar.

## **THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THE ONE THE PEOPLE WANT**

The great beauty of a democratic government is that the people get what they want.

Sometimes they want what is not good for them; sometimes they are ignorant, foolish, panicky, or wilful; often they choose rulers who are wholly unfit; but they get what they want. If it is a bad thing they get, they learn in the best of all possible ways their error in judgment. The best way to teach a nation not to play the fool, just as with a boy, is to let it play the fool and take the consequences.

An ideal government, wise, perfect, pure, and utterly just, imposed upon a faulty, undeveloped people, does harm. A government ought to be as bad as the governed. For thus can a people see themselves, as in a mirror, and learn to improve.

So long as citizens get what they want, they are made to feel that most educative and developing force—Responsibility. As Responsibility makes a serious wife out of a flighty girl, and a strong, cautious man out of a fool boy, so it gives fibre and self-control, wisdom and prudence to a

whole nation. No book nor schoolmaster, no rule nor ideal, can give a youth the wisdom that he can get from the consequences of his own deeds.

The government of our country is just as good and as bad as the people; that, and not some Utopian scheme, is the Ideal Government. We want not a better government, but one still more popular and representative.

## DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY

The whole difference between the aristocratic and the democratic point of view is that the former distrusts human nature, fears and despises it, while the latter trusts it.

The essential democrat is one who believes that mankind is better than anything it has done.

I am a democrat (of course I use the word in no American partisan sense) because I believe that humanity is incurably good and progressively wise.

Men have always been better than their institutions. It was the natural goodness of the human heart that abolished the cruel and revolting doctrines of the theology of a former day. The People were better than the Church.

All the frauds and tyrannies of monarchs and nobles of former times were built upon the theory that the people did not know what was best for them, and that a ruling class was necessary. It is true that the people were ignorant, but the only way to make them wise was to put upon them the responsibility of self-government. The people, as a whole, never began to rise and excel until the advent of responsible governments.

All the privilege and established injustice in the

United States have come about from those measures taken in timid fear of the people.

"Politics is corrupt." We have always said that whenever public ownership of anything has been proposed. We are rapidly learning that "big business," or huge wealth managed by individuals, is not only as corrupt as politics, but is the very corrupter of politics.

The aristocrat is a seer of surfaces. He thinks it is the policeman on the corner that holds the street crowd in order. As a matter of fact, it is the innate decency and love of peace in the crowd itself. If that spirit were not there, the policeman would be swept away as a leaf before the storm.

He thinks it is kings and presidents that rule countries. In reality countries rule themselves, and throne-holders are but counters in the game.

He thinks it is legislatures and parliaments that make laws. But the truth is that laws are the secretion of the body politic; they are but lame expressions of national convictions and customs. The basic law is the common law, which is no more nor less than the codified habits of the nation.

This thing you call humanity is moving along by its own steam. Nobody is guiding it. Nobody is "moulding its destiny"—except it be God, which perhaps is but another name for the spirit of humanity.

You speak of the ignorance, fickleness, and mob

madness of the people. All true enough. The people have done some devilish deeds. But it is doubtful if they ever did them except under the galling of their ancient enemy—privilege.

The people, the great human race, grows by its own sap and force. It is like the Norse tree Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the past and whose fruits hang in the golden future.

## **STRIKES ARE THE BREAKDOWN OF GOVERNMENT**

The strike, attended by violence, is the breakdown of government.

It is the very essence of any government that it prevent private quarrels which endanger the public. Two angry men have a perfect right to fight, but law says they have no right to fight in the crowded street, where their bullets or brickbats may injure women and children. The policeman arrests them and forces them to adjudicate their misunderstanding in due process before a court.

When a street-railway company and its employees fall out, it is perfectly true that the latter have an inalienable right to quit work and to persuade others not to take their places, and that the former has the right to run its own business as it sees fit. But there is a higher right than these two; it is the right of the public to be properly served by tram cars and not to be put in danger by flying missiles.

Right at this point is where government should intervene. It should hale the disturbers of the peace before its tribunal and coerce them to settle



their dispute by law and equity and not by the methods of barbarism.

Government does this in Canada; if not perfectly, at least far better than we. They have in our neighbor country what is called the Lemieux act, under which employer and employed are compelled to arbitrate their differences, and are severely punished if they use violence before the board of administrators has rendered its verdict. During the five years which have elapsed since this measure went into effect ninety-three cases of disagreement out of one hundred and ten have been amicably settled.

The Erdman act in the United States is applicable only to a small portion of labor troubles. The National Civic Federation has done much good. But what is needed is a vigorous, efficient government.

Government has abdicated its function. It is honeycombed by the group spirit, as George B. Hugo says. It leaves combinations of capital on the one hand and of laborers on the other, to manage affairs. In our ignorant fear of paternalism we are like to return to savagery.

In every strike there is a third factor, the public, whose welfare should come first. A street railway does not exist for its owners, nor for its workmen; first of all it exists for the people.

Ordinarily I am a violent adherent to the cause of labor, but one thing I never could understand,

and that is why in the world the strikers always cry out against the presence of the police or the militia. I should think the laborers would be the first to demand every security for law and order. They certainly have nothing to hope for in chaos and riot, for it is they who get beaten up, shot down, and maltreated generally. Whoever heard of a capitalist being hurt in a free fight, except by accident?

If I were czar of the United States, and if there were a strike, I should order out the soldiers at once, capture the labor-union leaders and the company directors, imprison them, and tell them they could go free when they had come to some practical agreement which would protect the public, and not till then. And I would not allow them to Pankhurst me, either.

## **WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GOVERNMENT BUSINESS?**

The matter with it is that it is not Business. It is Politics.

The men who are elected to run the Government are not chosen as representatives of the United States. They are representatives of Tie Siding and Podunk, respectively. They hold office not to take care of this country, but to take care of their fences at home.

One of the most vicious results of partisan politics is the fact that this country has no National Budget. That is, Congress goes ahead and spends money without any clear idea of the amount they have to spend and the relation which the various expenditures bear to each other.

Joseph W. Harriman, President of the Harriman National Bank, in a recent article in "The Magazine of Wall Street," points out pithily exactly what the trouble is.

He says that in the British Parliament the Chancellor of the Exchequer submits a written budget which contains an estimate of the Government's entire expenditures for the coming year, including

appropriations, salaries, and other disbursements. Everyone can perceive exactly what is going to be spent and where the money will be spent, and everyone is free to criticize and suggest. The whole procedure is an open book.

The Government of the United States, on the contrary, follows the old obsolete guessing method of appropriation. Expenditures are based on the demands of the heads of different departments, often exaggerated, never correlated, and resulting consequently in waste and extravagance.

The Government is now in trade, says Mr. Hariman, and it ought to observe business practices. No business house could last very long going it blind, as the United States does. One of the vicious by-products of the war is the habit we have acquired of spending money easily for public purposes. That habit we must break, or it will land us upon rocks that will break us.

Both political parties have promised a budget system. Congress will probably do nothing unless forced by public opinion, because the liveliest influences that bear on Congress are partisan ambitions and the pork-barrel.

The force that will make Congress change its methods must come from the people. Every Liberty-Bond owner now has an interest in the business concern known as the United States, and ought to make that concern do business on business principles.

People who buy stock in the United States Steel Corporation are given complete and detailed statements of what the company is doing. And it would be just as easy for the United States of America to form a budget system that will inform the investors and tax-payers of their Government exactly what becomes of their money.

This is a matter that every businessman, and particularly every banker, in the United States should lay to heart, and he should use what influence he has upon his Congressman to induce our National Legislature to do its plain, simple, obvious duty.

## THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL

The difference between Democracy and any other kind of Government is that Democracy's unit is the Neighborhood, while in all other forms of Government it is a Class, of some kind.

In the monarchies of former times the king and the nobles managed the state; the people had nothing to do with it except pay taxes, fight in the wars, and look pleasant.

In the Bolshevik scheme a little group of theorists take the place vacated by the former bosses; the people still have nothing to do but to submit.

Both of these schemes rest upon the assumption that the people, taking them as they run, are too ignorant to attend to their own affairs.

Singularly, the people have often been satisfied with this. Self-government is difficult. It involves responsibilities which are troublesome. Also thought, which is worse. They willingly avoided the burden, side-stepped, and were only too glad to let George do it. And George looked out for—George.

Democracy's unit is not the educated class, the politician class, the laboring class, the proper-

tied class, the moral class, or any other class. It is the neighborhood, including men and women, old and young, good and evil, wise and ignorant.

Of course we have not actually realized this yet. We are still afraid of it. But we are coming to it. And only when we get there will we have true and real Democracy.

It may be bad, but it will be no worse than we are. It may be good, but no better than we are.

We shall not have the Best government. We shall have the kind of Government we Want, which is better.

A movement has been set on foot in America to establish Community Councils. That means to organize by Neighborhoods, regardless of race, politics, religion, or sex.

It is the ideal form of political organization.

It makes the basis of organization not any one of the things that heretofore have been considered essential, not whether all in the group are Republicans, Socialists, White Folks, Methodists, or Property-Owners.

But whether they are Human Beings.

This movement contains the only idea that goes down to the bed-rock of Democracy, which is Humanity.

If it succeeds it will, as President Wilson has said, "result in welding the nation together as no nation of great size has ever been welded before."

In War we quickly discovered that our real de-

fense was Men, any kind so they could march and shoot, not the titled, nor culchahed, nor white, nor rich—but just Folks.

And in Peace, which is far more difficult than war, we ought to recognize that it is this same Humanity that we must depend on.

There are a number of things a Community Council can do better than any other kind of an organization, including matters relating to Health, Sanitation, Public Schools, Politics, Franchises, Playgrounds, and all other things which affect everybody.

Who knows? Some day we may get rid of the rotten, vicious, wasteful, crooked, and undemocratic monstrosity known as the Political Party. And the Community Council may kill it. I pray so.



## USE THE SCHOOLHOUSE

Thanks to Charles Ferguson for calling attention recently to the need of using the public schools as social centres.

Little by little democracy is waking to see and to use its opportunities. One of the greatest of these is the schoolhouse, closed a good part of the day. Open it and let the people use it.

On a certain church, so goes the story, over the front doors was carved the text, "This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." Most of the week those doors were locked and a placard hung upon them, "Go around to the back door."

The unused church, however, is not so bad as the unused schoolhouse. Governor Wilson realized its true nature when he asked the legislature of New Jersey to pass a law requiring all school boards to open the school buildings for social and public purposes on proper demand of responsible citizens.

"In Wisconsin," I quote Mr. Ferguson, "any local organization of citizens that is neither partisan, sectarian, nor exclusive, can—by right of citizenship and not by grace of a school board—make social and public use of a school building. The law

of the state makes the cost of light, heat, and janitor service a charge not upon the particular organization, but upon the community."

There are four purposes to which every schoolhouse might be used for the benefit of the people, of afternoons and evenings: Music, the Theatre, Dancing, and Reading, including the Library and Reading-Room.

Before this can be done we shall have to grasp the idea that it is the duty of democracy to look after Amusements as a means of culture and as a function of self-government, and to see that amusements have a deal to do with the morals of the people.

First, Music. There is no handmaid to democracy so fair and helpful as this. Organize orchestras, choruses, and choirs. Give every person, young and old, a chance to join these groups. Encourage group singing and playing. Many a boy and girl could be saved from the vices and moral lesions of idleness by the attraction of self-expression in music. The beauty of music is that it is fun, as well as culture.

The Theatre. Recognize the immense educational force in acting. Young people love it. Playing a part is the first thing the human creature takes to, with the dawn of consciousness; the little girl plays mamma, the boy plays Indian or pirate. Form stock companies of our own people and produce plays constantly in the schoolhouse. Who

can estimate the good that would result in supplying this educative outlet for the superfluous energy of youth? Let us get over the notion that the theatre is an expensive amusement, and understand that it may be made a part of life's curriculum.

Dancing. Youth always has danced, always will dance. Provide a place in the city's house where boys and girls can enjoy this natural and healthful exercise under proper environment. The way to drive the cheap and low dance-hall out of business is to furnish the right kind of dance-hall. Why ask millionaires to do this for us? Why not do it for ourselves?

The Library and Reading-Room for adults should form an integral part of the school system. A comfortable place where any man or woman can spend a leisure hour with a good book would be of how much moral value! And we don't want charity libraries; we want our own.

One thing we might do right now is to provide a cinematograph in the schoolhouse. Nothing ever devised so combines amusement and instruction as the Moving-Picture Show. Why cannot the people take it over?

The schoolhouse is the one institution wherein the people realize themselves as a unit, bound together, not by sect, clan, class, or creed, but simply by the supreme fact that they are all human beings.

The schoolhouse is the nest-egg of millennial democracy.

## **OBEDIENCE TO LAW IS LIBERTY**

Our best bow to Mr. Bonar Law and his gang of rowdies in the British parliament, and to the dynamiters who recently contaminated the nutty November air at Indianapolis with their malodorous confessions; also to Lieutenant Becker, and to the militant suffragettes of England.

Gentlemen and ladies, you are all of a piece. You are the kind that go after what you want, and, if you can't get it any other way, you smash things. You are ready to fight, ready to kill, ready to do anything but play the game according to the rules, and take your medicine like men when you are beaten.

We would not insinuate anything or hurt your feelings, but would say that if some one would gently lead you to the edge of the earth and push you off we should feel better.

We, the people, the mix of rich and poor, millionaires, bricklayers, storekeepers, society leaders, hired girls, and Woodrow Wilson, are struggling along trying to evolve. We know social conditions are not yet ideal, the millennium is several

hours late, and there is some talk of the train being off the track.

Some of us are Socialists, some are single-taxers, and there are Republicans, Democrats, Bull Moosers, Prohibitionists, besides a number of anything-arians, and not a few are plain crazy.

Each one of us wants to win. Each is convinced he ought to be it, and have things served on him on a gold platter. Each believes his particular program would solve the problems of mankind in a few minutes, if the unbelievers were not so pig-headed.

But——

But, in this great game of getting on we are trying to play fair. We aim to be good sports, and the definition of a good sport is "a good loser."

Violence, whether throwing books at the first lord of the admiralty in parliament, or setting nitroglycerine infernal machines under buildings, or murdering one of your own companions you don't seem to care for—that we will not stand.

The English people are the freest on earth, from the chin up. The English race not only stands for freedom—it stands for law.

On the court house at Worcester, Mass., is the motto of our civilization: read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, if you please; it is this:

"The Obedience to Law Is Liberty."

Our institutions are such that any man or party can change them and have his will with us, pro-

vided he can persuade a permanent majority to believe with him. If you choose you can have the Constitution amended so that only red-headed men can be senators; all you have to do is to get enough people to agree with you.

But don't you be in a hurry. Don't go to shooting up the town, assassinating presidents, dynamiting obdurate plutocrats, or making a rough-house at Westminster.

We are ready to try any experiment. But in the language of the gentleman from Missouri, "you've got to show us."

We would remonstrate with you, all of you who are impetuous to have your own way, either in personal aggrandizement or in the salvation of society; we would gently remonstrate with you, as the cowboy in Wichita, in the early days, remonstrated with the angry tenderfoot who pulled a silver-plated thirty-two and gave signs of trouble: "Be careful, son. Don't you let that pop-gun off around here. You're liable to git hurt. This here community is purty tollable partickler."

## OUR CHANGING NOTION OF GOD

It would be interesting to trace the reflex influence of our various degrees and states of culture upon our idea of God.

I wrote a book once on the idea of God as influenced by the idea of democracy. But the theme is larger, and has many bearings.

I do not mean that God is a figment of one's fancy, nor that He changes. Without taking sides on that question, whether God makes man or man made God, my only point is that our Notion of God is altered by our kind of culture.

With our sensitiveness to pain these days we could not possibly conceive the kind of God who would do the things He is represented as doing in mediæval pictures of the punishment of lost souls.

God is the figure at the end of a man's deepest desire. He is, to us, simply the consummation of all that we would most profoundly like to be. "Heaven is the vision of the fulfilled desire."

Of course our coarser and immoral desires are always somewhat shamefaced; they mean we want to catch the best of what is passing; it is our love of justice, truth, and right that is basic.

The Greek notion of purity was not ours; nor is the contents of a modern pure woman's mind on the sex question the same as the contents of the mind of Saint Catherine of Siena. So, also, our conceptions of duty, of property, of social aims and relations, all change; and our mental picture of God changes with them. This constant change I believe to be no mere fluctuation, but a steady evidence of growth, a continuity of revelation.



## SEEKING GOD AND FINDING THE DEVIL

A woman has been furnishing some excellent copy of the Red Blood kind to the newspapers. Fifteen-cent-magazine editors turn green with envy as they see such first-class vibrations wasted on the daily press.

She was once the wife of a lawyer. The two did not pull well in double harness. "He," she alleges, "preferred indoor sports and amusements, like French pastry and black coffee, while I like rare roast beef, brown bread, and milk."

Naturally the kindling was all laid for a grand fire. Then she saw a play, "The Great Divide," in which a Western Cave Man gets his bride at the point of a pistol, and "tames" her, until she loves him.

That did the business. That was the lighted match. Her imagination began to send up large volumes of smoke and flame.

She realized now that she needed a Master. She craved a Man who would kick her in the face or mop the floor with her or bite her with his long, sharp teeth. So would her heart awaken, and Love would come, deep, thunderous, house-afire Love, and she would be happy.

She found, or thought she found, the gentleman

friend who would fill the bill. He was a Nevada ranchman, who seemed to know the art of walloping ladies sufficiently to satisfy the most exacting.

Writing to friend husband, she said of her new-found soul mate: "I love him. He has treated me with crushing brutality. I have suffered hell at his hands. But I shall with him be happier than you made me, for he is a being of my own kind and species."

After a while she parted from Number Two; it does not appear why. Perhaps his strength gave out and he was no longer able to horsewhip her as she wished.

She now declares: "My life is over. I am done and ended. For the rest of my life I must stand in the streets of the world, looking in from the outside through the bright panes of the world's homes. I shall be a stranger, an outcast, an exile. And for what? Because I too greatly desired to give, and to receive, love."

To which, though hating to appear to contradict a lady, we must reply:

"No. The trouble was not too much love. Nobody in the world ever had too much love. The trouble was that you did not understand.

"Love is like fire. Properly controlled, upon the hearthstone or in the furnace, it sheds warmth and comfort; but let it run loose, and burn up the house or the city, and it is the champion destruction-spreader known.

"Ten thousands of men and women who are talking and dreaming nonsense about their hunger to be loved as they crave, are simply foolish children playing with matches in the hay.

"Life needs love, to be sure, and strong passion, and the flame of romance. But it also needs something else.

"And that is Discipline. And to seek love and to hate Discipline is to wind up precisely where you wound up, as you indicate when you say, 'I sought God and found the Devil.'

"If you want to find those people whom love has made happy, you must look among those who having love have also Self-Control, Self-Mastery, and a regard for the rights and feelings of others.

"Love is most majestic, not killed, when Renounced. Do you remember the great Goethe's words? '*Entsagen musst du, musst entsagen.*' You must renounce, renounce.'

"And do you think you can understand these lines of Ina Coolbrith:

" 'O howsoever dear  
The love I long for, seek and find anear—  
So near, so dear the bliss  
Sweetest of all that is,  
If I must win by treachery or art,  
Or wrong one other heart,  
Though it should bring me death;  
My soul, that day  
Grant me to turn away! ' "

## **BUSINESS**

The mediæval mind lingers. The odors of dead ideas cling to modern thought.

It is still the easy way to gain a reputation for being a superior person, to speak of money-making as low.

As the endowed set of Europe refer contemptuously to Trades People, and blood is supposed to be bluer as your ancestors who did useful work are more remote, so there seems to be a notion abroad, even in America, that the woman whose time is occupied in dressing and undressing, and the man who devotes himself to polo, golf, travel, club life, and dawdling, and also the artist, literary person, or musician are of higher class than the man or woman who manufactures, trades, or earns wages.

As a matter of truth, however, there never has been discovered, since the days when Adam delved and Eve span, anything worthier, fitter, or nobler for a human being to engage in than Business.

Business means you are doing something for which mankind is glad to pay you money.

Laying aside all forms of gambling, luck, and

gift, when you make money you are responding to the need of the world and of your times. You are doing something humanity wants done. There are striking exceptions to this rule, but it is a rule none the less.

The world will be a deal better off when every person over twenty-one is in Business; that is, doing work and getting paid for it.

All the classes that are not doing that now are riding on humanity's back, and we would be vastly better off if we could drop them.

Indeed, the problem of the future, in economics, is to eliminate the drones.

We are solving it slowly. The parson who gets a decent salary is better than the one who subsists on charity; Caruso sings well, Ysaye and Kubelik are great fiddlers, and Wilson is a capable president, and none of them are spoiled by being well-paid hired men. They are all Businessmen. They are employed by the People. And the People are noblest of Masters.

What the world needs is not more leisure, more endowment, and all that; it needs to get Business so adjusted that it is a pleasure.

To turn Labor into Craft, to make railroading fun, to make conditions of work so agreeable in factory and mine that to toil there is a man's game, to make trade an adventure, that is the world's want.

And the average man likes to work, if he gets

fair wages, cheerful surroundings, and fair play. A hundred million people with nothing to do would develop into a colossal Bedlam.

Harry G. Selfridge, who owns a prosperous department store in London, being interviewed upon the occasion of his purchase of all the shares in his concern held by others, uttered some sound philosophy. He said:

"My plans have not been altered in the least by the change. I intend resolutely to pursue those high ideas of commerce that have always been before me. It is a greater delight to do business to-day than it ever was in the past, because business is shedding all the disagreeable attributes that once belonged to it. Business is now carried on, not to amass wealth for senseless, unethical hoarding, but to bring into play the highest forms of intelligence and morality and to diffuse as much sunshine as may be among all the people, whose combined loyalty and labor make business possible."

## DISTRIBUTION

What ails the world is poor distribution.

We raise enough crops, manufacture enough clothes, construct enough machines, toys, and pictures, but we have not yet struck the satisfactory way of passing things around.

In one place children suffer for lack of fruit; in another place peaches are rotting on the ground and apples thrown to the hogs.

At the Bowery Mission is a bread-line, in which hundreds of men stand for hours waiting to get a piece of butterless bread and a cup of creamless coffee to keep from starvation. Not far away, at the fashionable hotel, men are stuffing themselves with four kinds of meat.

The country is full of bachelors honing for female consolation and of old maids perfectly willing to keep step to the Wedding March. They can't find each other.

Many a childless couple wish they had children about the house; and foundlings are brought every day to the asylum.

Gilded youth are compelled by their parents to

go to Harvard, to read books, and to listen to lectures between games, while in the south thousands of boys eager for an education cannot get it.

The whole scheme seems to be devised to load some people down with things they don't want and to keep things away from others who want them.

We have devoted enormous energy to producing, and have had little care for distribution.

Making money we deem worthy of our utmost concern. Spending money, which is of far more social and ethical importance, we think to be nobody's business.

Some day we will wake up to realize that the supreme duty of government is distribution.

First, land distribution. Single-taxers are worth listening to. They have deep and vital things to say.

Distribution of supplies. It is doubtful if we can continue many years longer to entrust the business of transportation to private enterprise. The conviction is growing that the common carrier should be owned and operated by the commons.

Already by the postoffice we are successfully distributing letters and parcels, and by public schools distributing education, and several cities by a public market plan are distributing foodstuffs.

Why should not the government distribute labor? They do it, I understand, in Argentina. Why not carry the laborer free to his job, relieve the coagulation of work-seekers in cities, and sup-



ply the farms and harvest fields with needed hands?

We distribute water, gas, electricity, and, in some towns, heat. In the future we shall distribute also men and women, literature, art, science, religion, and ideas.

Civilization is still lumpy. In time it will be smoothed out.

## **THE CITY IS THE WORKSHOP OF PROGRESS**

**"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."**

Our esteemed forefathers, when they established this republic, had no notion that in a hundred years or so the City would be more important than the Country. They framed the Constitution for a rural and scattered people. More than one-third of the population of the United States today live under municipal government. The citizens of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago combined are three times as numerous as the entire citizenship of the country in 1789.

It is through the cities that we are working out the governmental problems of the future.

Municipal government is bad, uproarious, confused, and faulty, simply because it is growing with amazing rapidity. It is tackling questions fifty years ahead of the times.

The Constitution of the United States is an eighteenth-century document and can hardly fit a twentieth-century civilization. Conditions change. New dangers confront us, and new duties.

It is in the cities, in their clanging workshops of progress, where men meet men in strenuous co-operation or in strife, that the Constitution of the future is being forged.

## THE MEDIÆVAL SAINT AND MODERN RELIGIOUS FEELING

Psychologically, the mediæval saint is a most curious study. Flaubert, in his "First Temptation of Saint Anthony," reveals some of the wealth of imaginative material in a mind given up to the master passion of religion and yet trying to square itself with the world.

The ideal of sanctity in the Middle Ages, an ideal which still drags in certain religious circles, was singularly akin to the Buddhist notion of Nirvana. As George Sand, in "*Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*," puts it:

"The state of perfection, the true orthodoxy, the first degree of holiness, was to reach a point where one is no more capable of sinning or of meriting. One becomes a thing, a lifeless thing, in the hands of God. One may almost lose Faith itself as being too much like reward, too keen a joy. The end sought was to be utterly resigned, to become divinely stupid, during life's probation."

In the course of time the foremost hearts of earth, those "heroes of the inner life," tried out this theory and it was found wanting. It was

abnormal, and, hence, like all abnormalities, productive of disease.

Modern thought places emphasis on the full development and exercise of all the faculties. The religious feeling has been over-indulged so long that it is difficult to reduce it to its proper, healthy place; so difficult indeed that many impatient thinkers reject it altogether, as a morbid growth.

Human nature, however, remains the same, is the source of all religion, and demands reverence as the highest expression of life. Out of the welter of Saints and Sinners, sickly ecstasies and repulsive vices, humanity is slowly righting, steadying itself, and producing the type full of life, sound and glad of body, clear and free of mind, and touching God in the soul.

## FOURTH OF JULY

I wonder, son, if you know what America means.

Sometimes I fear you don't, from the papers and magazines you and all of us have to read. To believe the valiant muckrakers, we are a nation of ignorant Rubes, our foremost businessmen are all rascals, all public officials are grafters, all school-teachers incompetent, and all apparently decent people are hypocrites watching for a dark and rainy night so that they may slip into crime.

"Cussin'," as your grandfather used to say, "is mighty interestin' readin'"; it is also the easiest stuff to write or orate.

It only takes a thimbleful of brains and a nickel's worth of beer to be able to tell what's the matter with the U. S. A., and why we are all on the toboggan-slide to the Old Nick.

Permit me, hence, to point out to you a few items showing wherein your Uncle Sam has all other nations of the earth "beat to a frazzle," to use the language of our ex-leader.

First, the United States is the one big country of Opportunity. Every man of initiative, pluck, and ability can prosper, barring, of course, such accidents as whisky, women, etc.

All they ask of you in these parts is, "Can you make good?" They don't care whose son you are. There are some who deny this and curse the tyrant capital, and say the poor man has no show; which may be true in places like Paterson, N. J., and in West Virginia; but the beauty of it is that the trains run out of those localities every day, and there are plenty of chances in Tie Siding, Wyo., and the Red River Valley.

We have the ablest businessmen and the most wonderfully organized business concerns the world ever saw. And the workmen are better paid than in any land on earth.

We have more fun than any people, because our business is fun; other nations hate work, and have to quit it to enjoy themselves.

Compared to the millennium our public schools are pretty poor; compared to any other nation's they are the best ever.

Nowhere are women more highly esteemed and nowhere do they enjoy such personal freedom as here.

No nation pays so much attention to children, there are more child's books and magazines published in America than in all the rest of the world.

No first-class nation is so free from the curse of a standing army and an incubus navy.

No people is so good-natured.

No people is so optimistic.

No people is so sane and sound.

No people is so energetic and youthful-spirited.

I do not say we could whip any nation, but I do say we would be the hardest nation to whip.

We have large and prominent faults and follies, and our society is some shy on real dukes and counts; but if you are just a plain, ordinary man, and are looking for a place to make an honest living, be respected and let alone, and give your children a good education, you may travel all around the green earth and not find a better place to settle and build a house than in these United States of America.

And if you find any one this Fourth of July who does not like this country, tell him to go to—Mexico.



## **SOCIALISM**

A gentleman by the name of Wade Cushing now steps forward into the angle of popular vision. He is a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati. Recently he suspended sentence on two foreigners on condition that they be deported to Germany, whence they came. Whereupon also said judge allowed himself the recreation of dropping into philosophy, as follows:

"The great increase in the number of criminals coming to Cincinnati is due to the spread of socialism. The teachings of this 'ism' are such as appeal to the criminal classes. The fact that Socialists are being made more welcome than heretofore in Cincinnati has attracted them from other cities and other countries."

As a picturesque piece of statesmanship this dictum from the bench is about the most amazing bit that has lately appeared.

I hold no brief for the Socialist party. I do not belong to it. For the chief reason that I do not believe in the organization of democracy by political parties.

Sitting, therefore, on the fence and observing the party game, I will not be accused of offensive

partisanship if I call to the learned judge's mind a few things as to socialism.

First, it has a distinct, intelligible program. Anybody that wants to know can find out precisely what it stands for; which is more than you can say for any other party at this writing.

It is the only party that is not opportunist, but appeals to absolute justice.

It is the only party radically opposed to privilege and based upon equal opportunity.

It is the only party with 1920 ideas, and on.

It is the only party that aims to correct evil conditions and not merely to administer palliations.

It is the only party that is significantly increasing every year.

It is the only party that is international, that embraces the world, all humanity, and is not smitten with the narrowness of race prejudice or Chauvinism.

It is the only party absolutely opposed to war.

These are a few items worth considering. Whether one is a Socialist or not, the day is past when socialism can be made a synonym for crime simply because its proposals are new and startling.

There are, doubtless, wild-eyed Socialists. Likewise there are wild-eyed Republicans, Democrats, and Prohibitionists.

But a judge, at least, should not make the mistake of estimating a great and earnest movement of the people by the violence or folly of the few.

## **THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL**

New York, the greatest state in the Union, is writing history these days in big red letters, as lurid as those that appeared on the wall of the banqueting-room of the King of Babylon. The monarch and his soothsayers could not read them then. The people of the United States cannot read now the meaning of the bloody inscription.

It means this experiment of popular government in the New World is doomed to increasing shame and scandal, and eventually to complete breakdown, if we cannot devise some other way of political action than by political parties.

There is another way. It is to believe in democracy in our hearts and not only by our lips; to train our children in the schools in the art of self-government; to arouse the civic conscience so that all men and women will be shamed into active participation in politics; to organize each local community as human beings got together for the common cause of honest government; and to abandon the humbug and claptrap of the Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist, and other parties.

The party idea in politics is as destructive to

the idea of any real democracy as sectarianism is destructive to any idea of real religion.

At present we witness a dirty, sickening spectacle in the capital city of New York. A governor has refused to obey the organization that controls his party. He is being politically assassinated by all the methods of blackmail as ruthlessly as the Medici or the Borgias of Italy put their enemies out of the way.

In all this tragedy the People have little interest except as spectators. They never chose Sulzer; he was put into office by an organization which has entire control of the system of nomination and election.

*The legislators at Albany are not the representatives of the People. They are the creatures of political organizations whose power lies in bamboozling the People, whose opportunity is found only in the ignorance, indifference, and absenteeism of the People.*

Therefore the whole imbroglio is, to the People, but a quarrel of angry beach-combers over the wreckage of the state, the barkings and tearings of hungry coyotes over the carcass of popular government.

Whichever way it turns out makes little difference. Tammany Murphy or Republican Barnes is no more to the People than a feudal baron was to his villains. In both cases the governing power was obtained by men strong and unscrupulous

enough to dominate a People too stupid to understand how to govern themselves.

So long as the People despise the very principles upon which this government rests—to wit, an active interest in public affairs by every citizen; so long as they bring up their children in mediævally monarchic public schools where their own initiative is persistently suppressed; so long as they condemn politics, avoid their public duties, and leave government in the hands of political parties and their secret supporters, the massed wealth of those who fatten on privilege; so long as the People will not realize that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,” and eternal activity, interest, and energy the price of any real “government by the People, of the People, and for the People”—just so long will such handwritings as those now blazing at Albany be seen upon the walls.

“And this is the writing that was written: *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*. This is the interpretation of the thing:

“*Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

“*Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

“*Peres*: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Political Grafter on the one hand, and the criminal rich and the criminal poor on the other!”

*Any other than a government by the People is a government by Criminals.*

## **HIRE THE MAYOR!**

The Bureau of Municipal Research of New York states that:

"The annual payments for permanent debt have increased nearly six times as much in the last ten years as has the population and one and one-half times as fast as the total budget.

"In the last five years the debt has increased three times as fast as the population, and nearly one and one-half times as fast as the total budget."

How long would any private business enterprise tolerate such a state of things?

This is but one specification in support of the charge that American cities are notoriously mis-managed.

In the most important affair of the people, that of running a city, there is rock-rooted, time-honored, and apparently hopeless incompetency and crookedness.

The police have been convicted of graft, graft has come to be expected in every paving contract, theft and waste abound.

There is one main cause for this. It is the presence of political party organizations in city elections.

How is it possible for any one outside of a mad-house to suppose that it makes any difference whether the mayor and aldermen that control our cities are Democrats or Republicans?

Some cities of secondary size have seen this. They have devised a system of government by commission. Beginning with Galveston and Des Moines, dozens of cities have adopted this plan.

The substance of it is that the mayor is hired, just as any factory or department store would hire a manager, because he is capable, and without reference to his general ideas on national politics.

If this plan is rational and good for the smaller American municipalities, and it has proved uniformly successful, why is it not good for the enormous and complicated situation in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia?

Little by little the American people are learning the slow lesson that the political party is no means for giving force to the opinion of the people; that it is always the agent of corruption; and that the boss-managed city business is invariably an agency of swindling and incompetency.

## NATIONS AND THE PEOPLE

We are slaves to words. Speak often enough of an unreal thing, and after a while it becomes real.

For instance, we have used the word "nation" for centuries. There is, however, no such thing as a nation. All that really exists is the individuals that compose a nation.

National pride, national prosperity, national honor, are artificial entities. There are only individual pride, prosperity, and honor, singly and collectively. In the arithmetic of politics you cannot add a million people and make a single sum that is a different sort of thing.

Hence talk of justice to nations is misleading. There is only justice to the people who compose it.

There was once high howling of them who thought it an outrage upon the Philippines for the United States to take them over. But if you cease thinking by counters and labels and think of actual folks you will see that the men, women, and children in those far-off islands are freer, more contented, and have more justice, order, and opportunity, than they ever possibly could have had



under an independence that would certainly have meant endless internal strife. The United States in the Philippines must be judged by the result of government upon the individuals, and not by fictitious sentiment about the rights and feelings of nations.

India is under the rule of England. Whether that rule is justifiable or not depends only upon its effect upon the natives. And British dominion in India does not endure because of the handful of white troops there, but because for the first time in history the common man there can find some protection and justice.

If we Americans could be better governed, happier, and more prosperous under British sway than we now are, I should favor joining the empire at once. Happily, we believe the contrary would be the case.

No government is entitled to respect that is not the free choice of its people, that does not give them order and equity.

If the government of Mexico does not take decent care of the lives, rights, and property of its citizens, and of the aliens sojourning there, it has no right to exist.

If it does not represent the free preference of its population, if it holds its power only through connivance and force, it has no right to the consideration or respect of other civilized nations.

Destiny has placed upon the shoulders of the

United States a burden of responsibility which cannot be unloaded by the twists and precedents of international law. That responsibility is not to states nor de facto governments; it is to the human beings underneath.

Murder, robbery, mockery of human rights, and semi-barbarism must cease in Mexico, as such things were caused to cease in Cuba, or the United States must interfere, by the same right by which any decent man may interfere to protect a child who is being treated inhumanly by his parent.

## **POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND THE PEOPLE**

Since the clamant scandal about the lobby maintained by a business organization at Washington, there has been a renewed expression of contempt and condemnation for politics and politicians.

This is wholly wrong. The public thinks in ruts. We have been so used to calling politics dirty that we fly to the conclusion that anything is corrupt with which politics has to do.

On the contrary, it is because the politicians were in the affair that it is curable. Suppose there had been none, suppose the only powers at hand for the business clique to bribe had been a king and council, a bureaucracy, or other small and unelected group? Then the same crimes would have been committed, the same privileges underhandedly procured, and the public could not help itself. But because it was necessary to corrupt officials depending upon votes of the people for their jobs, the scandal is out, and the remedy, public opprobrium and the blasting of reputations, is at hand.

Politics is just as good as the people behind it. Even a bit better.

Behind the politicians are two classes: the general public, which is criminally indifferent, and the

interested privilege-seekers, who are criminally active.

The general public are deficient in civic conscience, do not realize that by proper organization they could relieve all their political evils, and by their narrow indifference hand all public concerns over to place-seekers and grafters.

If they believed in self-government, trained their children in its arts, and actively took part in public matters, they would not have to hand the government of the country over to political parties, which invariably become stupid and corrupt engines operated by sharp and selfish manipulators.

Public indifference and distrust of democracy is the sin; the political party is its devastating curse and consequence.

Then comes Business.

It takes a long while for business to find out that fraud never pays, and that there are no stable profits but clean profits.

Time was when grocers sanded the sugar, and clothiers sold shoddy for honest woollen, and merchants lied steadily about their goods—asked two prices with the expectation of haggling and coming down—and the motto was “Let the buyer beware!”

That time has passed with the majority of American businessmen. They have found they can make more money in the long run by telling the truth and asking one price.

Salesmen are no longer expected to get the customer drunk, give him a rebate, or present him with a gold watch. It's poor business.

Big business, combined business, is just now learning the same lesson. Bribing legislators to secure tariff favors, bribing aldermen to get city franchises, wining and carousing and sneaking and doing dirt, is just as fool business when conducted by a trust or national association as when practised by the corner grocer.

American businessmen have astounded the world by their achievements. Not a gram of their success has been due to lobbyists and bribers. These vermin have always cost more than they come to. They have been the leeches upon the body of business.

And the sooner the businessmen of the country come to their senses and clean themselves of quasi-criminal methods, and do all business honestly, openly and above-board, the better.

## THE THREE PARTIES

Perhaps the most dynamic idea with which mankind enters upon the twentieth century is that our economic conditions are in our own hands, and are not fixed, unchangeable, and beyond our reach.

Added to this is the taking of the last word in government away from hereditary rulers and placing it in the hands of the multitude.

If the multitude can get what laws they please it will not be long, we may be sure, until they get laws that will give them justice.

In the struggle for justice to all, there are three parties, which may be called respectively the party of hope, the party of despair, and the party of obstruction.

The party of hope endeavors to bring economic conditions to a juster basis by the peaceful means of inspiration, argument, agitation and legislation. It works through existing governmental machinery to get better machinery. It shuns violence. It is constructive. To this party belong the most of the socialists, single-taxers, labor unions, and idealistic poets and dreamers.

The party of despair comprises the violent and

impatient. They are given to fiery speeches, to bomb-throwing, to riot, and to the destruction of property and of life. Such are the English militant suffragettes, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the Nihilists. Having tried violence, and having found that it invariably leads to worse tyranny and injustice, they have lost hope in anything but chaos.

In addition to these two parties there is a third, consisting of (1) those who live in comfort in the possession of endowment or some other form of privilege—these are called the “successful”—and (2) those who live in the hope of some day belonging to this successful class. It is this third party that is in actual control of existing circumstances; it is conservative and boasts of being practical, the word “practical” meaning a willingness to let conditions alone and a skill to deal with conditions as they are. The two parties first mentioned are not practical because their very aim is to change conditions.

The last party's ideal is prosperity; the ideal of the first two is justice.

There is not the slightest doubt in the world that during the course of this century economic conditions will be radically altered. Popular education is making the masses more intelligent; the system of democracy under which we live puts governmental power directly in their hands. The world is astir with ideas of fundamental justice.

The masses, therefore, only need practice and organization to come into control.

I belong to the first party, the party of hope. I believe in humanity, and that, given time, it will work out all social problems until the economic situation will finally be squared with justice and every human being will be given a fair chance. This process will be slow because it will be a growth; but it will be sure and strong, and the results obtained will be lasting. Our task is not so much one of tinkering with laws as it is one of changing the world's ideals.

I am equally opposed to the violent and to the standpatters. The former set back the wheels of progress by disgusting men with those wholesome principles of justice which alone can save them; the latter are the dead weight, the dull, unimaginative mass of non-altruistic intelligence which we must do our best to leaven with ideals or get rid of with as little destructiveness as possible.



## THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE MANY

There is a principle which runs right alongside of democracy, or government by the many; it is The Inefficiency of the Many.

Every man and woman should have a voice in determining the policy of the state in an ideal democracy. No human being of sound mind and non-criminal should be deprived of suffrage. Democratic states are pyramids resting upon the broad base of universal franchise, as Mr. Carnegie indicates in his "Triumphant Democracy."

But there is another side to this, as to all truths; and that is that a large group of people are competent to decide certain kinds of questions only. For instance, a nation can intelligently determine whether or not they want a pure-food law; it is wholly unqualified to vote upon how such a law is to be enforced in detail. A people may vote to go to war; it is unfit to manage by vote the carrying on of a war.

In other words, the many should settle questions of policy and of general interest. They should not have the say as to administrative detail.

The principle has always been recognized in a measure. We elect a president upon a platform,

to carry out certain policies, but we leave to him the administration.

Unfortunately, however, a mistaken notion of democracy has loaded down the ballot with offices purely administrative. We vote for all manner of clerks, recorders, and executive officials, when we should vote only for one responsible head who should appoint them.

When the ballot is too long the electorate is confused and their vote is easily exploited by political schemers.

The basis of the idea in question is, that ten or twenty men in any meeting will spend hours in irrelevant debate attending to a business affair which one man could dispose of in ten minutes. The more people you bring in to decide upon a matter involving detail, the slower your process and the more unsatisfactory your conclusion.

The democracy therefore that votes for all officers is a democracy that won't democ, as Mr. Childs says. The only workable democracy is one which

1. Has a ballot short enough so that every citizen can understand it,
2. Votes only for important, responsible, and visible officials, and
3. Leaves offices of administrative detail to be appointed.

All that is necessary to defeat democracy by observing the forms thereof is to make the business

of voting so elaborate, large, and complicated that the masses, who have to work for a living, have not the time nor ability to master it, "whereupon," to quote again from Mr. Childs, "they automatically become the political slaves of those who do have time."

## **GOVERNMENT BY LAWBREAKERS**

Do you realize that a great part of the people of this country habitually regard the government as something that is none of their concern? They say "theirs", not "ours".

Do you realize that children are growing up with the idea that the management of the affairs of their own ward or city is as much "none of their business" as the management of the lumber-yard or hotel?

I do not refer only to those homes where there is continual complaint against the government, as among foreign anarchistic folk. How many college boys realize that an interest in town politics is as much to be expected of them as an interest in the golf-club or social affairs?

The average businessman makes it a point of pride to say that he never meddles with politics. In other words, he regards the democratic self-governing system under which he lives to be a thing apart from him.

The whole nation is handed over to a group of men called politicians. The average politician interests himself in government matters only to the

extent to which they may bring him personal profit or advancement.

Now, politics is at present mainly occupied with the punishment of crime. The consequence is that criminals and those who receive profits from crime drift into politics. These are the people most directly affected by laws.

The result is that we have what might almost be called a government by lawbreakers. Not that all officials are lawbreakers, but that the most considerable pressure brought to bear upon them, from the president down to the policeman, is from the people whose livelihood or success depends upon the violation of the law.

The huge wealth-units, trusts and corporations surround the congress with their skilled lobbyists and fill the courts with their expert lawyers. Around the police the gamblers, white-slavers, and thugs are lively while the decent portion of the population is indifferent.

The criminal element and their hangers-on are active in elections. The grocer, baker, and parson hardly care to vote at all.

We shall never begin to realize democracy until the children shall be taught to speak of the government and of politics as "ours", and not "theirs".

## THE NEW RENAISSANCE

We are in the mewling and creeping infancy of Art.

Almost all of our Art products are ludicrous, because we have no conception of the value of Beauty to Life.

As a people we do not want beautiful things. What we want is to get more things to eat, to wear, and to display.

So our cities are ugly, our houses are depressing, our furniture is vulgar, and our clothes are wholly without taste.

This age is probably the ugliest in history.

The reason of this is that Art is under the baneful patronage of Wealth.

The so-called Art treasures of New York, Chicago, or Boston are in museums, or in the houses of the rich. These cities are themselves hideous, without artistic unity.

There can be no real Art until THE PEOPLE want it, until the whole community feels the hunger for the Beautiful.

A Democracy that wants to be Rich can never be artistic. A Democracy that has such a system

of wealth distribution that its common profits go to a few successful persons, to whom beauty means luxury, will remain forever ugly.

We shall have real Art only when the homes of the poor are built with as much taste as those of the rich;

When the Business Street of a town is planned with a view to picturesqueness and charm even as a millionaire's suburban residence;

When we want to WORK under conditions of Beauty, as well as to house our families in charming environment;

When we will not tolerate a South Clark Street in Chicago nor an East Side human rabbit warren in New York;

When each city shall have a unified Plan and allow the erection of no building that is not harmonious;

When we realize that Beautiful Things cannot be owned, but are in the nature of the case Public;

When we realize that Ugly Office Buildings, Streets, and Houses make Ugly Souls;

When we resolve that every inch of the City shall be beautiful;

When CHEAP houses, furniture, and pictures are made as beautiful in their way as the expensive, and money ceases to mean beauty;

When Art Becomes Democratic for ALL, when the People learn good taste, when the Multitudes

shall demand Beauty, and when Public Opinion shall ridicule and banish Ugliness everywhere;

When we shall cease stuffing Museums with Art objects, and shall apply the money to making our whole environment beautiful;

And when Art is no more to be the fad of the Few and THE PEOPLE REALLY CARE.

So long as Art is a time-server of Plutocracy it must remain sterile and vulgar.

The new Renaissance will come when Art is set free from subserviency, and begins to build the city, decorate the streets, adorn the public buildings, and beautify the homes of THE PEOPLE.

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## THE BIRD VISITOR

There are those who know Amiel. And there are those who never read him. Heaven help the latter! What a mine of most intimate, subtle, rich, comforting thoughts is that *Journal Intime*!

Here's one gold nugget from it. Let me beat it out into a wearable ornament that wise and simple folk may use.

"J'accepte seulement ce qui vient a moi, comme la visite d'un oiseau sur ma fenetre. Je lui souris, mais je sais bien que le visiteur a des ailes et ne restera pas longtemps."

Which being Englished reads: "I accept what comes to me, as the visit of a bird upon my window. I smile at him, but I well know that my little visitor has wings and will not stay long."

(I ran across this quotation, by the way, in a little book called "*The Spirit of Man*," a most charming anthology by Robert Bridges, the laureate of England, a volume it is well worth your while to buy, own, and keep.)

In these words of the pensive philosopher peeps out the secret of contented souls.

It is a sincere enjoyment of life's gifts, yet a

certain detachment from them, a love of earth's good things, yet an independence of them.

If I have a good dinner let me enjoy it. But it makes no matter. I can get along with bread and butter. Why worry?

We can learn much from the animals. These, our dumb brothers, know how to take good things as they come along, with frank pleasure. What a revel of gladness your dog shows when you pet him! And when you don't notice him he lies on the hearth-rug and dreams his dreams.

Birds, cats, horses, and cows get a lot of comfort out of what comes to them, and don't seem to bother about what they miss.

It is the tormented spirit of man that always strives to bend the universe to his desires.

Hence most souls do not fit. They are at everlasting war with fate. They do not understand how to be happy with what is, because they are always straining for what is not.

Instead of smiling at the little bird on the window and getting a dash of joy from his brief visit, we want two birds, or lament because he does not stay, and fall into a sickly reverie over the transitoriness and unsatisfactoriness of life in general.

If we get five dollars to-day we spit on it because it is not five hundred. If we see a rose we weep to think it will fade, so that we miss its fleeting beauty. We want to can the sunshine, bottle

the ocean, and put the mountains and forests on our mantelpiece.

If we find a little love, a little appreciation, a little favor of women, or praise of men, we destroy all its delicate beauty with our unslaked desires.

The world as it exists is a wonderful place. The world as we think it ought to be would not be half so fine.

Accept and be glad! Adjust yourself and be happy!

I am the poorest judge in the world of what I deserve. Who am I, to say that I deserve better than what I have? Possibly I deserve worse.

The bird visitors of life stay but a minute, but what a blessed minute!

## FRICTION

I care not what course others may pursue, but as for me I will simply not endure friction. No money can tempt me to do business regularly with a browbeating bully. No considerations of respectability could induce me to live day after day in contact with a quarrelsome, or suspicious, or snippy, or over-sensitive person.

Life is too short. And the world is too wide.

Are there not comfortable corners in the inn?

I'd rather sit in the back room of a doggery, where may be companions pleasant, if reprehensible, than to occupy a mahogany chair at a buhl table and be nagged steadily.

Every one to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow, and if anybody wants to dwell in an atmosphere of gloom and misunderstanding, why, the Lord bless 'em and lift up the light of His countenance upon 'em! But for me—nix.

If I had a wife that kept me continually in hot water, that sulked, scolded, pouted, pestered, and altogether used her weakness and power of being disagreeable to get her way, I'd leave her, if they

churched me for it. Ditto husband, if I were female.

No matter how different people may be as to tastes and habits and opinions they ought to establish a *modus vivendi* or quit.

There are people who live in constant friction. They are at outs with their children, don't speak to their neighbors, have no use for their relatives, snap at their wives, use sarcasm on their husbands, quarrel with their business associates and hector their employees. Why they continue to exist I don't understand. Their place is in the sweet by-and-by, and the sooner the sweeter.

We have only a few days to pass here in this vale of tears. Come, let us be pleasant!

No human being is exactly as you'd like, nobody (except you and me) is perfect. Even the angel Gabriel would develop flaws to our eyes if we had to live with him every day. So why not adjust ourselves?

And if we cannot jibe, let us asunder part.

Doth not Holy Writ say thus? "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a contentious woman in a wide house."

Also, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Still, I don't see why Solomon picked on the women as models of irritation; there are men who are cantankerous and impossible beyond the capacity of women.

## THE TURNING WORM

I want to join a kickers club.

I want to join the order of the turning worms.

I have been decent, self-restrained, and law-abiding long enough. I feel primeval volts, watts, and amperes of raw savagery surging within me.

I'm tired of being a gentleman. I think I'll take a day off and be a regular slugger.

Please pass the raw steak.

With peppers.

And if you should ask the cause of this sudden collapse of one who has always been the community's Model for meekness and pussyfootedness, I will say that the grand organization of Browbeaters and Bullies has gone too far.

What is there anyhow about an inoffensive party who simply minds his own business and wants to get along without trouble—what is there about such a one that seems to arouse in the average menial mind a desire to impose upon and override said pacifistic individual?

Why does the big flannel-mouthed policeman on the corner bark at me like an Airedale, instead of quietly telling me that I have unconsciously fractured one of the street traffic regulations by

halting my automobile too near the hydrant?

Why does the ticket seller at the Movies snap at me in a voice that clearly intimates that my presence is offensive to him, and impatiently order me to pass on please and not keep people waiting, when I ask him what hour the big picture comes on and if I can have a seat on the aisle because my legs need room to stretch?

Why does the train conductor refuse to tell me what time it is, and the brakeman slam the seat-back down on my toes, and the newsboy treat my literary suggestions (the same being that he ought to carry a line of my books—that is, the ones I have written and the publishers are endeavoring to conceal from the public) with open scorn and contemptuous silence, and the milkman keep on delivering the kind of butter I told him not to send, and the laundry refuse to bring back my collars now for three weeks, and the elevator boy look at me as if I were a burglar or a gay Lothario when I happen to come in late after sitting in at a little game for the benefit of the Red Cross, and my own children tell me I don't understand, and the hired girl refuse to answer when I ask her whether it's going to be biscuits or flap-jacks this morning?

I met President Wilson the other day and he treated me rather politely.

Must I be forced to associate with presidents only?

## **THE FREE WOMAN AND THE FRIENDLESS CHILD**

What I would not myself dare to say I here extract from a book by a woman: "The Business of Being a Woman," by Ida M. Tarbell. I have changed the wording and sequence a bit, but the quotations are substantially correct.

The heaviest burden to-day on productive America, aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system, is that of its non-productive women.

While many free women devote themselves whole-heartedly to public service, the great majority recognize no obligation to make any substantial return to society for its benefits.

A small percentage of these are self-supporting, but the majority are purely PARASITICAL.

They are the most demanding portion of society. They spend more money than any other group, are more insistent in their cry for amusement, are more resentful of interruptions of their pleasures, and go to greater extremes of indolence and uneasiness.

The worst side to the existence of this group of



parasites is that other women, who are workers, accept their standards of life. We hear honest, useful women everywhere talking about the desirability of not having to do anything, commiserating women who must work, and altogether influencing younger and less experienced women to believe that happiness lies in irresponsible living.

There are women who pass their lives in a little round of household duties, sunning and preening themselves in their long hours of leisure like so many sleek cats.

There are others who build up frenzied existences, entering into every new fad, having no intelligent purpose. By their canonization of the unimportant they construct heavily burdened but utterly useless lives.

There are others who do work as a soporific, work which is merely occupation, something to make them forget.

In all these women is a sense of the emptiness of life, but no conception of the sources from which life is filled.

No one of them is building a "House of Life" for herself. They are building gimcrack palaces, gingerbread cottages, structures which the first full blast of life will level to the ground.

Meanwhile there is amongst us a vast and pitiful group of FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

One of the crying needs of to-day is a crusade that shall force upon the hearts of our FREE

**WOMEN the FRIENDLESS CHILDREN of the country.**

No collective work, settlements, vacation homes, or asylums can protect or guide these children properly. Rightfully it is the **FREE WOMEN** who should mother them. Nature made them the guardians of childhood. They owe to society a return for all their advantages.

The woman who shirks her duty toward children is like the man who shirks his political obligations.

Both are **PARASITES.**

## PERSONAL PRIVACY

The instinct of personal privacy is about the strongest, and the least reckoned with, of all the forces that push us.

When we blame the boy for his wilfulness and complain that he is hard to guide, we do not reflect that it is that same independent spirit that makes the strong man.

The fundamental want in the human breast is to be let alone.

It is only the born parasite that is glad to be bossed and prefers the ease of sycophancy to the joyous dangers of responsibility.

The street people have devised a term for the invader of privacy, and call him Mr. Buttinsky.

The term "butt in" has all the aptness, picturesqueness, and striking poetry of slang.

The unwillingness to be managed explains many things simply which we are inclined to explain complexly or to give up as inexplicable.

Why is the mother-in-law the butt of so many jokes? Because the feeling of personal privacy is almost abnormally acute in the newly wed, and even mother's interference is resented.

Why does co-operative housekeeping fail, and

why do all the grand schemes for forming Utopian colonies prove impractical? They shipwreck on the rock of personal privacy.

More than brotherhood, or cheap living, or art, or any political or religious programme, a man loves the privilege of minding his own business.

Why do so many fathers and mothers not succeed in holding their children, but clash with them, and at last become permanently alienated? Because they do not respect the child's sense of personal privacy and train him in everything else than the one thing needful—how to use liberty.

What causes half of the divorces? The inextinguishable itch to meddle; ignorance of the art of living together without managing, criticizing, and regulating.

Why do people crowd the cities and flee the small towns and the country? Because in the latter they are under eternal espionage, and everybody knows the business of everybody else, while in the cities they can get that personal privacy that is the first thirst of the soul.

Why is the custom house examination detestable? Why will a tariff system that involves going through people's baggage always be the most objectionable method of getting money for the state? And why will the income tax cause more trouble and black blood than you can shake a stick at? Because personal privacy is invaded and citizens are wounded in their most sensitive spot.

If the church also would devote more effort to inspiring than to regulating people it might prosper more.

Of course, in organized society every one cannot do entirely as he pleases, and a certain amount of liberty must be sacrificed to order, but all reformers and lawmakers, and all those who cherish schemes for the betterment of mankind, would do well to remember that the one thing we must plan to preserve and respect, even in the millennium, is the right of personal privacy if we aim to make the greatest possible number of people happy.

## HOW TO HELP THE RICH

If you go about much among the rich you will observe that many of them are very sad.

There are a good number of them that are bored, pessimistic, discouraged, sick, grossly materialistic and otherwise unhappy.

Let us help them if we can.

It's not only the poor little rich girl who needs a friend, but the big rich man and the hoity-toity rich lady as well.

First, we should make allowances and judge them charitably. They're not all to blame. Some of them had their money wished on them. Some (most) have been hoodooed by a false idea of money's importance.

And remember, it's unfortunate to be rich. It isolates you, shuts you off from humanity, and is like living in a cell, where you get all manner of morbidities. It upsets your sense of values. It tends to dull your notion of justice and dope you with charity. It removes you from the wholesome, sane, and healthful exercise of working for your bread and butter. It makes you run to cake and booze, which give indigestion. It trends to idleness, which is the mother of perversion.

Of course, not all rich people are thus afflicted; a few are robust enough to resist their environment, but not very many. So be lenient.

Don't take their money, except what you earn. Don't accept their charity. It humiliates you and is even worse for them. For to make beggars and foster beggary is more soul-killing than to beg.

Be cheerful. Show them that work makes real happiness; then, maybe, they will get converted, and do something useful, and thus save their souls.

Respect yourself. Don't apologize. Stand up straight. Be independent. Don't ape their clothes; wear the kind that fit your occupation and means. Good taste and attractive appearance don't take money; they take brains and taste. If you're naturally dowdy, a million dollars would only make you look dowdier. Look at some of them!

Be easy with them. Rich men talk just like other folks if you approach them as an equal. It's only when you fawn and flatter that they swell up and pose. So if you want to humanize them be human yourself.

Don't envy them. Don't indulge in the nonsensical belief that you'd be happy if you had money. It's the creed of the common people that spoils the rich. If we all did not crave so the things they possess they wouldn't set such store by them.

Emphasize the spiritual values. When you do that they will be shamed out of their luxury and

extravagance. Be happy, and honest, and loyal, and loving, a good companion and a great lover. Those things don't cost anything in the way of money, and the first thing you know the rich man will be envying you.

Speak kindly to the rich. Notice them. Call on them and cheer them up.

Laugh at their bunk about class and superiority and society. If you don't take it seriously they won't.

Remember, all the prophets and philosophers, and teachers of the race have said that riches are dangerous, and the Greatest of all declared that it is as hard for a rich man to squeeze into life as for a camel to go through the needle's eye. So don't be proud because you're poor. It's your good luck and no merit of yours that you have the advantage in life and true love and character and real enjoyment of existence, because you **MUST WORK**. Don't get chesty over it, therefore, and hate and despise your rich brethren, and say bitter things about them.

Be charitable toward them. You may be rich yourself some day.



## HOW SHE WRONGS HER MOTHER

In a letter from a woman in trouble occur these words:

"I am one of those women who are fighting, fighting for peace of mind. I am one of those you spoke of the other day, 'in the trenches' at home. No one but God knows my suffering, and how many nights I have cried myself to sleep.

"I am trying so bitterly to keep up my courage, but Oh! it is so hard, and I am always longing for the night, when I can sleep and forget. I even sometimes long for death, for death is easy and life is hard; but I must not be a coward, and shirk my duty.

"I have a very dear mother, and I wouldn't tell her my troubles for the world, as she has had enough suffering in her life, dear soul!"

And it is the last paragraph to which I wish to call your attention, O girls.

For it is the sentiment therein expressed which contains an all too common error of youth.

The young woman loves her mother. That love finds expression in telling her mother pleasant things, all about her successes, her good fortune,

her hopes and happy thoughts. She does this because she wants to make her mother happy, doesn't want to worry her, and all that.

Which shows that she does not understand mothers, nor old age.

For your troubles, child, are exactly what your mother wants to hear. It's because you do not bring them to her that you are shutting her out of your heart. You are missing a privilege and doing her a wrong.

One of the bitterest pangs of parenthood is that the children you have brought up will come to you when all goes well, but in their hour of trial will turn to a stranger.

This young lady has written to me, whom she never saw in her life, a letter which would have been worth a thousand dollars if it had been addressed to her mother.

Go to your mother with your woes. Don't imagine she will not understand. She sees much more deeply than you fancy. Be candid, frank, and whole-hearted with her, for she is the best mother-confessor in the world.

Don't be afraid of shocking her. She may be shocked, but to her it will be a gladness just to know you dared tell her.

Don't be afraid of causing her pain and anxiety. Mothers don't dread those things. What they dread is that the child will not share the secret pang.

That is mother's pain, the pain of participating in the child's sorrow, and it is a pain that is sweeter than any joy.

You cannot make your mother happy by waiting upon her, or feeding her sugar plums, or shielding her. That is children's happiness. Mother's happiness is the privilege of weeping when you weep, watching with you, being your partner in cross and thorns.

Go to her. Tell her all. Wound her. Cause her misery. She wants it. You don't know how she craves it. And whatever she may say, in her heart of hearts she will have a great joy, for she will have found the heart of her child.

Tell your mother your troubles. When you don't, you wrong her.

Unless, of course, you have a mother who is "impossible." And, alas! there are such.

## QUIET

Just to be quiet!

To get away from it all!

Away from the strife of tongues, from the turmoil of business, the storms of passion, the struggles of conscience, and all the heats and hungers of this humanity!

Show me a silent room deep in some gloomy monastery, some obscure corner in a deserted library, some pew in a locked church, some barren rock upon the high mountain beyond where the pines have climbed and where the eagle does not soar.

Give me a tent in the trackless desert, a ship in the wide sea, a cave in the woods, a solitary cell in the penitentiary for a while, anyway.

I want to be still. My soul craves quiet as a drunkard longs for whisky.

Fighting the good fight is grand, love is good, work is fine, play is pleasant, and eating and drinking, dancing, music, and laughter all have their times; but there are moments when we hunger and thirst with as strong a desire as ever burned in a human heart—for silence.

What ministries are in silence. What soft-feathered angel-wings fly about us in the utter darkness! What stealthy fairies bring us secret gifts! What treasures are unfolded to us in the deep pit of solitude!

As we sit alone, and all sights and sounds are away, and the river of rest flows over us in a voluptuous flood, our follies leave us, our vanities vanish, our callow judgments ripen into sense, our sins flee (our righteousness with them), and the great, latent resources of our buried self rise up within us; we touch the infinite, we even penetrate into that mysterious fane where dwells the brooding Spirit of the One, and small wonder if, when we emerge, our face shines as if we had been upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

Let us be still, and we shall find those great truths we miss in life's turmoil. Let us be still, and we shall find the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx. Let us be still, and we shall come upon that "peace which passeth understanding," that pearl of great price, which, when a man discovers it, is to him the one treasure for which he will sell all that he has.

## THE OTHER FAMILY'S BOY

Some time ago a man was apprehended by the police in Chicago for murder. He confessed to a list of killings that amazed the world.

Also two young toughs in New York gained distinction by admitting an almost unbelievable series of atrocities. One of them, a pale-faced, under-sized chap of twenty-three, told how he had planted bombs in thirty-three instances, how he had been implicated in killing two men, how he had abducted girls for white slave purposes, and how he had committed many larcenies.

He told his story in a most matter-of-fact way, as though he had merely been working at a trade and saw no reason why the recounting of his crimes should cause any special excitement.

Every once in a while society is shocked at the appearance of some such monster from the underworld, some such devil-fish from the deep seas of humanity.

All we can do with him is to imprison or electrocute him.

Meanwhile the MANUFACTURE of this kind of human beast goes on.

There may be other causes, including imperfect economic conditions, bad heredity, and degraded family life, that go to make the criminal, but the main cause is the lack of proper training by the state.

It has been shown that a little money invested in good schooling can save the average child to industry and decency, while the average gangster is unschooled.

The reason why the gunman was not kept in school is that he was not OUR BOY. He belonged to somebody else. Hence what business was it of ours?

Some day we will learn that it is just as important for us to see that the child of somebody else is given an education as it is that our own should be trained.

The law that we should love our neighbor is not a Sunday school goody-goody platitude. It has teeth and claws.

We must keep all the children in school all the time or we must pay the terrific penalty.

We must TRAIN THE OTHER FAMILY'S BOY, if even only for self-protection.

## THE LOOMS OF ORCHIL

In a cavern under the earth, so I read in an old book, sits the ancient goddess Orchil, and weaves with two looms. With one she weaves life upward through the grass; with the other she weaves death downward through the mould.

By her side I sat, and heard as it were vast orchestral music, sounds, and shadows of sounds, faint melodies and broken echoes, deep unknown harmonies that melted the soul with bliss, and discords that made me fear and shiver. It was the music of the universe, the boundless all.

My littleness, my egotism, and my proud opinion slipped from me. For whoso senses the infinite rises to the heights of humility, which is the beginning of greatness.

And I saw the eternal fountain playing; flowers, trees, animals and human creatures mounted continually; life, crowned by thought and love, rose like an exhalation; and after a while all fell again into the earth.

And I learned the secret of permanence, which is change. Mountains, rocks, and the solid ground



pass away and return no more; whatever is fixed is doomed. Nothing is abiding but the ceaseless flow.

Beauty, which is immortal, is in evanescence. Whether it be the redness of the rose, the flash of a maiden's eye, the hour of young passion, the fragrance of the night flower, or the glory in the sky when the sun has set; all is fleeting, and if you would grasp it and hold, you would find in your hands nothing but the ashes of sunshine.

Yet as old Orchil weaved she smiled and sang anon. For the heart of all things is happy. In the rise and fall, the come and go of all life there is a streaming peace, a fluid gladness.

The healing of the individual hurt is in the universal health.

The hub of the universal wheel is joy.

Birds and blooms, insects, fishes, and reptiles are happy in their day.

Each generation of men attacks life with a new zest.

"For every child born a new universe is created," said Jean Paul.

Every dawn means a new heaven and a new earth; a new chance, a new adventure.

Death is as beautiful as birth, as the falling drops of the fountain are as beautiful as the rising stream.

So I woke from my dream to my day's work, and was full of contentment with God and the

world He has made, for in my ear there sang dim  
sweet music that Orchil makes with her looms,  
weaving life upward and death downward.

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## **THE MONEY VALUE OF FRIENDLINESS**

Every friendly gesture pays. Friendliness has a cash value in business of an importance few realize.

Why not accompany your every deal, every time you come in contact with customers, with some act of friendliness?

Jolly them along. Why not? It would cost you little. It pleases much. And the returns are permanent and larger than you think.

Here are some hints you are welcome to, gratis, although they are really worth money.

At the check room of a hotel or restaurant give a card, large enough to find easily in one's pockets. On it print:

"Hotel Soandso, Beanville, Illinois. Check No. ——. Date (insert with rubber stamp). This hotel is here to serve you. It makes no charge for checking your wraps; that is a part of its service. You are not expected to tip the attendant. He gets a salary, and will be attentive to you without being bribed. We want you to feel this to be your home while you are here. Retain this check, after you have received your things and put it among your keepsakes as a souvenir of a kindly thought."

The money you will get indirectly from this friendly move will be a deal more than what your hat-boy can wheedle out of your patrons.

At your restaurant, when you present your bill to the diner, accompany it with a card containing some such talk as this:

"The management of this restaurant thanks you for your patronage, trusts that you have been served to your taste, and hopes that you will come again. Eating and drinking ought to always mean more to us than merely satisfying our bodily wants, and we therefore express our wish that you have found here that brightness and warmth of fellowship, and that good cheer and refreshment of spirit, that are needed by us all to help along."

When you sell a man a railway ticket, or send a bill for goods purchased at your store, or in any other way deal financially with a human being, come to me, or to some other professional word picker, and get a warm, human sentence or so to go with the dry statement of business.

Realize the money value of friendliness.

Use friendliness. Don't use your friends.

## **I DON'T KNOW**

One of the healthiest exercises for the soul of man is the habit of saying "I don't know."

I like those words. They smell of intellectual honesty. They smack of courage. They connote a refreshing absence of egotism.

When a man says he doesn't know you can tell him. When he says "I know," you can't tell him. And the man you can't tell anything is one of the hardest people in the world to get along with.

A teacher once said to me when I was in school, "Don't say you know it, but can't tell it. For whatever you can't tell you don't know. You may have a vague idea of it, a faint memory, an indistinct familiarity with a subject, but unless you can put it into words you have no right to say you know it."

Most minds are full of shadowy impressions which are supposed to be facts. These ghosts of facts are of value as giving us a certain atmosphere of knowledge, but they are not knowledge itself.

All vain persons shrink from saying "I don't know." They fear it is an admission of weakness,

and do not know that to sensible people it is a sign of an accurate mind.

I like my physician to say "I don't know" when he does not know. He need not pretend omniscience with me, for I know the limitations of science, and that all present knowledge is as yet but a small, small planet floating in a sky of nescience.

I do not want my theological adviser to come at me with his theories dressed up as positivities. I know the spiritual value of a fancy—let it go at that, and do not seek to give it force by calling it a fact. "Maybe" and "perhaps" and "possibly" are as meaty food for my soul as sureties, so long as they are frankly taken to be what they are.

The intelligent man knows that most things are not to be known, for, as Dr. Johnson said, "Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."

The best minds are more like a card index than like a library.

The ancient philosophers took pride in saying "I don't know." These words were often upon the lips of Socrates, who was perhaps the wisest of men.

Democritus said, "But we know nothing really; for truth lies deep down."

And there is every indication that one is a humbug when he bristles with dogmatic assertions; either a humbug or a fatuous devotee who has

bound his mind and delivered it over to some cult.  
As Montaigne observes: "Nothing is so firmly  
believed as what we do not know."

And Pope:

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known.

The truest believer is an agnostic upon most  
subjects.

## MARTHA

"You have shown," writes a young lady, "in your editorials, why lack of will, or indifference, or a happy-go-lucky attitude toward life has made failures of some people. But the case where too much ambition, too much energy, and too earnest an application to work render one unhappy ought also to be considered, it seems to me.

"How can a person with an oversupply of these in her personality learn to moderate their intensity when they are spoiling her disposition?"

There is such a thing as being too serious, and I thank my correspondent for calling attention to it.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget the one thing of which these are but parts—namely, to live."

Too much effort in the business of getting on, or getting up, or getting cultured, or getting anything else, indicates a certain lack of faith. If we were surer of success our technique would be better.



Upon the heights there is always sunshine. Jesus was never in a hurry. He carried the atmosphere of the eternal years. We find Socrates poking fun as his death approaches. In the stress of his great task Abraham Lincoln loved a funny story. The humor of Beethoven has been noted. And we know the playfulness of Wagner in "Die Meistersinger."

Worry is not the temper of greatness. The masters do not eat their souls, but have so clear a consciousness of their powers that it gives them an admirable poise.

Possibly some such meaning lurks in Lord Chesterfield's remark, "A gentleman is never in a hurry." And perhaps the scriptural saying has here a bearing, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Sometimes our convictions get a bit morbid. Stevenson has said some apt things of this.

"Gentleness and cheerfulness," he wrote, "these come before morality; they are the perfect virtues."

And again: "If your morals are dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say, 'Give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

The art of life is to recognize the essentials and to devote one's serious self to them. As for other things, let them pass.

Most things do not matter. And there are a vast number of issues that can be best settled by laughter.

A sense of humor is a wonderful help, and to no one more than to one naturally serious.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful."

## **THE LAST DAY**

If you knew that you had but one more day to live, and that at the setting of to-morrow's sun your life would close, how would you spend that day?

In the first place, you have certain notions about the hereafter, and about the results of your earthly life upon your future state. Instead of dismissing and neglecting these thoughts, wouldn't you suddenly find them to be of great interest? And, if you believe "preparing" does any good, wouldn't you prepare?

If there were any root of bitterness between you and another, wouldn't you make haste to remove it?

In your relations to your family, wouldn't you be very patient and forbearing, and realize that quite a lot of matters that usually disturb you are not worth while?

In your business, wouldn't you be made vividly conscious that many things that have seemed vital to you are really of no consequence? Wouldn't you awake to a sharp appreciation of values?

Wouldn't you like to spend as much as possible of that last day with the ones or one of whose devotion to you, of whose love and trust in you,

you are certain? And would you have time for many people that now occupy you?

Wouldn't this world seem wonderfully beautiful to you, and wouldn't you see as if by a revelation the marvel and charm of many things you have passed by as commonplace? The sunshine, for instance, the sky and clouds, the familiar trees, the flight of birds, the house you live in, your books, your chair, your bed, your dog, the intimate sounds of domestic life. Wouldn't all these things be suddenly endued with a pathetic beauty?

Would you give way to unruly appetites or tempers, seeing the folly of them?

Would you not be stripped of a hundred vanities, of all your self-preening and pride and sense of importance?

Wouldn't the knowledge that this is your last day, in fine, make you as noble, great, fine, and honest as it is possible for you to be, and wouldn't you live up to the very best ideals you have—for one day?

If so, why not live this day as if it were the last, at least as to its temper and plane?

The end of life is the true touchstone of life. The great revealer of values is death.

Is it not possible for us to get some of the last day's vision and wisdom and spread it around a bit through our other days?

Why should not our last day be an inspiration—and not a dread?

## **TO UNDERSTAND**

**Just to understand!**

**What a world of wretchedness it would save us!**

**It would spare us how many fears, chagrins, disillusion, disappointments, heartaches, estrangements!**

**I think the real reason why we dislike anybody is that we do not understand him. I have a theory that every human being is lovable, if only understood.**

**And if we would try to understand our enemies half as hard as we try to overcome them, they would cease to be enemies.**

**There is the mother who lives in constant friction with her daughter. Their attitude is one of constant hostility. The mother complains that the daughter is headstrong, secretive, wayward, intractable. The daughter that the mother is hard, unsympathetic, always finding fault. If both parties only had imagination enough to put themselves in each other's place! If each would only seek to understand the other, instead of justifying, excusing and pitying herself!**

**Those who get along best with very small children are those who most carefully study them, who**

try to get their viewpoint, who endeavor to understand, more than to compel, correct, or teach.

In fact, the whole business of "getting along with folks" resolves itself into a matter of understanding folks, and there is no business in the world that affects our peace of mind more profoundly.

Get out of yourself! Get into the other mind! Unself yourself a bit—and you will understand yourself better!

An old saint once wrote: "I went away from God—to find God." And surely you will find yourself best by going away from yourself.

In the Bhagavad Gita occurs this wisdom: "This is the greatest enemy—the my-ness in me. This is the giant weed whose roots lie deep in the human heart."

Lovers, try to understand, and you will escape jealousies, slights, and all the poison of offenses that mar your delight in one another.

Parents, try to understand, and you will not lose your children.

Children, try to understand your parents, and you will find their care for you a pleasant garden, and not a walled prison.

Neighbors, try to understand, and your communal life will be a joy, and not an irritation.

Employers and employed, if you would try to understand each other you would both get more out of your relation than by fighting.

Nations, try to understand each other. The

time is past for despising and hating them that are of another blood and speech. Race-hate, rivalry, fear, contention, pride—do you not see their result in the cataclysm now in Europe?

And God—the reason He forgives is because He understands.

## **ADVICE TO THE NEWLY MARRIED**

Now, young folks, you're just fresh married, you're as happy as June-bugs, life seems one infinite, rimless custard pie, and Messrs. Joy and Gladness, so to speak, seem to have moved in to stay, occupying the front room and being present at all meals.

Hence open up your ears and hearken unto your Uncle Dudley while he exudes a few words of three-star wisdom.

I'm not going to give a lot of advice, but just one piece, small enough to take, to remember and to practise.

Not being a parson I won't talk too long, not being an auctioneer I won't talk too loud, and not being a hoss-trader I won't say anything that is not so.

So just hold hands a spell, withdraw your beaming eyes from each other's countenance, move your ears forward, pointing toward your uncle, and listen.

You're going to have trouble. Because you're human. And man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, as the Scripture says.



You won't always be happy. You'll have your share of weeping. Your hearts will quake when their turn comes—break, maybe. You too will walk the floor of nights, or lie abed looking red-eyed up at the dark, just as your mother, father, grandparents and ancestors on back to Adam have done.

When that time comes I want you to remember this one thing your Uncle Dudley told you.

One thing.

And worth one million dollars.

It is this.

Are you listening?

**DON'T LET ANY TROUBLE GET IN BETWEEN YOU!**

The accent is on the word **BETWEEN**.

All the trouble in the world is not going to bother you so long as it is on the outside.

You'll have enemies, but none of them can hurt you if they do not get in between you.

You'll have disappointments, bereavements, disillusion, failures, regrets, mistakes, angers, and resentments; and you can resist seven tons of such stuff provided you stand together and don't let any of it seep in between your two hearts.

Be partners. Be allies and swear never, either one of you, to make a separate treaty with the enemy.

Don't have secrets one from the other. Organize your own oath-bound secret society now. Lock

yourselves in, and the rest of the world out, even darling mother-in-law.

Beware of the Intimate Friend to whom you tell things about your wedded companion. Said I. F. has broken up more couples than any other known snake. Be your own Intimate Friends.

Gossip, tattle, and tell all you know to each other all you please, but not about each other to any third party.

Remember that Three is a fearful crowd when it comes to married folk.

The corners of the Eternal Triangle are both sharp and poison.

When reverses come, or even poverty, loss or debt, just cuddle up closer together, and you can laugh at them.

Don't let the darkness of dark days get in between you and separate you.

Don't let even your children, when they come, and I hope there'll be a lot of them, get between you and alienate you. That sometimes happens.

Remember—one thing only I've told you—write it down and hang it up on your wall:

"There's bitterness in this world, but it can't make us bitter if it doesn't come between us."

You've sworn "till death do us part, and for better or for worse." Stick to it!

## POETRY

Some lady from Ohio sends me a few lines that seem to rhyme here and there, and that seem to be cut off about the same length, and asks me to look over them and tell her, if I will please, in the enclosed stamped envelope, whether they are good poetry, and also whether in this dreadful money-making day and age of the world a poet really has any show for his white alley, or words to that effect.

Upon the first point—whether her composition is good poetry or not—or even if it is poetry at all—I do not consider myself competent to pass. Upon the second item, however, I have some thoughtoids, to wit, namely:

Any age is a good age for poetry. Also any place or environment. Poetry is the one plant you cannot destroy; it will grow in any climate. It will persist, under any harsh treatment, and the more you try to kill it, the lustier it flourishes. As said Arthur Symonds: "A villa and books never made a poet; they do but tend to the building up of the respectable virtues; and for the respectable virtues Poetry has but the slightest use."

And this day of money making is as favorable to poetry as any other. If you don't believe it, go ahead and write some. All I ask is that you do not send it to me.

The poet is the one man you cannot keep down. You can prevent a boy from being a successful banker, or crockery dealer, or statesman. In a hundred ways you can circumvent his ambition. You can cheat the laborer of his just due and grind him under your capitalistic heel; you can refuse to promote the deserving dry goods clerk; you can overlook the merits of the aspiring schoolmarm; as a member of the beef trust you can combine to crush the honest butcher; but the poet—nay, nay! you cannot stop him.

By that I do not mean that he will make a living, or get his stuff into Harper's or The Youth's Companion, or get the prize in the contest for the best ode at the State Fair, or anything like that. Great poets hardly do such things. He will probably starve and die young. But he will succeed nevertheless, as Keats and Poe and Francis Thompson succeeded. And after his death Mr. Mosher will bind his books de luxe, and professors in Wellesley College will give lectures upon him, and all the real Bostonians will refer to him with a familiarity indicating that he is one of the family.

So, if you are a genuine, honest-to-goodness poet, don't worry. You will arrive, in spite of Tophet and tidewater. If you do not, you are

not a poet. So there you are. Anyway, you never can tell till you have been dead about twenty years.

And if so be you are a great poet, you will be of such a mind as to write at the close of your career, as Landor wrote as his envoi :

Wearers of rings and chains,  
Pray do not take pains  
To set me right.  
In vain my faults you quote.  
I wrote as others wrote  
On Sunium's height.

## THE DEMON OF NOONDAY

Paul Bourget, the eminent academician, novelist, and playwright, was one of the witnesses at the trial in Paris of Mme. Caillaux, accused of murdering M. Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*. While he was on the witness stand some of the passages of his latest book, "*Le Demon de Midi*" (*The Demon of Noonday*) were read in his presence by Lawyer Labori, counsel for the defence. The novel presented a fictitious situation singularly parallel to the actual occurrences of crime being investigated by the court.

In Bourget's book a married man meets a married woman, under romantic circumstances. Both are of mature age, in the forties.

They sit on the edge of a sylvan lake. As they talk their last reserve breaks down. They confess that they love one another. A career of deception follows, with tragic issues.

The Midday Demon came upon them, that peculiar devil that leads mature men and women astray.

The phrase is taken from the ninety-first Psalm, the sixth verse: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the

pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Two of the man's friends, a priest and an old Benedictine monk, are talking. One of them says:

"Of what age is M. Savignan?"

"My own, 43. We were classmates at college."

"The age of the Midday Tempter! According to the interpretation of our elders the *dæmonium meridianum*, the noonday demon, is a veritable tempter, the tempter of midday, peculiar to cloisters. They have observed that the hour of noon is fraught with danger for the monks. Then comes the longing for a different life, a deep and intimate revolt. I give the name to another sort of temptation, one that befalls a man in the noon of his life, in the fulness of his strength. Then the spirit of destruction often takes hold of him, his own destruction."

Every step of life has its danger. And there is also this meridian danger.

Hunger has its crimes, but the long established, persistent crimes against the race are the crimes of the well-fed. Empty bellies make revolutions; but fat bellies perpetuate iniquitous customs, support moribund institutions.

The noon of success is a point of peril; as it is written: "The prosperity of fools shall slay them."

At middle age, between 40 and 50, the binding charm of youthful ideals is losing its grip, and the timidity of old age with its weakness has not

yet set in. Hence that midday period is like to be the most materialistic, crass and fleshly of the man's life-day. .

If he is an egoist by nature it is then that his ego is the most nearly incurable.

It is then that his children begin to drift from him, he loses the restraining influence of early fatherhood.

Often his relations to his wife undergo a subtle and profound change. The physical attraction fails, the spiritual companionship is found wanting.

If he is prosperous and respectable he finds the youthful enthusiasm waning; his religious and ethical convictions become hard, dead lumps of expediency.

A peculiar and poignant loneliness often invests the man or the woman of midday years; and loneliness is good breeding ground for folly.

There is a lesson in this, a key to many mysteries, a solution to many outbreaks, which are understandable by no other explanation.



## **CRIME AND SIN**

A correspondent wants to know the difference between crime and sin.

Sin is breaking the law of God; Crime is breaking the laws of man.

The words, however, are not always used in this strict sense. The tendency of everyday speech is to employ words loosely, and sometimes the line of meaning that separates the two words is slurred over, either for the sake of literary color or from slovenliness.

Sin is doing what you ought not. Crime is doing what authority says you must not.

Sins are stopped by repentance and reformation; that is, by a change in one's mind. Men seek to stop crimes by punishments and penalties.

Sometimes a Sin is not a Crime. As, for instance, a man may wrong another and yet keep "within the law." Very cruel and unjust things are done by those who are shrewd enough to avoid breaking the law.

And sometimes a Crime is not a Sin. The law of the state may require me to do that of which my conscience disapproves. For instance, the early

Christian martyrs were compelled by the Roman law to offer sacrifices to the heathen gods; when they refused they were put to death; they were criminals, as the Roman state looked at the matter, but they were not sinners.

Crime is disreputable. Sin is often highly respectable.

The convicts in the penitentiary are Criminals, and society views them with contempt. When, however, the most highly respectable portion of the community gather in church they make no bones of confessing that they "are all miserable Sinners."

No one would admit he is a Criminal, and to lay that accusation against a man is libellous; but it is quite the thing to admit one's self to be a Sinner; indeed, if a man were to claim he is not a Sinner he would be looked upon as some sort of religious crank, a member of some pietistic sect, or plain crazy.

"For it is observable," writes Sir Edward Burne-Jones, "that men who will volunteer the most abject confessions of their own shortcomings, yet do nevertheless betray a strange impatience if their confessions are believed by others and accepted against them, do become, after a marvellous fashion, indignant when their Church confessions of unworthiness are granted by their neighbors as not improbable."

Crime brings punishment only when found out;

while Sin, the more concealed it is, the deadlier it is.

Sin is a matter of the character; Crime of the conduct.

The seat of Sin is in the Will, it is the Will to do wrong. To carry out this will into a deed does not make it worse. If I intend to kill you and try to do so, yet fail, for any reason, I am as guilty of the sin of murder as though I had done the deed. Yet I have committed no crime.

It is the constant effort of law to make the list of Crimes tally with the list of Sins; but the parallel must always remain imperfect. The wish of the heart is not always expressed in the outward act.

We are punished for our Crimes. Yet it has been wittily and correctly said that "we are not punished for our Sins, but by them."

## **STRATHCONA, A STORY FOR BOYS**

No, children, the days of fairy stories are not past. There are just as wonderful careers nowadays as those of Jack the Giant Killer or Aladdin of the Lamp.

Listen, and I will tell you the story of a boy who did amazing things, and who has just died at the age of ninety-four.

His name was the commonest name in the world, for it was just Smith.

He was born in Morayshire, a tiny village in Scotland, in 1820; so you see he lived to be almost a hundred. And this, mind you, is a really truly story, and not made up.

His family was so poor that they could barely get enough to eat, and there were not clothes enough for this baby, whom they christened Donald A. Smith. But his mother was a devout woman, and said: "The Lord never sends another mouth to feed unless He sends something to put into it."

So the parents welcomed the little boy and loved him. But his childhood was a very hard one. There was little schooling to be had in the poor

village, and he had to work as soon as he could toddle about.

When he was seventeen he went to Labrador, which, as you know, is even a colder, bitterer place than Scotland. There he found employment as a boy of all work, running errands, doing chores, having long hours of labor, low pay, and very little play.

"I had to endure much," he said in later years, speaking of his boyhood. "But I was strong and could endure much. But I knew there was always a place higher up for a man who would work hard.

Soon he was promoted to be a clerk, for his employers found him willing, cheerful, and intelligent. He was in the hire of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was not long before he was put in charge of one of their trading posts.

Once, when threatened with blindness, he had to have an operation performed on his eyes and travelled for weeks through the snow to Montreal, with only Indians for companions. He arrived, but two of his comrades died of exposure by the way.

He kept on doing his work well, until he rose to be head of the great company. Then he became governor of the territory.

He was the chief figure in building the railway that runs across Canada. For his work in developing that country Queen Victoria knighted him; and

he was now called Sir Donald A. Smith, of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, lord high commissioner of Canada.

He became wealthy beyond his dreams, and was known as Canada's greatest man; so that the queen raised him to the peerage, and he took a new title, the one by which he is best known, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Ten universities bestowed degrees upon him. He died worth probably a hundred million dollars.

He always kept by him a little, cheap, battered, leather trunk, with D. A. S. lettered on it; for that trunk held all his worldly goods when he first came to America. It went with him wherever he travelled, even after he was very rich, and until the end.

You cannot all become Lord Strathconas, but you can all put in your heart that picture of young Donald Smith, bravely and gladly doing his work, ready and equipped for opportunity when it knocked at his door, and with kindness to others yet no pity for himself.

He was a fine lad, and did things quite as marvellous as Jack the Giant Killer.

